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THE NEW YEAR.

BY N. W. PARKER.



ALL hail, Old Time! another year is born;  
The tears shed o'er the dead year's icy bier  
Become bright jewels in the crown, now worn  
In regal splendor by the glad *New Year*.  
Each tear a pledge and promise to the new  
Of better deeds and nobler aims in life;  
And yet, of all the vows now made, how few  
Will stand unbroken in the contest rife,  
Or live untarnished through the year of human strife?

BENEVOLENCE, O Time! is truly thine;  
SOBRIETY full well cans't thou maintain,  
And in thy works, most grandly forth, does shine  
INDUSTRY, too, the glory of thy reign.  
Benevolent, because thou curest wounds  
Thy cold and heartless vageries have made,  
Whilst staid and sober in thy ceaseless rounds;  
Thou weepst not, where treasured hearts are laid,  
Nor join'st the merry song with those by pleasure stayed.

Adieu, Old Year! the priceless treasures thou  
Hast borne upon thy fleeting wings, beyond  
The confines of old Time, arise e'en now  
Like holy incense, to the soul most fond.  
Adieu, fond treasures' till we meet again,  
The lost are lost not, in the shoreless sea  
Of God's eternal, infinite domain;  
But bound and circled by His love so free,  
They live and move unhurt by human misery.

O Time! thou builder and destroyer too,  
Thou wrecker of the lives and hopes of men  
And women; nought else to them, thou seemest to do,  
But build them up to tear them down again.  
Thou buildest the mountains and our cities grand,  
While mighty names are graven on thy brow,  
And yet thy restless, ever running sands,  
Destroy the one, and lay the other low,  
In deep forgetfulness; where all of mortal man must go.

The dead old year, e'en now just laid to rest,  
 Adds one more wrinkle to thy aged brow;  
 To me a woeful year; to some the best;  
 To all, it brings the everpresent *now*.  
 A death and birth within the self-same night,  
 The old year gone, the new one just begun.  
 Clothed in his icy armor, new and bright,  
 He marches forth his yearly race to run,  
 To build and make for some, while others are undone.

O, Eighteen-eighty! pregnant with events,  
 Far-reaching as the empire of old Time,  
 Thy birth is witness to a foul intent;  
 To mar, to ruin freedom's sacred shrine;  
 To make of freemen slaves, and willing tools,  
 As men were wont to be in days of old,  
 To bow the knee to empty pated fools,  
 Who worship nought in earth or heaven, but gold,  
 That cursed droid for which our freedom has been sold.

Then let our Brotherhood united stand,  
 'Gainst every foe to freedom and to right,  
 Let's hold up labor's bronzed and hardened hand  
 To shield and guard it in the coming fight.  
 If labor stands to guard and guide her own,  
 Usurpers ne're can revel in her spoil;  
 United, will our prowess then be known,  
 Then all the tricks of tyrants we can foil,  
 And give to labor's hands the fruits of all her toil.

Six fleeting years their troubled tales have told,  
 Since first our Order sprang forth into life,  
 And now it has become a giant bold,  
 Dispensing blessings in the midst of strife.  
 Our *Head-Light* sends its radiant beams to all  
 Who grope in want and darkness through the land;  
 Responding gladly to each brother's call,  
 And ever reaching forth the helping hand  
 To aid the dear dependent ones throughout our band.

The maimed, the widowed, and the orphaned ones,  
 Receive and share our Orders treasured gear.  
 We guide and guard them well, as valiant sons  
 Who love our cause and hold our teachings dear.  
 Then once again let every heart respond,  
 And bring the crown of victory so near,  
 That it will bind more tightly still the bond  
 Of Brotherhood. Then with a hearty cheer,  
 We'll wish mankind a happy and a prosperous *New Year*.

## TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

CORK, IRELAND, September 28th, 1879.

A most interesting visit was that which I paid to the engine-house and machine shops of the Great Southern and Western at Inchichore, near Dublin.

Mr. Smith, who very kindly granted permission, also procured me a guide. The works are very extensive; there are about 150 machinists and 100 blacksmiths. In the manufacturing shop were 13 new engines in the course of construction, and 24 in the repair shop for general repairs. The engines are all inside connected, they carry 180  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inch flues, boiler iron is  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch; cylinders are from 16 to 18 inches, and diameter of driving wheel from 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet 4 inches. The schedule time of express trains is 35 miles per hour. The engines are kept in first-class repair. I may mention here that all the mails which come from America, destined for London and the different parts of Europe and many parts of Asia, are not as many suppose taken direct to England by steamer, but are unloaded at Queenstown, where a train awaits them to take them to Dublin via Cork, over the Great Southern and Western. On their arrival at Dublin, a steamer takes them in less than four hours to Holyhead, where they are again snatched and whirled at the rate of 45 miles per hour to London, where they arrive before the steamer that embarked them at Queenstown has reached Liverpool.

In the blacksmith shop at Inchichore not a fire was idle; it was a busy, lively scene, and the continued ringing of anvils and the showers of sparks was incessant; no dust and a good ventilation. The company not alone build their engines at Inchichore, but all their cars and coaches. They have their iron and brass foundries, and at night the workmen have an excellent light from the company's gas-house. All this requires the employment of about 1,400 men. The company have provided the employees with very neat, comfortable dwellings, in the immediate vicinity of the works.

Mr. Alexander McDonnell, the superintendent, has shown a great interest in the welfare of the men. The waste land adjoining the works he has converted into a beautiful flower-garden with gravel walks, and rustic seats beneath the shade of tall trees. He has built a fine hand-ball alley, and near it a large dining hall to which are attached a billiard room and reading room. The dining room will seat about 200; it is intended for the single men, or married men away from home; it is often used for balls and parties given by the workmen. The employees have the entire management of this dining-room, and the revenue that it brings, which by the way is a considerable sum, is applied to the keeping of the garden and its ponds; supplying the library with books, papers and magazines, and to the general repairs and improvements of the grounds and buildings. Even then there is a surplus for the general fund. These comforts and amusements are for the employes only, they were created by Mr. McDonnell at the expense of the company, and the men pay for enjoying them the high sum of four cents per week. The result of this is that the company are in possession of a most sober and competent class of workmen, who are not to be found in saloons or whisky shops, but in the reading room, garden, or recreation ground. If in the city such teaching ruled their conduct? Whatever may be the outlay, the result has been most satisfactory and paid back with compound interest. It has done within its scope a great benefit to humanity and given to the world, and to railroad officials

particularly, an example that they might follow with much profit not only to themselves but to those who pay them large salaries for the conducting of their business. The men are treated with kindness and consideration, and paid a fair compensation for their labor. Reduction of wages and strikes are unknown, and harmony and good feeling prevails between employer and employe. We have here an illustration of the injustice and inhumanity of that argument advanced with so much false philosophy in the United States in 1877; that labor like other commodities should be paid according to the demand for it. Now there are thousands of men idle in Ireland owing to three reasons—bad government, terrible depression of business and extremely bad harvests. I might say that there are but two, as the second is the result of the first. However, be that as it may, the wages of the railroad men are not disturbed.

The length of the main line of the Great Southern and Western, from Cork to Dublin, is 165 miles; including its branches it is 520 miles. It has 220 engines employed, and runs ten passenger trains daily.

A few weeks ago Mr. McDonnell celebrated the building of his hundredth engine at Inchichore by giving to the men a series of sports which continued two days. Leaping, running, and such Olympic games. It seemed like a genuine extended Fourth of July celebration.

The drivers treated me very kindly, and took great pleasure in showing me the many places of interest around Inchichore, among the rest was the birth-place of the present commander of the English troops in Zululand, Sir Garnet Wolsey. However, the Inchichore men do not think this a great honor, as they believe the Zulus are justly entitled to the government of their own country.

TIM FAGAN.

## A DEVOTED LOVER.

BY J. D. F.

OLIVIA MERVYN laid down the paper at which she had been looking during dinner, a little thoughtful frown on her satiny-fair forehead, and a little odd look on her pretty mouth.

Sylvia looked up from her fish, inquiringly—"little Sylvia Mervyn" stately Olivia's younger sister, whom people considered a charmingly sweet, modest girl, but not in the least as attractive as Olivia Mervyn, except for the fact that she, as well as Olivia, was heiress to the snug little fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

They were elegant, refined, educated girls, who owned their delightful little home in the city, in a quiet side street near a fashionable suburb, and who spent the summer wherever their fancy dictated—and this season found them domiciled in pleasant rooms at Brighton.

To them, there, that lovely Summer afternoon, came the fate that was to rule all their after lives; and, as Olivia laid down the paper, with that peculiar action that arrested her sister's attention, Sylvia looked up to see the incomprehensible look on her beautiful face, and to put her inquiry—

"What news have you learned that interests you so curiously?"

And Olivia smiled, and answered quietly—

"Mr. Martin's name is among the list of failures for to-day; that is all."

And while she went calmly on with the dainty white fish, Sylvia gave a little involuntary exclamation--

"Oh, Olivia! you surely do not mean that Frank has failed--*failed?*"

Miss Mervin looked up from her dinner with a quiet, reproving glance in her blue eyes.

"Sylvia, pray don't be so childishly demonstrative. I believe I said distinctly that Mr. Martin had failed; but it is nothing to you or me--except, of course, that we are very sorry such bad luck has happened to him."

Her sweet, passionless voice fell like glittering ice-drops, and Sylvia's face flushed almost vexedly.

"How can you be so heartless? Olivia, you know perfectly well that it is a mere accident that you are not engaged to Mr. Martin. You know he loves you, and that he asked you to go with him to the party to-night, purposely for an interview with you. And you know what he means to tell you."

Her voice was low, but thrilling with eagerness, and her eyes were full of pity, and pain, and reproach, as she looked steadily at Olivia.

Olivia smiled.

"What an enthusiastic creature you are! Of course Mr. Martin cared for me, but Mr. Martin, the prosperous man of business, and Mr. Martin, the ruined bankrupt, are two very separate people--to me. Remember, Sylvia, I want no romance on the subject; that is over and done with."

And as Mr. Merrivale West passed by, his diamond studs flashing in a slanting sunbeam, and he bowed most impressively and admiringly to the beautiful Olivia, Sylvia flashed her passionate retort back to her sister.

"I never, never would have believed it of you. I never thought you were capable of such heartlessness. Olivia, I am ashamed and hurt."

"Yes?"

And the beautiful eyes opened a trifle wider for one swift, lazy glance; and then Mr. West sauntered back again.

"I believe there's not another vacant seat in the room I want. May I have this, and be happy, ladies?"

And, without waiting for permission, he seated himself; and Sylvia's tender heart throbbed afresh with indignation as she saw the new interest that mutually sprang up between the rich old gentleman and the beautiful woman Frank Martin loved.

For Sylvia knew he adored her sister, and up in their little bedroom that night, while Olivia was being admired and envied in the ballroom, she sat and pitied Mr. Martin, who had sent his name up to Olivia, as usual, that evening, and received from the servant the answer that "Miss Mervyn would like to be excused, in consequence of a prior engagement."

Of course Mr. Martin knew what it meant. He perfectly understood that the news of his financial ruin had reached Olivia, and that she had deliberately given him his *conge* in consequence of it.

For one little minute it was a desperate effort for him to control his sharp, disappointed pain. But Mr. Martin was a proud man, and he accepted the politely-worded and equally politely-delivered message with a bow, and went away from the gay hotel--went away from the pleasant seaside resort, at which there was no longer any attraction, even had he felt conscientiously able to afford to stay.

It was with a bitter, stinging sense of desolation that he went back to the drudge

and toil of hard work again—work that he felt Olivia Mervyn's love and encouragement would have lightened.

He would have been very patient, and waited to claim her until he could assure her of what his wife had a right to expect; but she had willed it otherwise.

She had struck him when he was down the cruellest blow a woman can strike—a blow that crushed out all his faith and trust in a woman's love, and friendship and loyalty.

A year went by, and it seemed as if fate itself had conspired against Mr. Martin, for he did not succeed in anything he undertook. And then it was that one day, when he realized, as he never had done before, that he hadn't a friend to assist or encourage, with what he so needed—practical assistance and encouragement—he received a notice from the banking-house at which he had in palmy days done business, that fifteen thousand pounds had been deposited subject to his order—deposited by a party who preferred not to be known, but who hoped Mr. Martin would not hesitate to use it at once at his discretion.

Nor could he discover the fairy giver of the generous loan; and although at first he refused, he finally, upon advice and deliberation, consented to invest it.

And fickle fortune smiled her brightest, and, with almost miraculous rapidity, Mr. Martin's fairy funds multiplied over and over, and at the end of a couple of years he had not only had the loan, with interest, lying idle at the bank, to be repaid whenever he discovered the lender, but also a handsome balance, with the ciphers at the right of the unit, to his credit.

And then Olivia Mervyn crossed his path again, beautiful, fascinating as ever, but with two very important changes in her condition. And one was, she was Merrivale West's widow and the other, every farthing of her own snug fortune had been swept away in the unlucky series of speculations in which her husband had invested his entire fortune, just previous to his death.

Frank came across the two sisters very accidentally, while on a business trip. It was very natural that their acquaintance should be renewed, and Martin rather enjoyed the sensation of being welcomed and entertained by the woman who had discarded him when fortune deserted him.

And Olivia—well, it needed only a few visits from him to effectually cure her of the determination she made to win him anew; and it was the sharpest stroke of her life when she actually realized that it was quiet, gentle, little Sylvia who was the loadstone of attraction to their home; while Martin daily and hourly asked himself how it ever had been possible he had so overlooked this charming girl, who was the dearest in the world to him now.

And so, one day he told her he loved her, and asked her to be his wife, and Sylvia looked up in his loving, pleading eyes, with just a little uncertainty of wonderment in her own.

"If—if you think you really care!" she faltered.

"If I really care! Oh, Sylvia, darling, how can you think it could be otherwise? Do you mean I am fickle, because I once thought it was your sister? Sylvia, my little love, you are the first woman I ever truly, truly loved. Will that satisfy you?"

And with her head on his breast, it would have been strange had she not believed just what he said.

"And now I want to tell you something about my money," she began, with little red spots coming and paling on her half-averted face.

But he interrupted her with loving authority—

"Don't speak of your little fortune, my darling! I have more than enough for us both—thanks to my unknown friend, who came to the rescue in my darkest hour. Don't let us speak of money, dear."

She smiled through her tears like a happy child.

"But I must. I have waited so long to say it, and I want the exquisite pleasure of telling you myself, Frank, that it was I—who—lent you the money—because—because I loved you, even so long ago as that."

She whispered the words faintly, as she hid her face on his shoulder; and Martin's heart gave a great, startled throb, and something very like those rare, grand things, a man's tears, moistened his eyes as his arm tightened around her slender form.

"Sylvia, my precious little savior, can it be possible? Sylvia, because you loved me then? And this because you love me now?"

And she lifted her quivering, smiling lips for the kiss of their betrothal.—[*New York Despatch*.]

## OVER THE HILLS FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

AS RECITED BY W. M. BELCHER, AUTHOR, ACTOR AND VOCALIST.

**I** WHO was always counted, they say,  
 Rather a hard stick any way,  
 Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,  
 Known as the "worst of the deacon's six"—  
 I, the saucy, truant and bold,  
 The one "Black sheep" in my father's fold—  
 "Once on a time," as the stories say,  
 Went over the hills on a winter's day—  
     Over the hills to the Poor House.

Now, Tom could save what twenty could earn,  
 But givin' was something he could never learn;  
 And Isaac could half of the Scriptures speak,  
 Never forgot and never slipped,  
 But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped.  
 And Betsey's heart was good and kind—  
 What there was of it, mind—  
 Nothing too good and nothing too nice,  
 Nothing she would'nt sacrifice for one she loved,  
 And that 'ere one was herself,  
 When all was said and done;  
 And Charles and Ann meant well, no doubt,  
 But anyone could pull 'em about;  
 And all of our folks ranked well, you see,  
 Save one poor fellow, and that was me;  
 And so, on a dark and rainy night,  
 When a neighbor's horse went out of sight,  
 They hitched on me as the guilty chap  
 That carried one end of the halter-strap;  
 And I think myself that view of the case

Wasn't altogether out of place;  
My Mother denied it, as mothers do,  
But I'm inclined to think 'twas true;  
Though for me this might be said,  
That I as well as the horse was led,  
And the worst of whisky spurred me on,  
Or else the deed would have never been done.  
But the keenest anguish I ever felt  
Was when my mother beside me knelt,  
And cried and prayed, 'till I melted down  
As I wouldn't for all the horses in town.  
I kissed her fondly, then and there,  
And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

Well! I served my sentence—a bitter pill  
Some fellows should take who never will.  
And then I concluded to go out West,  
Thinking 'twould suit my health the best,  
Where, how I prospered I never could tell,  
But somehow Fortune liked me well,  
And somehow every vein I struck  
Was always bubbling over with luck,  
And better than that, I was honest and true,  
And put my good resolutions through;  
And I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, and said,  
“You tell them, old fellow, that I am dead,  
And died a Christian; 'twill please them more  
Than if I had lived the same as before.”  
But when this neighbor wrote to me,  
“Your mother's in the Poor-House,” said he.  
I had a resurrection straightway,  
And started for her that very day.  
And when I arrived where I was grown,  
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;  
But I bought the old house through and through,  
Of some one Charlie had sold it to.  
The same old fire-place, wide and high,  
Flung up its cinders to the sky,  
The old clock ticked on the mantel-shelf,  
I wound it and set it going myself,  
And if everything was not just the same,  
Neither I nor money was to blame;

Then over the hills to the Poor-House.

Over the hills on a winter's day,  
With team and cutter I started away.  
The nags that I drove were as black as coal;  
They somewhat resembled the horse I stole.

I hitched and entered the Poor-House door,  
And a poor old woman was scrubbing the floor;  
She looked up, then, in glad surprise,  
And looked quite startled into my eyes—  
"Mother!" I cried, "Your sorrows are done;  
Your adopted, along with your horse-thief son!  
Come over the hills from the Poor-House."

She didn't sigh nor she didn't speak,  
But she fell on my neck till it made me weak;  
And her and I have lived happy for years,  
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,  
Who often said (as I have heard)  
That they "wouldn't own a prison-bird."  
Well! they're getting over that now, I guess,  
For all of them owe me more or less.

But I've found this out: Whether on the Big Book a blot  
Gets over a fellow's name or not,  
Whenever he does a deed that's white,  
It's credited to him, fair and right;  
And when Gabriel sounds his trumpet's notes,  
And the Lord divides his sheep and goats,  
However they may settle my case,  
Wherever they may fix my place,  
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,  
Will be sure to stand right up for me,  
With over the hills from the Poor-House.

WILL CARLETON.

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## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS FOR THE WINTER.**—Pack your eggs in a brine consisting of a saturated solution of salt, in lime and water. The lime-water is made by agitating soft water with sufficient lime to impart to it a milkiness, allowing this to settle in a covered vessel, and drawing off the clear lime-water.

**LUMINOUS FLOWERS.**—One of the elegant novelties of the hour now offered for sale on the Paris Boulevards is phosphorescent flowers, which glow with a lambent light in the dark and reveal their natural tints. They are rendered luminous by coating the petals with transparent size and then dusting them with a phosphorescent substance, such as Canton phosphorus (sulphide of calcium) or Bologna phosphorus (sulphide of Barium). Canton phosphorus is the best, and yields a soft, yellow light. According to M. Becquerel, a good quality can be made by mixing forty-eight parts of flowers of sulphur with fifty-two parts of calcined oyster-shells, and raising them to a temperature between eight hundred and nine hundred degrees centigrade in a crucible. After exposure to sunlight during day or to the electric or magnesium light the flowers thus coated become brightly luminous in the dark.

**SIMPLE MEDICINE.**—Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, recommends those who require an aperient to take, on rising, a tumblersful of cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of table salt. He says he finds this efficient.

**TO REMOVE AN OIL STAIN FROM PAPER.**—This annoying soil to a book or paper, caused by oil or grease, may be removed as follows: Scrape fine pipe clay, magnesia or French chalk on both sides of the stain and apply a hot iron above, taking care that it is not too hot. Some recommend the application of ether, chloroform or benzine, and placing the paper between blotting paper, passing a hot iron over it. This should not be done by candle light for obvious reasons.

**CURIOUS RESTORATION OF SIGHT.**—The *Journal Des Esbats* mentions a curious instance of restoration of sight of a young girl, aged sixteen years, at the Societe des Hopitaux. The first attempt was by placing pieces of metal over the affected parts, and three pieces of gold were applied to the right temple, after half an hour restoration of sight to the left eye was complete; it proved, however, to be temporary, and as a last resort electricity was employed. The patient was placed on an insulated stool and charged with electricity; when this was sufficiently done sparks were drawn from the rims of the orbits. In half an hour the eye-sight improved, and after a treatment for a week the cure was pronounced complete.

**THE TRIUMPH OF ADULTERATORS.**—We know that hams and nutmegs are artificially made of wood, and that every thing can be counterfeited except, as we fondly believed, a *chicken's egg*. The *Canada Medical Journal* credits the *British Medical Journal* with having discovered that this last refugee of *pater-familias* has been stormed by the wicked adulterator. They claim that their reporter saw artificial eggs being manufactured on a large scale. On one side of the room were several large copper kettles, which a man constantly stirred. This was the yellow, or yolk. In other similar vessels the *white* was preparing. The shells were fabricated of a white substance resembling plaster-of-paris by means of a blow-pipe, like air-bubbles. After being dried in an oven they were filled with the artificial albumen and yolk, and the small hole at the top closed with cement—and, lo! the great achievement of modern civilization was complete, and to all appearance it resembled a natural egg. This ends the description, and we are only surprised it was not claimed that chickens were hatched from these very perfect artificial eggs and had caused a panic among the farmers and poultry raisers.

#### THE EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT.

At Menlo Park, on the 28th inst., the eighty-horse power engine was at work and the chunky little generator was churning out the electricity, scattering a shower of electric sparks over the floor of the machine shop. Two street electric lamps were casting an orange glow upon the snowy meadow in front of Mr. Edison's private office. They materially added to the effulgence of the moon. Twenty odd electric lights were burning in the Edison buildings. It was a whiter light than that in the street. It was more like daylight. The intenseness of the Madison Square Garden and Broadway lights was gone. There was nothing that could annoy the eye. The glow was mild and steady. There was no flicker in the airless globes, and the weakest-eyed sewing woman could have taken her stitches as easily as though she sat by a window at noonday. The engine was running a mass

of machinery and working a patent pump, as well as furnishing electricity for the horseshoe burners. This same power can be utilized by those who use the light in their houses. The power that runs the light can run a sewing-machine, and the meter will tell the exact power used. The consumer thus pays for the power consumed, whether for the sewing machine or for the light.

The light is produced by the electric fluid passing over a small strip of carbonized pasteboard, cut in the form of a horse-shoe and enclosed in an air tight globe from which the air is exhausted.

One of the most interesting details of the lamp is the manner in which the vacuum is maintained. The fine platinum wires that conduct the electricity to the carbon loop pass through the summit of a small air chamber into the vacuum chamber where the loop is, and at this point the glass is firmly welded to the wire. As both the glass and the platinum have the same expansibility under heat, there is no danger of their separating and destroying the vacuum. The walls of the small air chamber and of the larger vacuum chamber which contains it are continuous at the lower part.

The advantage of the carbon prepared from paper or cardboard is, he says, that it is as pure as the carbon of the diamond, and that it is of a fibrous nature, the fibers interlocking. Many other forms of carbon commonly used in electrical experiments are formed by the admixture of powdered carbon with some paste, to give them the proper consistency. They are, therefore, neither pure nor homogeneous. Edison gets eight lights net per horse power from his generator, and as the machine is about four-horse power, he can get thirty-two lights from it. The lights in any one circuit may be of any number, because more than one generator may be placed in the circuit. A "main," as he calls it, will consist of a bundle of copper wires not insulated with regard to each other; that is, the bundle will be the same as a solid copper rod. The main will be "tapped" for each lamp by simply connecting the wires leading to the lamp with the main at a convenient point. The main will decrease in diameter as it recedes from the generator by the termination from point to point of the wires making up the bundle. Edison says that exact calculations have been made of the cost of lighting by his system as compared with the cost of lighting by gas, but that he is not allowed to be more explicit than to say that however cheaply gas may be sold the electric light can be furnished more cheaply still.

#### INSTRUMENTS OF PRECISION.

The ingenuity of medical men has been displaying an unwonted activity of late, and new methods and appliances for the examination of the human body are being continually announced. Instruments of precision just now are in the ascendant; and the *Medical Record* is correct in saying that never before have anatomical structures or physiological functions been put under such close and exact scrutiny.

The writer proceeds to give a summary of those discoveries most recently introduced by the medical profession. We learn that electric lights are penetrating the viscera, and that the pathological changes in the blood corpuscles are being very exactly noted and classified. The news of these things has already reached the laity. It is announced in a leading New York daily that a celebrated microscopist has allowed a gentleman to marry because his white blood corpuscles were

—or were not—finely granular. In fact, there have been so many other interesting reports of this kind that we find it well to call attention to some of these devices with which humanity is becoming so closely environed.

An apparatus has been invented by a French physiologist for measuring the amount of heat thrown off from the body in any given time. If we may believe the inventor, the temperature changes of our systems can now be put under the exactest supervision; a man can neither change his diet nor undergo a physical exertion without its being registered in British units. With the present delicate surface thermometers also, only local changes in nutritive activity can be determined.

Active cerebration, an overloaded stomach, or a deep-seated inflammation, all send up the index. To a lively imagination the practical application of these various forms of thermometry promises the most extraordinary results in the cerebral department. When it is established, as it is hoped it may be, that the value of a thought is to be measured by the amount of cerebral tissue consumed and heat evolved, every man's intellectual caliber can be definitely established in degrees Fahrenheit; the problems of life will then be greatly simplified.

There has always been much ingenuity shown in investigating the normal and pathological conditions of the lungs, but never before have investigations presented such large, we may say sonorous, results. Mr. Edison, for instance, promises us a stethoscope, with which we hope nothing less than that the breeze from the epithelial ciliæ may be heard and differentiated, as also that the noise from the development of a tubercle may be brought with melancholy distinctness to the ear. These are but hopes and promises, however, which may partially fail us. We take pleasure, therefore, in recording the more modest, but better established inventions of a gentleman from New Jersey; inventions which deserve notice, indeed, if only for the melody of their nomenclature. There is, first, the respiratory anemometer. This instrument consists simply of a tube, a valve, a movable pen, some gearing, a few levers, a strip of paper, and clockwork. By breathing into the tube, a record is obtained of the character of the respiration, with the relative length of inspiration and expiration.

Supplementary to this valuable piece of mechanism are the pneumosiren and the unison resonator. The former gives, among other things, the character of the respiration, while the latter announces to the ear the smallest deposit of tubercle. With these three instruments, a stethoscope, a pleximeter, and a sounding towel, it will be strange, indeed, if phthisis cannot be arrested even in the third stage.

Dr. Richardson, of London, has utilized the microphone in such a way as to form what he calls an audiometer. By it the capacity of the ear to appreciate sounds can be accurately measured, and he has already made some interesting discoveries in regard to hearing. The application of the carbon telephone to urethral surgery is well known. Sir Henry Thompson, by attaching a form of this instrument to a Mallechort rod, finds that the presence in the bladder of the smallest particle of gravel even is readily appreciated. It only remains to extend its application to the pelvis of the kidney. Some time ago Dr. Nestler, of Germany, announced that he had invented an endoscope, with which he could see the interior of the bladder, and even of the stomach. At the recent meeting of the International Medical Congress, M. Trouve, of Paris, stated that with his electrical polyscopes he could accomplish this same result, and an exhibition of his instruments was made.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

LITTLE Harry cut his finger while playing. Seeing it bleeding, he called out :—  
 "Hurry, mamma, and stop it up, it's leaking."

"WE find, said a coroner's jury out West, 'that Bill Thompson came to his death by holding five aces when Jack Smith held four. And we find that nine aces are five too many in a pack of cards.'"

KEEPS A BROKER'S OFFICE.—"What are you doing, Bill?" "Keeping a broker's office. Possible, who gave you a lift?" "My old employer. He lifted me with his boot. Having nothing else to do, I bought five dollars worth of broken bank bills, and opened an exchange office." "Does the business pay?" "First-rate; I buy pistariens for sixteen cents and pass them off on blind fiddlers for quarters. Don't you want to go in as a partner?" "Not as long as stealing is more honorable."

A HIT PALPABLE.—A few days since, a traveler stepped into a bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, coat and cravat. This done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner calm as a May morning, and with a commanding shake of the head, said, "Hadh't you better be getting that hot water?" Teller informed him he was in the wrong shop. "You're in a bank, sir, and not in a barber's shop." "Bank? whew!" ejaculated the astonished stranger. "Blame it, they told me it was a place where they shaved people."

THE wife of a Sexton was interrupted in the midst of her harangue upon hard times, by a person offering to sell her a couple of ducks.

"Ducks!" she exclaimed, "how can I buy ducks, or anything else; we have not buried a living soul these six months."

THE Silver State, a Nevada newspaper, publishes the following lively card :  
 "My husband, Jim Barney, the ugliest man that ever lived, has left my bed and board without any justifiable cause. I used to do all I could to make him pretty comfortable, and in spite of all my wishes he would cut up like the devil and run after women. Now, I want all the women to notice this act of mine. I won't pay a darned cent of his debts, and hope no one will return him to me, 'cos I don't want him. Maria Barney, Big Meadows." Poor Barney.

## TABLE ETIQUETTE.

1. Always rush out and get the first sort, if you have to knock the cook down to accomplish it.
2. Never eat with your knife and fork, but with a table spoon, it's so graceful.
3. Don't lean on the table, but on the nearest lady to you.
4. When you hand your plate to be helped, put your knife and fork in your pocket.
5. Always eat your plate clean, no matter how bountifully you are helped, clean it.
6. Always drink out of the finger bowl, and wipe your greasy fingers on your breeches.
7. If a person near you gets choked, punch him in the side.
8. If occasion requires, blow your nose on the table-cloth.

"SPARK"-ING, IF NOT MARRYING.—The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. The locomotive, we are pained to observe, never marries.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*. Are you not mistaken about the locomotive never marrying? We have often heard of the locomotive "spark"-ing and being coupled to a train—just the same as a young man, you know. When *he* gets coupled the train often makes the biggest show.—*Norristown Herald and Free Press*.

A SOLDIER'S AGE.—Napoleon, in his Italian successes, took a Hungarian Battalion prisoners. The Colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, etc., concluding by saying that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa.

"You must be old," said Napoleon.

"Yes, I am either sixty or seventy.

"Why, Colonel, you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years a little more closely."

"General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts and my horses, but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them."

## A SPECIMEN OF MODERN EXEGESIS.

*Printed for the Benefit of the Younger Clergy.*

The following hits off pretty fairly the way in which discourses are constructed :

"Brethren, the words of my text are :—

"Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I purpose this evening to analyze their meaning and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life :—

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old ; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone ; a widow ; a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No, she went to the cupboard. And here observe that she 'went' to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice ; she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are the 'cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard. The one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attribute of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner,

looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog:—

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

“When she got there! You see dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

“And how was her noble effort rewarded?

“The cupboard was bare!” It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor ginger-bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious lode star of the poor dog was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter’s, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

“Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of wordly sophistry, ‘The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit. Ah, no! Far removed from earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow whom thoughtless wordlings would despise, in that she only owned a cupboard, perceived, or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. ‘The poor dog had none!’ And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not recognizant of enough?

“Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard—the poor dog—the cupboard—or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren, if we do; if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chronicles be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text:—

“And so the poor dog had none.”

[*Birmingham Dart.*

## THE PRIZES.

BY N. W. PARKER.

**F**ROM the sanctum of our editor  
This earnest question comes:  
Who will send our Order's teachings  
To the largest list of homes?

Who will get the most subscribers  
By their efforts and our prayer,  
That our Magazine may flourish?  
Said our Secretary Sayre.

In our published list of prizes  
You can see what you will gain,  
For your well directed efforts,  
For your labor and your pain.

The offer 's an inviting one,  
The presents all are fine;  
Who will the largest list report  
For Eighteen Seventy-Nine?

At once the stokers all began,  
With all their might and main,  
To see which one could keep ahead  
And pull the longest chain.

From morn 'till night, and from night 'till morn,  
The lists came pouring in.  
'Till Sayre sat in his easy chair  
In work up to his chin.

At last the lists have all come in,  
And the old years' work is done;  
While the boys are looking anxiously  
To see just who has won.

Behold the man, scan well his face,  
And boys, pray, do not squeal,  
For T. H. SHEPPARD has won the prize,  
And he is as true as steel.

And he wears to-day as his reward  
For work so nobly done,  
As fine a watch of purest gold  
As there is beneath the sun.

*Two hundred and two* good names he got,  
And thus the prize he won.  
And nobly stands at the head to-day,  
And wears the victor's crown.



Hammersstein Bros. & Co. Lith. Indianapolis

Yours  
F. H. Sheppards

## Editorial.

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WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

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### THANKS.

We have been favored the past year with many contributions by many good friends and well wishers. To one and all, we tender our thanks.

We appreciate the delicate and responsible position to which we have again been chosen by our fraternity as the editor of the Magazine. No efforts have been spared to advance its worth, and make it appreciated by every reader of fireside and home literature. No pains will be spared in the future to excel what we have done in the past; and when it is considered that each number costs the subscriber only *eight and one third cents*, who is there that will not concede that we publish the best and cheapest magazine in America.

Again, we say to our patrons and friends, thanks, for your good cheer, your encouragement by word and act, and your help. We shall be glad to receive communications upon such subjects as may interest as well as instruct the general reader, and whatever news items that may be caught on the pen, jot them down, and send them to our sanctum.

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### OUR LADY FRIENDS.

In our Magazine our lady friends shall likewise have a place where they may come and refresh themselves, with notes of the *very* latest, and wherein they may defend their faith in the most extravagant fashions—and what is, or is to be, the prevailing “rage” or “style,” we will try in the future to prepare them, at the hands of our fashion writer. While we admit our mission is to conduct the Magazine in the interest of the Brotherhood, we do not intend to overlook another very important element in this land, that shapes more destinies than any other factor in human progress, and that is the *Sisterhood*. They shall have a chance. To them we make our bow. Our pages are open, ladies, for your influence, your graces and smiles.

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### IT'S A LONG ROAD THAT HAS NO TURN.

No people prosper without a measure of ill luck, or adversity, to sweeten the enjoyment of possession, whenever it comes, as come it must, and will to the honest and persevering individual or nation.

The history of America presents a most remarkable progression in all that is great and powerful, or goes to make a people prosperous and happy. Yet our enjoyment to-day, of what may be considered national blessings, has been secured only by the sternest arbitrator known to the world, that of war.

It was comparatively speaking, but a handful of men, who decreed independence of monarchical rule, and pushed out their faith and hope over a road they then little thought would lead their posterity to become the greatest nation of the earth. It was a dark hour, and through the long night of revolution, the love of

liberty and hope for recognized independence, made our fathers resolute, restless and successful.

But now having secured their object by war, another field opened up to them other troubles and doubts, how to prepare to enjoy the fruits of their victory. To the patriots diplomacy was a novel, but necessary machinery in the Government. Not only at home but abroad, must the skill of the legislator be shown and felt. How well the results of independence by revolution were secured and maintained, our history gives proof. Home and foreign rule brought its misunderstandings, criminations and recriminations. The struggle to secure a constitution for the government of the people provoked contentions, and its adoption left it subject to different constructions. Yet the United States, under her constitution, at last became a power, and "false lights" disappeared only to reappear in the year 1812. Then diplomacy revived to establish in one section the doctrine of state rights, while at the same time it sought and secured by treaties, additional rights and powers upon contiguous territory, which in the end provoked another war with Mexico. Again successful, America advanced with increasing industries until the great crime and evil of the nation stood in the way of our outcome to a great nation, when the issue was again joined, and with slaves, state rights fell in the great rebellion, and the "flag of the free," christened in the revolution, to-day floats over fifty million people—a united and indissoluble union of States—a Nation. To-day we look out over our broad land, and our hearts are rejoiced at the proud position we hold among the nations of the earth. We are among, if not the greatest nation of the earth. At last the road turns, and instead of us looking abroad for a literature, science and art, for examples of industry and the profits of trade, we send to all the world greetings to draw on us at sight, for whatever is necessary, or desired to maintain life, or advance their material or social prosperity.

For many years America has paid tribute to foreign nations for supplies of nearly every character. Now, "as our country grows older in wealth and experience, useful and labor-saving inventions multiply, our finances stand on a firmer basis, the burdens of the war are lessened, population by birth and immigration increases, consumption follows more closely upon the heels of production, new markets are opening for products we can well spare, and which furnish a balance in our favor abroad, and gradually are we laying foundations of our manufacturing supremacy so deeply, that nothing can sweep them away."

The scepter is passing to America. "The time has passed when any new invention can long continue a monopoly."

The many centers of activity, or sources of income, cheapen labor, and this in proportion affecting the cost of living begets wealth, which cheapens money.

From the long night of depression we are emerging upon a plane of settled values, confidence, hope and restored confidence, to that more perfect strength of a great, because united, people. Our fair land is burdened with her increase, and from the rough surface where the seed will germinate, she opens her veins of silver and gold, to sow the barren fields of the old world with the seed of her own soil.

In wheat and corn, flour, pork and farm products, the old world sends \$171,000,000 to balance her account for one year for these supplies.

The *American Manufacturer and Reporter* says: America raises wheat 2,000 miles from her ports of export, conveys it by rail to the points of shipment, trans-

ports it over 3,000 miles of ocean to Great Britain, and sells it at a shilling a bushel less than it costs the English who grow it.

"Our exports of Agricultural implements in 1878 were of a total value of \$2,552,560 against \$1,781,022 in 1877."

New York sends pianos to Japan, and Boston sends starch to England, and New Orleans flour to the United States of Columbia.

Our export of tobacco last year was about \$50,000,000. Germany gets most of this.

Australia opens her ports for the commerce of America, and her merchants memorialize our leading factories for increase of trade.

Philadelphia supplies England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Australia and India with locomotive engines; and street cars of American manufacture find their way to Brazil.

Munitions of war and heavy armaments are sent from American factories to nearly every foreign nation. In fact, whatever tends to sustain the body, support the government, and prolong foreign power, depends upon the American product and manufacture, upon the skill of her artisan, the labor of her toilers; all fed, prospered and sustained in the light and under the blessing of a free and enlightened republic—a gigantic nationality, and last but not least, foreign nations come to our universities for educational instruction. "It's a long road that has no turn."

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WE are in receipt of a copy of Vol. I. No. 1, of the Railway Age Monthly and Railway Service Magazine. For the improvement and entertainment of station agents, passenger and ticket agents, office employes, train men, workers in car and locomotive shops, road masters, yard men, and all classes of employes in the railway service who are ambitious of advancement in the railway profession. \$1.50 per annum. The Railway Age Publishing Co., Chicago.

We cheerfully recommend it to all of our readers.

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THE sunny side of a house is the best to live in, sleep in, or work in. The sunny side of the hospital is the best for the sick. The sunny side is the best to keep the healthy well, and to restore the sick. Look out for the sunny side. Do not creep into gloomy shadows, like moles or bats. Find the sunny slope of every hill of difficulty, where the ice has melted away, where the rills and rivulets dance and sing. In your intercourse with men seek the sunny side of their character, and there plant your seeds of influence, your good words and your kindly deeds.

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NEWSPAPERS.—The number of newspapers published in the United States in 1775 was 37; in 1810, 358; in 1828, 857; in 1840, newspapers and periodicals, 1631; in 1879, newspapers and periodicals, 8,703.

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IT will make 1880 a historical year should it usher in Edison's electric lamp as an undeniable success when tested in the illumination of the streets, grounds and private buildings of Menlo Park. From that hour will be a revolution in methods of illuminating. The lamp is really already a success.

## Correspondence.

### SKETCHES IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

The different castes of these Hindoos often amuse me, and at the same time I get awfully provoked. There is one servant who is called a *Mate*. He does all sorts of dirty work and drudgery. He can never rise to anything higher. It is his fate to be of low caste, and there are none lower than he; so he accepts the situation cheerfully, and does all the dirty jobs about the place. These different castes do not seem to envy those who are higher than they are. I sometimes wonder at it, as it is so natural for us all to envy those who are high up in the world. One servant will sweep a room, and poor *Mate* has to come and remove the dirt and dust. The sweeper is too high caste to take it up himself. He does nothing but sweep. When it is done he smokes and sleeps. Then another servant will dust the room. He takes a silk duster if he can find one, if not, anything that falls in his way; the cloth of the table, or a sheet from the bed. They are always losing things and never keep a duster. Well, he takes his duster and stands off at arms length, and bangs the furniture, book-stands, etc., and this he calls dusting. Then he puts a room in order, and this he does very well; then his job is done. I have a little dog, and it is against caste for my bearer to wash him. He has to have his gosal or bath every morning. Well, bearer takes him out to the *Mate*, and he is of such low caste that my bearer would be contaminated, if he touched him, as the bearer is of very high caste, a nobleman, compared with this poor *Mate*. So the *Mate* comes forward to get the dog, and bearer sets him on the ground for the *Mate* to pick up. Then between them both, *Puyi*, the dog, escapes and goes for the house and hides. Then its "oh! *Sahib*, *puyi*, *juldi jao*," which means, quick go, and so at last we find him. Then the same scene is enacted over again, and at last I get disgusted and take my dog and carry him out to the *Mate* myself. I do not mind their castes and I am often tempted to use strong language. It is very provoking. My dog is one of those soft, white-haired poodles, and is a nice, bright little fellow. I have named him *Puyi*, as he came to live here with me during the native *Hoarga Puyi* holidays. He is full of mischief, but is devoted to me. I took him out in the carriage when we went to drive last night, and he behaved well, considering it was his first ride in style. I purchased this dog of a native dealer, and bought him out of pity, as he was half-starved when his old master brought him to the office in the city. These natives are very cruel to dumb beasts, and beat and starve them, and so I was glad to pay him a fair price to get this poor little dog out of his clutches. We have a lot of pets at our house, and had four dogs before I bought this one. Some time I will say more about my pets.

Now I will tell you some more about the caste, and how foolish it appears to a stranger. The other day one of our *Molleys*, or gardeners, was weeding vegetables and suddenly I heard a loud cry, and on looking out of my window, saw the *Molley* lying on the ground, apparently frightened out of what little sense he possessed. The other gardener hurried up to him, and he also became frightened and shouted for the *Mate*. When he came the gardener pointed to a large leaved plant, and the *Mate* pulled it up and took it to the gate and flung it into the street. Now what do you think all this fuss was about? Why this silly gardener found two

large burdock plants growing in among his vegetables, and it is against his caste to touch an unclean plant as this is, and so he had to call the Mate to remove it. This is a fair sample of their silly tricks.

The other day the Ayak, or ladies maid, refused to pull the punkah cord. She was lower caste than the punkah wallah, or man, and if she had touched it, he would have refused to pull the punkah any more. So the bearer had to be called to fix it. Oftentimes it is a great deal of annoyance to have such servants. Then on account of this caste, one has to keep more servants. We had forty-three in all on the place. One will bring water for the bath, and another has to carry it away, and it is just so with everything. They are also very lazy and will not exert themselves. I wanted my boots dusted one day, after I had been walking, and my bearer took a nice clean damask towel from the wash-stand to do it with rather than hunt up the boot brush. Then when each one gets his job done, he takes his pipe and smokes and lies down to sleep.

In the morning these servants all take a bath, and they wash the piece of cloth that they use for their clothes, hang it in the sun, and it will be dry in ten minutes. This piece of cloth is about five yards long. After it is dry they shake it, and then twist one end of it under one arm, and then twirl around, and it is soon on, and the upper part of their body is covered, and another shake, and they are dressed. The cloth hangs down to their knees, and they take a piece of muslin, whisk it about their heads and tuck the ends, and their turban is on. Their legs and feet are bare, and they never wear shoes. When they walk in the street many wear clogs made of teak wood, and some wear slippers made of grass.

In the middle of the day many of them go and bathe in the sacred Ganges river and soak for hours. I saw a lot of them in the river one morning; men, women and children. After they had soaked in the muddy water long enough to purify their souls they came out and stood on a wide platform to get dry and put on their cloths. From this platform is a wide flight of steps leading up to a pavilion, or ghaut, or landing place.

These pavilions are very large. The roof is supported on lofty pillars, and the floor is always tiled with marble. The pillars are painted and gilded, and so is the interior of the roof. There are as many as twenty-five pillars in all of them. They are built by the English government for the accommodation of the public, and always on the banks of the river in different parts of the city. If anybody wants to go out on the river he drives to one of the ghauts, and here he can get a dingy or boat with native boatmen, any time, day or night. One walks down the steps to the boat, and if the tide is high steps right aboard; if it is low, the boatman takes you up in his arms and puts you aboard. These ghauts are all named for some distinguished army officer, or former Viceroy to her Majesty, the Queen. This one is named Bankshall.

At certain hours of the day the native priests take possession of these ghauts, and when the natives come up out of the river, all are ready to bless and also cheat them. These poor creatures bow down to the priest, then fold their arms, bow again, and touch the pavement before him with their foreheads, and also touch their lips to his big toe. Then they get up, and the priest gives each one a small spoonful of water, and this they dash on their foreheads, bow again, make a most profound salaam, and their worship is over.

Next they went to a man who had a box, containing pots of different colored

paints. Each one takes a couple of pots of paint, (said pots holding about a gill apiece), brushes, and a small looking glass. Then he sits down on the pavement and paints his caste marks. He puts a streak of red, yellow or white, on his nose; next a dab on each cheek; next a figure, like a letter "u" just over his nose, on his forehead; also streaks on the rims of each ear and the job is done.

The higher castes have the painter put the marks on for them. One man looked as if he had a pot or two of paint thrown at him, as his face was one mass of spatters of white and yellow paint, and he had marks painted around his neck and chin. I laughed heartily when I saw him. They pay a few pice for this painting, and for natives these painters make a good living. Then each worshiper buys a flaming yellow marigold, or red hibiscus, of a man who has trays of these flowers for sale. These they put in their ears, or tuck into their whiskers, and many wear garlands of these flowers about their necks. Lower caste natives have caste marks painted on their breasts.

After the flowers are put on they are dressed for the day. Each one then takes his brass lota he has brought for this purpose, and fills it with the sacred water and takes it away to his simple home. The women always have their hair hanging down their backs so it will dry in the hot sun as they stroll along. These lower caste women do not care if people do see them. When the hair is dry they put a kind of muslin cape or shawl over their heads, called a Chuddah. I often see these native performances during my rides, and saw all this to-day, while waiting for a boat to take me on board the American ship *El Capitan*.

After our servants get home from their bath in the river they sit down and smoke their hubble bubbles or pipes. Then comes their *pkannah* or dinner. It consists of currie and rice, fruit and toddy, a kind of wine made from the juice of the date tree, and then they drink goat's milk and cocoanut milk.

To be continued.

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IN times of suffering and distress associations of men or women for mutual good, is a grand object, and if properly conducted, is sure to bring about good results. The mission is glorious and god-like.

Such an organization is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Slow but resistless this noble band of resolute men are moving on, extending the horizon of their influence, invading the haunts of poverty, and turning tears of grief into smiles of cheerfulness and comfort, gradually paving the way for grander work. They will stop at no man's bidding. Passing years will but witness an increase among the tried and true. With all the impulse of a warm and sympathetic nature, I say, keep up the struggle; carve your names deep on the pages of the world's history. Let excelsior be your motto. You are sure to win; success is within your grasp; 'tis no day dream.

A busy world may not applaud you at first, but rest easy with the knowledge that you are doing good, and I assure you that you will make them recognize you by your brilliant achievements in the future. The opportunity is yours; improve it, and receive the blessings of the suffering poor of your calling, for such will be the reward of a duty well done. Remember that it is you, and such as you, that link the present with the future, and leave a record in the archives of men. I conclude by asking you one and all to consider the feeble advice and sentiments of

A TRAMP.

## OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

*Editor B. of L. Magazine:* Dear Sir—Before describing my trip to San Diego and my impressions of this country, I wish to write a few lines in regard to the brothers at Oakland and San Francisco, and to thank them for their kindness to me. No. 91 is in excellent condition, and is composed of good substantial men. I had the pleasure of meeting several of them, and can say of both lodges (90 and 91) that they are an honor to the Order, and I hope that my efforts to rectify the mistakes that the members of No. 90 were laboring under will not prove in vain.

Brother Ingles of No. 90 took me into their lodge room, and it is the finest room of the kind I was ever in.

I left San Francisco on the morning of November 10th, on the Pacific Coast Company's steamer Ancor, and after passing the beautiful city and the many points of interest, we entered the Pacific Ocean, and left the "Golden Gate" behind, and then, oh! if Brother Broderick and some of the other delegates to the Sixth Annual Convention had only been on board, they would have thought Lake Michigan was calm the day of the excursion on the steamer Corona, and Brother Broderick would have wished again that he was back in York State. I did not get sick myself, but came very near it. There were only five men and one lady at the lunch table that day out of fifty.

I will not attempt to describe the whole trip, which to me was delightful, as it was my first experience on salt water. There is nothing of interest to be seen on the first day out. I was awakened the next morning by finding the boat standing still, which was quite a relief, as I had worked hard all night to keep in my berth. I found on inquiry that we were at Port Harford, and that there was a narrow gauge road from the wharf to San Luis Obispo. The country around the harbor is very mountainous.

The next important point is Point Conception, where there is a light house. The peculiarity of the place is that after passing it the water always becomes calmer and the atmosphere warmer. We passed the point at 1 o'clock P. M., and about 4 o'clock I was looking at the water, and suddenly saw for the first time in my life a whale, that was sporting in the waves. He was quite large and soon attracted a number of spectators, but did not entertain them long.

We reached Santa Barbara about 5:30, and went ashore and found a very pretty place, a large portion of which was "for rent." I ate some fine fruit, for which the country is noted.

On the following morning we anchored at San Pedro, which is the nearest point to Los Angeles. We went on board a lighter, which took us six miles through a narrow channel, and landed us at Wilmington, from which place there is a branch road of the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles. Here I met Brother Vogensall to whom I wish to return thanks for his hospitality. He took me to the round-house and introduced me to Brother Enz and several others. After leaving the round-house, I met Mr. J. P. Bassett, an old friend from the Illinois Central, who is now running baggage on the Southern Pacific. He showed me the beauties of the city, and I was very much charmed and shall always remember the pleasant day I passed in Los Angeles. It is about twenty miles from Wilmington.

I will now return to San Pedro, where we left the steamer in the morning, and

after passing one more night on board, we awoke to find ourselves in the harbor of San Diego, which is the best harbor on the Pacific coast. The view of the city was a beautiful one, in the light of the rising sun, and I never saw a more perfect location for a large city than this place presents. There is very little business now, and the town looks dull, but everybody is in expectation that it will some day be awakened from its slumbers by the sound of the locomotive whistle, and the roar of the train.

There are no railroads here yet, but the prospects are good, as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company have commissioners here now looking at the prospects for a road, and engineers are in the mountains surveying a feasible route. The country around San Diego is very pretty and there are some fine drives. There are mountains on three sides and the ocean on the other. Some of the mountains are very peculiar in shape, and I am told that an Irishman once wrote home from here that "the people owned so much land that they had it put up in stacks." Some of the valleys in this vicinity are very fertile and will raise almost anything that is planted, but are especially adapted to raising oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, olives, pears, apples, nuts and almost every variety of fruit.

The climate is delightful and it does not rain but very little, which is a drawback to cultivation as everything has to be irrigated. It is always warm here, but is never oppressive. Sunstroke and hydrophobia are unknown. Consumptives and those troubled with lung and throat complaints find relief here, and the place is highly recommended. The average temperature is about 70°.

I would not advise any of my friends to come here unless they have plenty of money, and can afford to wait four or five years for products. In my next I will explain what I am going to do. For the present I wish all brothers and friends good bye!

Fraternally, R. V. DODGE.

### OUR BROTHERHOOD.

I have just been shown your chart, which explains artistically the aims and purposes of the beneficent Order of Locomotive Firemen. At a casual glance I should say the lithograph is a successful work of art. Upon reflection and after thoughtful investigation I pronounce it a master-piece of faithful delineation. How faithfully and earnestly all the grand ideas involved in your compact are shown. How cheerfully the better and happier motives are portrayed; how tearfully the sad scenes unavoidably incident to your life are pictured.

There is the father, husband and brother; hope springing in his breast; his eye beaming with joy, and his face lighted with the pleasure begotten of hope and comfort, parting with the dear ones whom he may never see again. God guide him.

The train, drawn by the iron horse quivering with life, leaps joyfully on his journey, and we see it bearing its human freight through the pleasant valley, and

"The vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between,"

rolling smoothly over the hard rails, safely gliding onward.

Night follows day. In the darkness there lurks death. The train, once bounding grandly in the light of day, now creeps through the gloom to a terrible doom.

Within the cab there stands one whose *duty* is the chiefest characteristic of his nature. Underneath the soot of his calling there stands the angel of truth.

True to himself; never shirking duty; true to his wife and his children, whose dimpled cheeks he longs to kiss, he stands—the implement of his calling in hand—defying death. But it comes to all.

Death comes. The treacherous bridge yawns with hungry arms to receive the life of that boy. He dies, but he goes

“—not, like the quarry-slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

The widow who had parted with her joyful husband, full of his duty, now bows her heart with grief. Sadness stands heart-broken at the side of hope. The playful darlings whom he had held fondly to his breast, half knowing the great trouble that hung over them like a dark cloud, now cling about the skirts of the bereaved. The companion who knows what duty is, what love is, what grief is, comes now to minister to the yearning love of one deprived of all in life.

The grave-yard, with its many souls departed, receives the body of our brother. Stern men, who have never wept, now weep. Hard hands, grimed with honest labor, clasp above all that is left of the true fireman. They pass around the cold ground that shall cover him, and with the good-bye, they say *farewell*.

But now comes comfort. Like a perfume it sheds its fragrance in the face of sorrow:

The noble impulse has prompted the toiler to care for his fellow. The dead can not be brought to life, but the living can be protected by the Brotherhood. Those who are left are cared for. The brother stands a bulwark against want and wretchedness.

The life is gone—the life of earth. But in heaven there lives the soul of a humble man who will occupy the right hand on the side of God. In heaven the reward will be realized. The parted will be reunited. The toiler will be repaid. Grief will be hidden in the arms of love.

BOHEMIAN.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 15, 1879.

*Editors B. of L. F. Magazine:* Old Vigo can at least boast of being prolific of happy marriages. A little while ago we chronicled the matrimonial unions of two of our members, and now we are called upon to announce the fact that brother Lee S. Mayer has left the fold, and taken unto himself a pleasant and charming lady, Miss Mollie McCain by name, who from and after this date will be known as Mrs. Lee S. Mayer. We wish the young couple success and happiness, and trust that they will never have occasion to regret the step they have taken.

“May they prosper on earth,  
And find pleasant the road  
That guides us thro' life,  
Unto that 'blissful abode.'”

While we are talking about Miss Mat. Rimony, it may be well to state that there are prospects ahead for more mirth at a time not considerably far off. The names of two more of No. 16's fairest and bravest sons are upon the lips of dame rumor. They too hope to gambol upon the sunny slopes. But we will not be in haste. This wooing and cooing may be significant, yet we can not forego the pleasure of

"saying nothing and sawing wood," for the present at least. There will be but few bachelors left in old "Vigo" if this epidemic does not soon relax its grasp.

Brother John Clary was severely injured a few days ago by some dastardly person who threw a stone into his cab, as he was speeding along near Reelsville. The stone struck him in the head, causing an ugly scalp wound. John is out again and doing well.

No more at present.

Yours truly, M. OSSBACK.

### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

NOTICE.—Any brother knowing the whereabouts of brother Frank Tooper, will confer a great favor to his mother by putting it in the FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, or addressing Box 955, Jackson, Michigan. P. W. R.

THE Bank of No. 12, Old Kimmolwick, that fires Engine No. 2, in the Buffalo yard, is always on hand Friday night, with his second growth of Hickory, just the same.

BROTHER Pembroke of No. 57, has secured some thirty odd subscribers in Salem, Mass., for Volume, No. 4.

W. H. SMITH of No. 91, will learn something to his advantage by corresponding with the R. S.

BROTHER Alley of No. 23, (P. G. M.), reports the promotion of brothers McHugh, Coggershall, Hefferman, Thompson and Watson, also the marriage of brother James Scott to one of Louisville's fair daughters.

BROTHER Schellhorn sends us news of the promotion of brothers Lindenberg, Barrett, Gsell and Schinelfinger, also brother Phillips.

MARRIAGE.—W. P. Danforth of Worcester, Mass., to Miss Villa J. Lowell of Augusta, Maine, by the Rev. M. H. Harris. May you live long and prosper is our earnest wish.

ROSE City Lodge No. 45, tenders her thanks to Mr. L. Finlay, Master Mechanic of the Iron Mountain Railroad, for his many acts of kindness in the past year, and for the beautiful frame he presented the Lodge to hold their chart, and trust that the brothers may never forget to hold him in the light of a good officer and worthy of our love and esteem.

H. H. LINDENBERGER,  
J. SCHELLHORN,  
F. H. RICHARDSON. } Committee.

### RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, held at their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Topeka Lodge No. 56, for the loan of their banner to decorate the Merchant's Exchange Hall, on the evening of November 26.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to them and published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

GEO. MCGARRAHAN,  
JNO. MULLRIHILL,  
J. J. MCGAUGHEY. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Central Lodge No. 22, B. of L. F., held in their hall, December 7th, 1879, the resignation of Brother Wm. Trenary as Recording Secretary was tendered. He is about to leave on a trip to seek employment elsewhere. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, the retirement of our esteemed and worthy brother, Wm. Trenary, from the office of Recording Secretary presents a suitable opportunity for expressing the esteem in which we hold him as a faithful and efficient officer; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to brother Trenary, for the able and worthy manner in which he has performed his duty.

*Resolved*, That on leaving the position he has so satisfactorily filled, he carries with him the regards and good wishes of No. 22, and that they sincerely hope that he may secure a better position than the one he has lost, and trust that his future will be as bright and prosperous as he can anticipate or desire.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and a copy transmitted to brother Trenary, and published in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

URBANA, ILL., December 7, 1879.

C. T. RICHEY,  
L. E. BECKLEY,  
J. M. GARRETT. } Committee.

WHEREAS, Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 has been the recipient of a beautiful picture of a locomotive, handsomely framed, and,

WHEREAS, The same was made and presented by the wife of our esteemed brother J. Hockenburger; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we tender Mrs. Hockenburger our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for her beautiful gift, and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Hockenburger, and also published in the Magazine.

By Order of the Lodge,

DENVER, COL., November 28, 1879.

JAS. COLLINS,  
JOHN L. YOUNG. } Committee.

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## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

We are under many obligations to the various lodges, some twenty odd, for complimentaries, and we find it impossible to insert the many articles taken from newspapers as to the various entertainments. However, in justice to all lodges, we can but say in every instance the reports are favorable and reflect much credit upon our members.

We report the organization of Lodges Nos. 31, 32, 33 and 37, organized by our Grand Organizer, S. M. Stevens, and located at Atchinson, Kansas, Brookville, Kansas, Trenton, Missouri, and Centralia, Illinois. Brother Stevens reports them as fine a lot of men as he ever conferred the degrees upon. His next move will be to Stratford, Ontario, where he will institute a lodge December 28th. Brother Stevens also visited Lodges Nos. 43, 56, 74, 13, 21. He will visit Nos. 29, 69 and 67 on his tour.

The Quarterly Pass Word was sent out December 17th, to all lodges.

Your Editor has on hand a big supply of Volume IV., No. 1, and is ready to fill orders for the same. Send them in as rapidly as possible, so he can tell how many of the February number to print.

Any agents having two or more December Magazines to spare, will confer a favor on the Editor by returning them to him.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

### BLACK LIST.

No. 10. A. C. Slater, expelled for non-payment of dues; W. C. Tanner, J. H. Laughlin, H. P. Kermode, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 23. H. McGoven, final withdrawal.

No. 27. R. D. Baird, unbecoming conduct; C. K. Daily, non-payment of dues; W. P. Buchanan, defrauding a brother of \$16.75.

No. 36. Thos. Thayer, rejected on general principles.

### GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.	
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Dubuque, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard.
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block, Indiana-	
polis, Ind.	

### GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

### GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kas.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSE. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MABONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

### LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent  
JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
A. J. Gabard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Seranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st. Fin. Sec'y  
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent  
No. 6 Fruit st.
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent

12. **BUFFALO**, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
 I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
 A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent  
 (438 South Division street.)
14. **EUREKA**, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.  
 Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.).....Master  
 C. W. Hawley, James House.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Eusey.....Fin. Sec'y
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
 R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office.....Master  
 E. V. Debs, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
 Care City Clerks office.
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
 T. A. Galloway.....Master  
 (East St. Louis, Ill.)  
 C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
 Wm. McBride.....Master  
 D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
 H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. A. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 J. M. Garrett.....Master  
 Wm. Ternary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.  
 J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
 W. J. Thompson do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. A. McHugh, Broadway Hotel.....Mag. Agt
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
 W. Munn.....Master  
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
 P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
 J. M. Dubois.....Master  
 L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Briggs, Dubuque, Iowa.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas.  
 W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
 J. I. Steel (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
 W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Mag. Ag't
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo.  
 G. W. Smith.....Master  
 Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 B. S. Keith.....Master  
 A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. T. Post.....Magazine Agent
35. **AT AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 T. Hinchcliff.....Master  
 H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
 W. S. Baker, 114 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 P. M.  
 M. B. Willard.....Master  
 F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. **AT STRALFORD, ONT.** Organizing.
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.  
 Geo. R. Talbott.....Master  
 J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
 Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y  
 (C. and A. engine house.)  
 C. Raftery, 705 W. Chestnut st. Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
 L. Mooney.....Master  
 O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
 J. Schellhorn.....Master  
 F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agents  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....

46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Ryan (lox box 1146) Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street Fin. Sec'y  
P. D. Furling, 770 Wabash ave Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago.  
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st Master  
W. Field Rec. Sec'y  
Cor. State and 47th st.  
W. R. Parker Fin. Sec'y  
4703 State street.  
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent  
4532 Dearborn street.
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Owego, N. Y.  
Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
Jas. Gormah, 171 West 8th st Master  
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st, Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Burns Fin. Sec'y  
L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana.  
Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
A. Ross Master  
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y  
Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.  
Jno. Mummert (box 820) Master  
Geo. R. Stacey do Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson do Fin. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy do Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn.  
Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
Jno. Clark Master  
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Buchanan Fin. Sec'y  
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
J. R. Goheen Master  
Wm. Tangman Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass Master  
L. L. Parker, Jr Rec. Sec'y  
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
Jno. C. Adams Fin. Sec'y  
29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
L. L. Parker, Jr Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st) Master  
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st Fin. Sec'y  
W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn.  
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineers' Hall.  
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st Master  
Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st, Rec. Sec'y  
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave Fin. Sec'y  
R. Peck, 181 Exchange st Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa.  
Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
Porter W. Johnson, box 284 Master  
O. E. Histed Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. A. Kellogg Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. A. Bryden Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
W. A. Pickering Master  
J. A. Bain Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
C. Pope, Box 697 Master  
Jas. Allen (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y  
Alex. Mowat (Box 697) Fin. Sec'y  
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master  
T. Macklon, box 13 Rec. Sec'y  
Charles Raymond, box 13 Fin. Sec'y  
T. Bruce Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.  
C. Green Master  
D. H. Dill Rec. Sec'y  
C. Horton Fin. Sec'y  
D. H. Dill Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y.  
Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent  
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
L. Elbertson Master  
Abner Huston, Jr, 322 Bridge ave Rec. Sec'y  
H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st Fin. Sec'y  
T. C. Smith Magazine Ag't  
(3610 Sylverton avenue.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.  
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master  
W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Wilson, Union Depot Fin. Sec'y  
L. W. Stoddard Magazine Agent  
149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.  
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
E. Y. Freeman Master  
Archie Clark, 1217 W. 9th st Rec. Sec'y  
C. W. Downs Fin. Sec'y  
E. Y. Freeman Magazine Ag't

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mc ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 4904 Pushaw Ave., West Phila.  
 Wm. T. Goundie, Fin. Sec. and Mag. Agent  
 3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 George Klock, lock box 1588 ..... Master  
 John Young, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. Hockenberger do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins, do ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Wm. Evatt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Stanfield ..... Fin. Sec'y
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy ..... Master  
 J. D. Weaver ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Sheldon T. Browne ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 1807 Sixth street, south.  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews ..... Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 J. M. Byers, 590 10th street ..... Master  
 Chs. R. Campbell ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. 17th and Dodge street.  
 P. H. Swift ..... Magazine Agent  
 N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jas. Burke ..... Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns ..... do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 ..... Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett ..... Master  
 J. Wheat ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage ..... Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
 Dennis P. Murphy ..... Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 James Noonan ..... Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss ..... Master  
 A. D. Gould ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Warner ..... Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
 J. A. Ressegne ..... Master  
 Frank A. Ressegne ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Selby Jones ..... Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker ..... Master  
 J. Perrin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. L. Bradley ..... Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops ..... Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 E. F. Smith, 201 16th street ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Aldrich, 219 16th st. ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 F. A. Griggs S. P. R. R. shops ..... Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 D. Garrett ..... Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley ..... Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
 W. H. Bennett ..... Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550) ..... Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.,) ..... Master  
 P. B. Murphy, (132 N. Union st.,) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. T. Gorman ..... Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave. ..... Master  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.,) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) ..... Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes ..... Master  
 C. E. Hill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes ..... Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
 Robert Sims ..... Master  
 M. Myers ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Harrison Davis ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence ..... Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) ..... Master  
 M. E. Daly ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson ..... Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon ..... Master  
 J. W. Lee ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Mag. Ag't

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INTROSPECTION.

BY N. W. PARKER.



HERE fastest flies the shafts of hate,  
And swiftest flows life's troubled river,  
There bravest hearts are often pierced  
And noble souls are lost forever.  
Where calmest sweeps the troublous stream,  
In country seat or sleepy village,  
There few temptations stir the soul  
To deeds of murder, or of pillage.  
  
'Tis only where great deeds are done,  
Where lives are lived in fleetest numbers,  
That names are made and fortunes won,  
That souls are lost and conscience slumbers.  
Nor are the greatest, yet the best,  
Or wealthiest, the kindest brothers;  
'Tis not the name, or wealth, that makes  
The heart go out in love for others.  
  
Amidst the city's ceaseless strife,  
Its sorrows, sins, and great temptations,  
How few can live that sinless life,  
That brings alone, sweet meditations ;  
How few, in all this human sea,  
Impelled alone by good endeavors,  
Can live a life of purity,  
And feel the touch of evil, never.  
  
And yet the few who stand unhurt  
In all this sea of human evil,  
Receive no greater meed of praise  
Than those who boldly serve the devil.  
'Tis only those who chance to fall,  
Surrounded by some great temptation,  
Who hear the world's derisive howl,  
Who feel its scorn and condemnation.

If those who kick and scorn the lost  
    Could but assume the same position,  
Could suffer all, and know the worst  
    That drove them to their lost condition,  
Methinks their hate would turn to love,  
    Their kicks, to deeds that grace a brother;  
That fewer hearts would ever rove  
    For want of help, from one another.

Then take a kindly view of all,  
    In charity try to discover,  
That if your neighbor chance to fall,  
    His lost estate he may recover  
Instead of scorn and kicks that kill,  
    And make the soul a wreck forever,  
Reach out a brother's helping hand  
    -And try to save—seek to deliver.

Let those whose lives have never been  
    Where souls are tempted by great evils,  
Think not that they are free from sin,  
    And all the world but human devils.  
Remember, circumstances might  
    Reverse your present selfish vision;  
That *you* may fall, and all the world  
    Call you a fiend, with equal reason.

'Tis love that forms and shapes the life,  
    With words and deeds that live in story;  
That fills the world with joy and peace,  
    And crowns the race with wreaths of glory.  
They live the longest and the most,  
    Though short their lives as summer pleasures,  
Who leave the world the most good works,  
    Though not one dollar of her treasures.

'Tis not just what the world may say,  
    Should mold or guide us in our doing;  
But we should look with anxious hearts,  
    To see the seed our lives are sowing.  
If they be pregnant with the truth,  
    Instead of seeds all void and hollow,  
Our lives will be one ceaseless youth,  
    And all the world's applause will follow.

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BY FRIENDSHIP, says Jerome Taylor, you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the happiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable.

## MARIE THE PAUPER.

**D**URING the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited. The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy was thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly on the platform while a shudder passed over her frame, as each stroke of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

Each expression would create a laugh from those who heard her. But every thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then, pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called Pauper Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes, but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, and then down into a cellar, and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes, everybody knows Marie the Pauper."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the Pauper. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is a bit too white, though. But you can alter it with a little dirt."

They changed dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the Pauper of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless deeds of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made, the Pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at some of the remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely.

She now stopped within a few feet of the platform.

She swept it with her eyes.

Her brother was not there.

The cry now arose: "Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a deadly faintness creep over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

The crowd opened as the body of men passed.

Marie gazed among them.

A low cry escaped her.

Her brother was there.

But he walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this time the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution. But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guard and ran up the steps.

Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried :

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No. I will not go away until you tell me why my brother is here, and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie. Don't you know me?"

"The Pauper?"

"Ay!"

"But this is not your brother."

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light passed at once across his face, and he murmured :

"Oh, my sister."

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed pauper, advancing near her."

"It is."

"But his name is known differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not de Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belongs to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young de Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie and gazed steadily into her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said :

"Release that man."

The chains were instantly removed, Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it, before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice said :

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the Pauper and asked of her :

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes, I know all about it," returned the Pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her brother. She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble sister had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so, they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him by representing the "Pauper of Paris."

## TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

CORK, November 10th, 1879.

Cork is in possession of that interesting old Shandon steeple, with its musical and famous chime bells, made still more famous by the harmonic verses of Father Prout who sang :

"The bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

In Cork we see the genuine Irish character displayed from its ready wit to its unbounded generosity, and here, as in many other parts of Ireland, they rattle off their bulls entirely regardless of consequences and with a recklessness peculiar to the race. During my stay in Cork I was invited to a christening—a genuine Irish christening. To attend a gathering of this kind is to enjoy the company of wit, beauty and song. Idle formality and ceremonies are quietly disposed of. They gather to commemorate the birth of the babe that has arrived amongst them, not by sitting as though their bodies were incased in strait jackets, their lips but only open to receive food and their teeth to masticate it. No, but to fully enjoy the company of each other, and load every hour till it bends with the weight of the joys that it gave 'ere it takes flight. Such clear, bright, flashing wit :

Like the first rays of the early sun,  
Sparkling in the trembling dew drop, when the morning first begun.  
Such beautiful, laughing teeth came out to view,  
Encased about with a ripe cherry's brilliant hue.

And Moore was taxed for his sweetest melodies. The songs of love remembering those distant in the far west, and national ballads were rendered with much feeling and passion. The Star-spangled Banner received a loud encore, and was cheered lustily. This brought forth a toast to the Republic: "The land of the free and the home of the brave," and four stalwart forms stood instantly on the floor to respond. A good humored discussion took place as to who should have the honor, when O'Flynn called out, "have ye all forgotten there's a sick woman in the house?" "No," said Owen, who had been loud in his claims, "for the devil a bit of you would be here if she wasn't sick." Three of the dark-eyed maidens then gave forth that sweet melody:

"And does not a meeting like this make amends."

They were joined by the whole party with the music of four violins and a harp.

"And so the toast and song goes round,  
From gentle maids within their teens.  
To stronger men who often found  
A greater pleasure in war-like scenes."

Then each led his fair partner to the wild Irish jig, and time flew from beneath their heels like space from the winged feet of mercury. The wee small hours had now peeped in and found Dennis giving a last toast:

"Here is to the wee Colleen who all night long had waked the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song what gold could never buy."

He had artfully dovetailed his own genius with Moore's. Then all sang together:

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light."

Night was slowly taking her leave, and still we laughed and sung and merry made. That night shall take with it the scenes of a company, a rollicking fun-loving gathering, as free from affectation as a mountain stream that leaps from its home in the rocks, carrying with it its own beauty and harmony of song, and fed from nature's own hand. Wherever those dark shades of night go to, or how near or distant may their destination be I know not.

But one dark night  
Will take in its flight  
On its face the marks of a cheering light.

In the old cemetery of St. Finbarr is a stone dated 1610. All the letters are obliterated, and even these figures are almost invisible. On another I read the name of John Parker, who died in 1731 at the age of 145 years, of his son who attained the age of 127 years, and his grandson who reached 133. In Westminster Abbey, London, is a stone which records the name of Thomas Parr, who lived through the reign of ten princes. He was born in 1483 and died in 1635, aged 152. Now let me give you the inscription of one more stone, which is in the Botanic Gardens, Cork.

"ERECTED BY TIMOTHY O'LEARY,  
OF BLARNEY STREET,  
IN MEMORY OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY.  
A. D. 1872."

Four miles from Cork is the celebrated Blarney Castle. On the south side of the Castle, and about eight feet from the top is the famous Blarney Stone. By kissing this stone—so the legend goes—you at once become in possession of a sweetness of

speech and fluency of language far beyond the common. This speech is especially adapted to conversation with the fair sex, and where is the maiden who has not heard "the Blarney?" However, there are a great many who not alone doubt this story, but prefer to take such inspiration from the lips that they love.

It is a most pleasant and interesting ride from Cork to Blarney on an "outside jaunting car," and listen to the driver's stories as you rattle along. Scarce a house would pass without its history; stories of fairies and the good people were inexhaustible. It seemed that every person whom we met or passed on the road knew the "jarvey." He would always salute with a "God save you Con," or Pat, or whoever it might be, and the answer would come, "God save you kindly, gintlemen."

Immediately after leaving the city, and a very short distance outside the suburbs, we traveled by what is known as the commons road, the driver drew my attention to a small white house to the left, on the road side. "You see that house there, sur?" "Yes, is not that where Davy, the fool lives, or rather did live?" "The very place; shure Davy lives in the same ould house yit; did you hare of Davy's long walk?" "No." Then, as if half talking to himself and to me, he continued: "O then Davy your the quare man." "Yes, sur," he said aloud, "Davy is a quare man entirely. Won beautiful morning last summer—and the devil a beautiful morning we had this summer, glory be to God—you would think that all the sky-larks, gould-finches and linnets of the whole wurd was singing on the commons road, such music was never h'ard. Well, an' good Davy h'ard the singing of all the birds, and he says to himself: 'Davy, they are calling you avic.' You see Davy was always with the birds, and he used to talk to them like I'm talking to you now, and learn them lots o' chunes, shure he understood every word the birds would say to him. After they had sung a long time they flew away, and Davy thought he must go too. So he takes off his shoes and hides them in that fern-bush over there, (pointing with his whip.) In there Davy hid his shoes, and takes himself bare-footed out on the hard road. He walked all day, and in the evening came to Charliville about thirty-five miles from here. When Davy got to Charliville he was tired, hungry, and his feet were sore. So he sat down on the side of the road, and said: 'Well, now before I go any farther I'll go back and get my shoes.'"

In rounding a point of rocks just before we enter on what is known as the bog-road, we get a very picturesque view of the Castle, a square tower rising above the trees. Just then we saw an old man coming toward us. He was some little distance away, but we could see he was led by a small dog. Around the dog's neck was a cord, one end of which the old man held in his right hand, and in his left he carried a staff which assisted him to walk. The old man was blind and the dog was his guide. "Ah!" said the driver, "here comes ould blind Tom, the fiddler." "Well, sur," the driver continued, "it bates the wurd how this ould man can make his way. On every Sunday morning he laves his home in the village, and walks as you see him now seven miles to see his sистер." I should have told you that our party consisted of four persons, and on hearing this they all shouted with laughter. Now if there is anything that will disturb the equilibrium of a jarvey it is to doubt the truth of his story or ridicule it in any way, and once he sees any of these traits in the character of his audience or passengers, you can thereafter compare his silence to that of a dumb man. He will answer your questions civilly with a yes or no, but he will volunteer no information, tell no stories, but simply

drive to your destination and receive his fare with thanks. When our jarvey heard us laugh at his story he thought that we doubted the truth of the blind man walking so far with only a dog to guide him. And immediately turning around in his seat cried out: "Well, gentlemen, I will soon prove you the thruth of my words." Then whipping his horse to a lively gallop—he must have forgotten the individual he sought was coming to meet us—he drew rein close to the old man, who hearing the horse coming at such a terrible rate thought it was a runaway, and stood trembling not knowing or seeing his way from the danger. The jarvey jumped on the ground, and placing his hand on the shoulder of the blind man called out loudly: "Tom, where do you live?" "In Blarney, agra," answered Tom. "And where does your sister live?" "Two miles byant White Church," said Tom. Whenever Tom would be about to answer, the jarvey would turn his head towards us, and confirm it with a nod. "That's seven miles from Blarney?" "Yes, agra." "Do you ever go to see her?" "Oh! yes," answered Tom. "I go to see my sister, Norry, every Sunday afther last mass in the village." Now the party fairly shouted, nor did the jarvey understand the cause of all the fun till he was asked how could a blind man *see* his sister, then he heartily joined in the laugh himself.

Blarney Castle was built in the twelfth century, and has witnessed many a well-fought and bloody engagement. Its walls are nine feet thick. It has an inner court and a great many rooms. Some of these can yet be distinguished as once having been used for kitchen, parlor and sleeping appartments. The old stone stairway is still in good preservation which leads to the top of the castle. From the top is a beautiful view of the surrounding country. On what I thought to be about the second floor and in the back wing of the Castle there appeared to have been once a very large room, probably a little chapel, judging from the style of architecture within. Some of the windows had yet their old Irish oak sills, and as hard as the stone in which they were imbedded. The chapel was placed in this part of the Castle to be away from the tumult and noise of the court-yard, from the voices of the soldiery and clashing of arms and war-like scenes. Such was the respect shown to the little sanctuary dedicated to the worship of God. I was told it became a hospital for the wounded when the Castle was besieged. Its windows look out on a most enchanting scene, a large beautiful green lawn skirted by the woods; through the thick foliage of the trees you can see the sun dancing on the waters of the lake, that lake so famous for the visitations of spirits and hidden treasure. The visitor to Blarney Castle will not be disappointed in finding all that his imagination has painted of an old Castle towering into the sky with its many windows and port-holes, its ivy-clad walls, its ruins scattered about like a huge oak that the lightning has struck and strewn its branches at its feet, it has all this, with as many tales and legends as there are almost stones in its walls.<sup>a</sup> It is only one of a great number that are scattered throughout Ireland.

These Castles were built by the chieftains who held sway over that portion of the country, not alone for defense, but also for habitation. Here they resided with their families, and gave feasts and tournaments to their dependents who lived within bugle call of the Castle. For many hundred years after the invasion by the Normans in 1178, the chieftains held their castles, and gave refuge to the people of the surrounding country. They defended them to the last and often perished in their ruins.

The Round Towers in Ireland are another kind of structure, and built for an entirely different purpose; in fact, it's an undecided question what they were built for, and a great many different opinions have been expressed on the subject. They could not possibly be built either for defense or dwelling, as they are entirely too narrow, and their peculiar construction is sufficient in itself to defeat any such argument. They are perfectly round, and the one I saw at Kildare, near Dublin, seemed to be about fifteen feet in diameter at the base; it was very high, with a gentle taper as it rose from the ground. To all appearances one would suppose it was not built over fifty years. The date of their erection also remains in obscurity, and though centuries have passed over them, there are some whole and entire. Some suppose them to be built for bell-towers; nor could this be the use for which they were intended, because the openings in the towers are not sufficient to allow the sound of the bell scarce outside their walls; not alone that, but belfries have been found close beside these round towers. There are many of the opinion that they were built as temples to the worship of Apollo long before the introduction of christianity; nor, indeed, is this advanced without very reasonable proofs. Their shape, size and general appearance, coincide with those that are given of Apollo's temples erected by the ancients.

TIM FAGAN.

### HAMLET WITH A PISTOL.

GEORGE NINAMAN, a St. Louis drummer, who arrived in Little Rock the other day, stopped one night at a small cross-road hotel in Grant County, Arkansas. The house contained four rooms and a kitchen.

After supper Ninaman was told that he must spend part of the evening alone, as the family would attend a protracted meeting in the neighborhood. The host, with his wife and daughter, left the house, and Ninaman sat in one of the rooms alone. His loneliness was added to by an owl in the yard, which hooted dismally, and an old red clock ticked solemnly.

The drummer, not having been assigned to a room, could not go to bed, and he tried to keep awake by reading the "Life of St. Paul," the only book he could find.

The hog-grease lamp was sputtering in unison with the ticking of the clock, when the door of a back room opened, and a tall, wild-eyed, bushy-haired man entered. Without speaking he seated himself and stared at Ninaman, who naturally manifested some surprise. Presently a conversation was begun, and he exhibited such intelligence, that Ninaman's fears were allayed, especially as the man claimed to be the landlord's brother. The conversation turning on literary subjects, the man remarked:

"Did you ever hear Hamlet's soliloquy recited properly?"

"I think so," said Ninaman, "I have heard Booth."

"Booth does not catch the spirit," said the strange-looking man. "He fails to engraft the twig of despair into the tree of Hamlet's nature. Would you like to hear it recited properly?"

"Yes."

"You shall hear it. I hope nothing tragic will occur, but, by Moses, you shall have it."

Arising, the wild-eyed man darted into an adjoining room and returned with an air so wild that Ninaman was startled. When he came "to take up arms against

a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them," he seized a pistol, cocked it, and placed the muzzle against Ninaman's head.

"Shall I end them?" he yelled, flourishing the pistol. "Shall I end them with you?"

Ninaman suggested that his troubles were no greater than he could bear, and he asked the man to lay aside the pistol.

"Ah, I see you do not like tragedy. You no doubt like comedy. Pull off your coat and dance, or I'll end your life."

The pistol was leveled and Ninaman pulled off his coat and began to dance.

"Whoop it up," yelled the man, "or I'll end them. Pull off your trousers."

The trousers came off and the dancing continued.

"Pull off your drawers."

The drawers dropped to the floor. A noise was heard outside, and the landlord, his wife and daughter were on the porch.

"Let me go, for heaven's sake," pleaded Ninaman.

"No, sir. I'll kill you if you attempt to leave. You are a comedian."

The door knob turned. Ninaman sprang through a door and rushed up stairs as the pistol snapped.

In a few minutes the landlord came up and handed Ninaman his clothes.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that my brother is deranged. He has an old pistol, but he couldn't hurt anybody with it. He is harmless, but likes his little jokes."

The next morning the wild man was in such good humor that he offered to beat Ninaman throwing rocks at an oyster can.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

## ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

BY LIZZIE STAFF.

THE first thing I remember was Carlo tugging away,  
 With the sleeves of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say:  
 "Come, master, awake and tend to the switch, lives now depend upon you;  
 Think of the souls on the coming train, and the graves you'r sending them to,  
 Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,  
 Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them doomed every one  
 To fall, as it were, by your very hand into yon fathomless ditch,  
 Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the  
 switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'er mastered me so,  
 I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river dashing below;  
 I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned;  
 But what was that voice at a distance that I could not understand?  
 I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,  
 Then nearer and nearer it came to me, and made my very ears hum.  
 What is this light that surrounds me, and seems to set fire to my brain?  
 What whistle's that yelling, so shrilly? Oh, God! I know now; it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place,  
 So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;

Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch,  
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.

I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track,  
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back ;  
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash,  
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I laid there unconscious, was impossible for me to tell,  
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell ;  
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,  
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives.  
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs ; their eyes staring madly and wild ;  
Fathers losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child ;  
Children searching for parents, I noticed as by me they sped,  
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma," were calling for one perhaps dead

My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away,  
When under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay  
A little, white hand ; she who owned it, was doubtless an object of love,  
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above.  
I tenderly lifted the rafters, and quietly laid them one side—  
How little she thought of her journey, when she left for this last fatal ride—  
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,  
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife !

Oh, Lord ! Thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou hast shattered my pride ;  
My life will be one endless night-time, with Maggie away from my side.  
How often we've sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life ;  
How I strived through all of my life-time to build up a home for my wife ;  
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest ;  
When I would do all of the labor and Maggie should do all the rest.  
How one of God's blessings might cheer us when some day I, perhaps, should be rich,  
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,  
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me,  
And fingers were pointing in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood red,  
And the next words I heard, were the words : "hung by the neck till dead !"   
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,  
And I heard, "what's the matter, dear Charley, you've had a bad nightmare I guess."  
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch,  
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been asleep at the switch.

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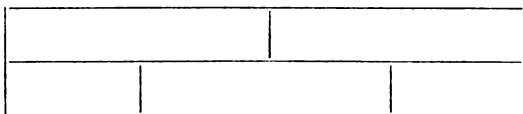
#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A ROYAL CAR.—The Jackson and Sharp Company have just finished a royal car for King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, which for beauty and convenience is unequalled even by that built for Dom Pedro, which was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition. It is divided into three compartments. The upholstery is of sage-green, silk tapestry, the woods with which the interior is finished are maple,

walnut and satin wood veneering. Violet predominates in the various shades with which the ceiling is finished, and is in perfect harmony with the velvety Brussels carpet which covers the floor.

**THE PRECIOUS METALS.**—In 1878, Nevada yielded in round numbers \$35,000,000 in precious metal; California, \$19,000,000; Utah, \$6,000,000; Arizona, \$2,300,000; Idaho, \$2,000,000; British Columbia, \$130,000,000; Oregon, \$1,200,000; Washington, \$100,000.

It is said that a gentleman in Paris has offered a prize of 20,000 francs to any one who will draw the annexed figure with a pencil or pen without lifting either from the paper or interfering with any line or portion of a line, previously made. "The thing can be done," and the doer has only to go to France prove his ability to conquer the puzzle, and take the reward:



A LOCOMOTIVE lasts about thirty years, with careful doctoring. Some small parts are renewed every six months. Boiler tubes last five years, crank axles six years, tires, boilers, fire-boxes, etc., from seven to eight years. The side frames, axles and other parts last thirty years. Of course to last so long the engine must keep temperate and not go on a bust. It must watch its red ribbon, in the shape of red flags and red lights. It is like a theatrical company, it must have its puffs or it can't get along. Night work has no effect on its iron constitution, but, like a restive horse, a misplaced switch sets it wild.

#### DASTARDLY ATTEMPT AT TRAIN WRECKING.

One of the most malignant efforts in the direction of train wrecking that we have ever had to chronicle, was made last evening on the Niagara Falls branch of the New York Central railroad, and the escape of the train from utter destruction was simply miraculous. The train which left the Exchange street depot for the Falls at six o'clock was that at which the dastardly wretch or wretches aimed their deadly blow. The train had for its conductor Mr. Sam White, who was temporarily acting in place of Mr. Barker, who was absent on account of the death of his mother. The engineer was Mr. Charles Clark, and to his promptness and the quick work of the brakemen the train owes its escape. When about midway between North Buffalo and Tonawanda the train encountered two or three heavy ties, which had been placed across the track by one or more fiends who had resolved on mischief, plunder or revenge. The engine removed the obstructions and the engineer promptly whistled down brakes. The train was brought to a stand-still with the greatest possible dispatch, but not an instant too soon, for another revolution of the wheels would have carried the engine full tilt against a solid barricade of ties which had been built upon the track. When the train was stopped the engineer was all unwitting of the danger ahead of him, and how near his engine came to making a fatal leap may be inferred, when we state, that the pilot had already partially surmounted a tie which with others had been laid from the pile to the bed in such a manner, as to form an inclined plane in the direction of the approach-

ing train. Train men were sent back to see that the track was made clear of the first pile of ties, and the second deadly obstruction was soon removed. The way freight from Lockport passed over that part of the road not more than half an hour before, and the wretches who planned the wreck of the six o'clock train must have done their work with dispatch. The perpetrators of the outrage are not known.—[*Buffalo Courier*, Jan. 6.]

THE Frith of Tay disaster, which marked the last Sunday of 1879, was one of the most terrible of modern times. Photographs of the great iron bridge which went down under precious freight, give a picture of a long, slender, curved structure, which, when it was built, was the longest iron bridge in the world. Doubts were expressed at the time in regard to the wisdom of the engineer's plan. Five years were spent in building it, and as many as 2,000 persons sometimes employed. It cost about \$10,000,000. The stream is twenty-five feet deep in the channel, and storms frequently put a stop to the work, and on this account most of it was done on the shore, the piers and girders being floated out to their places. The bridge had three spans of 60 feet, two of 80 feet, twenty-two of 120 feet, fourteen of 200 feet, sixteen of 120 feet, twenty-five of 66 feet, one of 160 feet and six of 27 feet. The first three 60-foot spans on the south side are on a descending radiant of one in 100 feet. The two 80-foot spans are level, the bridge then rises to the center of the 200-foot spans, and descends from that point to the northern terminus. On the south side the rails are on the top of the girders and seventy-eight feet above high water. In the 200-foot spans the rails are beneath the girders, and when they reach the 120-foot spans at the northern end they run again on top of the girders. It was the 200-foot spans, ninety feet above the water, that gave way. The curve of the bridge formed nearly a quadrant of a circle, the length of the northern curve, without which it would have entered the town, being nearly 2,000 feet.

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

WICKS made of spun glass have been tried in lamps, and it is said they do very well. It is said that they supply the petroleum, oil or alcohol, to the flame with more steadiness than the ordinary wick; that they secure a clear and pure light at a less expense of fuel, and that they diminish the usual unpleasant odor.

THE MARRIAGE OF A SCIENTIST.—A literary wit of scientific tendencies is rather hard on Professor Tyndall, and thinks that the Dean of Westminster, when he married him a short time since, missed his opportunity. He is of opinion that when the Dean put the familiar question in the marriage service, it should have run thus: Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve-centers, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve your organism into its primitive atoms? The learned Professor would probably have thought twice before answering, "I will."

THE INFINITESIMAL SMALL.—The ultimate constitution of matter, called atoms, are so small that from twenty to two hundred millions of them would only form one inch of space. This does not mean that each is of that size, but that the distances of their centers are such; we can make a calculation of their numbers in a given space, but about their actual size we know nothing; perhaps atoms are but

centers of forces. If a series of 20,000,000 to 200,000,000 of them is an inch in length, it follows that a cube inch must contain the cubes of these numbers, which are respectively 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 and 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Now, supposing we could count a thousand millions every second, it would be a continuous work of 250,000,000 of years to finish the count. Science abounds with facts like these, which shows the great problems which have to be solved.

**SILK FROM THE SEA.**—The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber and pearls—but it is not generally known that in some parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found of which the shells contain one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about seven inches long and three inches broad, and each of them contains a hank or byssus of the fiber, weighing half a drachm, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being soiled with mud and the remains of marine plants. But when washed and combed the fibers are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves, neckties and similar articles can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibers hardly exceeds 260 kilogrammes (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the great Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.

#### IS DISEASE A FRIEND TO LIFE?

At the last anniversary meeting of the medical Society of the District of Columbia, Dr. A. F. A. King read to a crowded audience an essay entitled "The Conservative Influence of Disease on Producing Longevity."

With much force of argument and analysis, he labored to prove that disease was not the terrible enemy to mankind that it had been painted by the terrors of humanity, but in reality was a true and beneficent friend. He quoted from the celebrated Dr. Austin Flint that "the existence of disease, rightly considered, was an inestimable boon."

He said that the disease was not in itself better than health, but that it contributed to promote longevity relatively to circumstances. He cited morbid conditions known as gastritis, rheumatism, hemorrhage, mumps, and insisted with an earnestness that commanded attention, and a subtlety of logic that inspired respect for his originality of thought, that these diseases prevented sudden death.

In gastritis, the patient naturally refrained from eating, and demanded copious draughts of cold water, treatment which the most skillful surgeon found to be the best. In rheumatism, the acute pain demanded rest, and rest was found to be just the thing needed, for the articular symptom proved that heart-disease was the real enemy, and muscular exertion was the most fatal thing for affection of the heart. So with other diseases.

#### THE HUMAN HEART THE MOST WONDERFUL OF MACHINES.

The human heart is probably the most efficient piece of physical apparatus known. From a purely mechanical point of view, it is something like eight times as efficient as the best steam engine. It may be described mechanically as little more than a double force-pump, furnished with two reservoirs and two pipes of outflow, and the main problem of its action is hydro-dynamical.

The left ventricle has a capacity of about three ounces, it beats seventy-five times a minute, and the work done in overcoming the resistance of the circulating system is equivalent to lifting its charge of blood a little short of ten feet (9.923 feet). The average weight of the heart is a little short of ten ounces. The daily work of the left ventricle is in round numbers ninety-foot tons; adding the work of the right, the work of the entire organ is nearly one hundred and twenty-five-foot tons. The hourly work of the heart is accordingly equivalent to lifting itself twenty thousand feet an hour. An active mountain climber can average one thousand feet of ascent an hour, or one-twentieth the work of the heart. The prize Alp engine "Bavaria" lifts its own weight two thousand seven hundred feet per hour, showing only one-eighth the efficiency of the heart.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

COLUMBUS made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the pea-nut stand.

"THAT puts a different face on it," as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.

WHATEVER objection may be opposed to whipping, it is at least undeniable that it makes a boy smart.

THE lilies of the fields have pistils, and every wide-awake citizen of fair Texas is "arrayed like one of these."

LITTLE Gertie (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine-house."

A ROCKLAND man read that one should endeavor to draw something useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night when the moon was hidden he essayed to draw a number of useful cord-wood sticks from his neighbor's woodpile, and got filled so full of rock-salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his natural life.

A GEORGIA GIRL'S LETTER.—The Oglethorpe (Ga.) *Echo* prints the following tender epistle, as exhibiting the warmth of a Southern girl's passion and her literary accomplishments at the same time:

Clark county, Ga.—My george—I will take the Pleyer of in foring you a few Lines to let you knew that I am well and hop ing that these few words will find you The same my love to werds your is greter than I can exspress if all the straw thats in th old feel would turn to pends and all th levs thats on th trees wood turn to paper, and all th water thats in the see wood turn to ink it could not Right the love down that i have in my hart for your the Rose is red the vilest blue Shugar is seaweet and so are your if your love me like I love your no nife Can Cut our lov ing too i wood like to see you very much at this time. Your my dailie study and my Mid night dream I will be down there sunday if Nuthing takes place. Your deer love Miss Emmer line Pinson.

INDUSTRIAL  
Editorial

UNIVERSITY

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

## NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

We have reliable information that the Northern Pacific Railroad will reach that wonderful river, the Yellowstone, by September 1, 1880. Despite the struggle this road has encountered in natural impediments, congressional tinkering and financial distress, it is surmounting them all, and pushing on to its terminus on the Pacific coast. Its success is assured, not by aid or subsidies of any kind, but by the rapidly increasing traffic that is crowding its present capacity both ways. The tide is setting westward, of stalwart, enterprising men, men of genius and learning, who seek new fields to enjoy homes surrounded by the grandest scenery on the continent.

The Northern Pacific is cleaving its way through the valleys and canons of the Yellowstone, and opening to the tourist and capitalist a grandeur and sublimity of landscape, of agricultural and mineral wealth, that has no parallel in the world. No human power can arrest now the completion of this road. It is destined to become the richest and most successful of any road that shall connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Along its line, and far out upon its prospective path on the Yellowstone, towns have been built, city governments formed, wealth accumulated, enterprise has provoked competition, and the refinements of social life are seen in elegant churches and well established schools. This is only a feature of the energy of the railroad builder, the growth and spread of intelligence is the best civilizer, better than cannon ball and musket shot. The railroad brings into subjection the national domain and opens it for settlement and cultivation, and while it takes the *alternate* section, it secures safety in the possession of the *other*, by its steel band tracks, which the Indian Bureau, Peace Commissions and military leaders have failed thus far to maintain by their acts and powers. The great throbbing pulse of human action is felt nowhere with greater force than in the management of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

## EXPELLED MEMBERS.

## VIOLATIONS OF SECTIONS 4 AND 5, ARTICLE 7, BY-LAWS.

There are men claiming membership in the *Brotherhood*, who, in the first place, imposed on the Order to gain admission, and in the second place, having been expelled for good cause, now malign and abuse the fellowship of those whose only fault was to induct them to the privileges of membership. With this class no relation can exist with a member in good standing, and "any member revealing the transactions of his lodge" to such person, shall be dealt with in the same manner that he would be for revealing the transactions of any lodge. The rule applies to members as well. In other words the offense is equally as great to counsel with an expelled member, regarding the transactions of any lodge, as it would be to communicate the same to a stranger.

The *Brotherhood* is not established for the good of the few, but for the benefit of the many, otherwise violations of this character would be passed by, but it may as

well be understood that these men who have violated their obligations, will in due time be overtaken and dealt with to the full extent of the power possessed by the Grand Lodge. If men who have once assumed obligations of an honorable secrecy, do not care for their own honor, they must be made to understand that others care for theirs, and will not permit their good name to be traduced, nor their works impaired by the backbiter, slanderer and moral leper. A lodge having information of the violations of the above sections, refusing to act promptly, without fear or favor, will incur the risk of losing its charter, and for the honor of our *Brotherhood* we hope no such occasion will offer. But there will be no hesitation to act, if any lodge shall be reported for such a dereliction of duty. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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PETTY jealousies among the members of any association or calling are great drawbacks and produce many evil results. Our own organization is not entirely free from those envious beings who repine at seeing others prosper. Why should they, when good fellowship pays so well? We think that the man who possesses the true spirit and a disposition to assist his fellow-worker, may be classed among God's favored few. Unselfishness is one of the noble qualities which go to help make up a straight-forward, upright, manly man. Real merit does not require violent measures to enable it to become manifest. Do not get discouraged if some other has been given a place which you expected, or thought by right ought to have been yours, do not attribute the good fortune of him who has been promoted to the position which you hoped to obtain, to partialities on the part of your superiors, but stop and consider your standing. Question your own worth; see if you have faithfully performed your duties, and fulfilled all the requirements of the stations in which you may have been placed. If an injustice has been done to you, do not let that fact worry you, rather let it be an incentive to work the harder, endeavor by all honorable means to excel those who would frown on you, or use your misfortune as a step on which to mount higher themselves. Labor day and night, with the intention of making all with whom you come in contact recognize your ability and worth, all the time keeping in view this fact—that those who are eternally finding fault with others never have enough time left to attend to their own business properly.

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### THE EXODUS—EVERY TUB ON ITS OWN BOTTOM.

There is no use in fretting over ills that come when we feel that they can be least borne. There is supposed to be room enough in this world for everybody, notwithstanding the next census may show an increase of colored population in the Northern States. We have lived with the impression that this was a republican form of government; the "land of the free and the home of the brave," without any special or particular lines of demarkation, or boundary of caste, except such as social instincts, and natural barriers present. We are led to this reflection in reading comments upon the "exodus" from the South to suggest a feasible plan for escape, "from the flood, flee to the mountains." The territories are waiting your brain and muscle, my fellow-citizens; there you may reap the harvest, and dig wealth from the soil. Nothing stands in your way, and if the American citizen of African descent comes along—as he is likely to do—see to it that he does not outstrip you and take the lead. We recognize but one way to overcome this

"intrusion:"—excel in your own calling; give every one of God's creatures a chance, and profit by whatever examples you see worthy of emulation. Let "every tub stand on its own bottom." Some will warp and fall to pieces, others will tighten and float out upon the tide of prosperity and success. It is a small cell that can create only enough for self, and a still smaller receptacle that sees only self in this big world.

In this day of progress and scientific advancement the American press belittles its calling in provoking animosities and envies against a class of citizens who choose to exercise the God-given right of intelligent beings:—to live where their pleasure wishes or interests may lead them. We are not only judged at home but abroad, by the sentiments of our "press," and foreign powers must delight to read such morsels of animadversion upon this characteristic itineracy of the American people, whom they will conclude are drifting to monarchical notions, and away from the "blarsted" dogma enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, that man is endowed with the "inalienable right" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," to be enjoyed wherever he wishes to cast his lot. This is a guarantee of our national constitution, and yet Congress appoints a "smelling committee on the exodus," as if a negro had not as much right to smell in Indiana, or any other Northern State, as in North or South Carolina.

We do not want to be considered rude nor impolite in our language, but if our National Congress can hunt down the American citizen, to exclude him from any privileges his citizenship gives him, we may expect a like intrusion upon every state or condition of society, whether individual or corporate. We recommend to Congress that it "stand on its own bottom."

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WE have been requested by a number of our lodges to insert extracts from papers and resolutions in regard to entertainments. Should we comply, it would take five and six pages of space. We therefore have to refuse such matter.

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WE acknowledge the receipt of cards to the wedding of Brother M. W. Campbell of No. 45, an old member of our Order who commands the respect of his officers and brothers. Brother Campbell was married to Miss Katie Hanley, January 18, 1880, and they have taken up their residence in Little Rock, Arkansas. May you always be happy.

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THE two elevated railroads in New York City are carrying an average of fifty million passengers a year.

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THE latest proposed great engineering feat is the spanning of the English Channel by a gigantic viaduct. The plan is by a Frenchman named M. de Sainte Anne, who proposes to span the channel from Cape Grisnez to Folkestone a distance of 35 kilometers.

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THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE, published by Wm. N. Sayre, of Indianapolis, has been received at the *Herald* office. Its typographical appearance is neat, and its contents of general interest to the guild which it proposes to represent.—*Indianapolis Sunday Herald*.

## *Correspondence.*

### SKETCHES IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

October 26, 1876. This morning, while strolling about in our compound, I saw a most singular and amusing performance at the door of our cook-house. This is some distance from our residence. As in India we use copper sauce pans and kettles, in order to prevent corrosion we have them lined with a coating of tin, and as this wears off, a native tin-smith comes once a month to retin them.

This morning our cooks were having a grand washing up as the smith had come. I saw them wash a large copper boiler, and they did it in this manner: First the man put a large wisp of straw in the kettle and put in about two quarts of cold water; then he took the pot to a tree, and placed it on the ground just under a long branch. Then this native stood in the kettle and took hold of the branch with both hands and whisked himself about, stamped on the straw, and in this way he washed the boiler and that nasty job was over. He washed a stew pan the same way, only he stood with one foot in it, and put both hands on his hips and swung himself around in a circle, and so he washed all the larger pots. This is a fair specimen of the way these lazy creatures do their work. I had a good laugh, however, and thought I had learned a new way to wash dinner-pots. After the pots were washed they were handed to the smith. He was squatting on the ground, in front of the cook-house, and he had a small charcoal fire beside him, and this he fanned into bright flames, with a clumsy pair of bellows. These were made of buffalo hide, and shaped just like a leg of ham, and had a brass nozzle. He put the pot over the fire bottom up, and blew up his fire, heated it very hot, and then applied the tin all over the inner surface. He rubbed it over with a cloth till it shone like silver, and he tinned all the pots in the same way.

To-day at Tiffin we had some almond seeds. They looked like a small green leaf rolled up. These are called potter bedam nuts by the natives. They are served in a dish of cold water, and are eaten with salt and taste very nice.

I saw a curious bird in town to-day. He was very large and tall; his plumage was black, and he had a gray tail; under his bill his feathers were bright yellow. His head was of peculiar shape, and it had long black hair on top and his bill was long and red. A servant was feeding him by tossing balls of boiled rice down his throat. The bird made a hideous growling all the time he was feeding it, more like a savage beast than a bird. It is a bird of prey, and was brought down from the up country, and was on its way to the Zoological Garden at Howrah.

On my way home I met some natives who had a dead kid, slung across a pole. They had been before an idol to have his head cut off, as their religion requires them to do, and they had to pay their priest a few pice for doing it. Their priests grow rich and make lots of money this way. I also saw a native lying prostrate on the ground by the road-side. He was praying in a loud voice, and reminded me of the Pharisee spoken of in the Bible who prayed in the market place to be seen of men. This man was terribly in the way, and drivers of carriages bestowed various anathemas on him, as they had to guide their horses by him so they

would not step on him. These praying men cause a good deal of trouble in streets where they take a notion to pray, and they always choose the most crowded ones, so people can see how devout they are. They are a great nuisance, and the English government are trying to put a stop to it. I often see men at sunset praying and bowing themselves down at the sun, and there are men who worship the moon and stars, and in fact, anything they take a fancy to; trees, flowers, the sacred river, birds and beasts.

October 27th. To-day at Bankshall Ghaut I saw lots of native articles of food for sale. Cakes made of rice and sugar, fried in ghee or butter. Other cakes made of coarse sugar from the cocoanut tree, called juggghery and pawns or cones of plantain leaf filled with betel nut and spice. The higher caste natives, Baboos, Brahmins and priests have their pawns made of acra nut, lime, cocoanut and tobacco, and the whole is rolled up into a ball and put in a betel leaf. These pawns are used as a slight stimulant before eating. None of these things look inviting to a European. At meals these Hindoos all squat down on the floors of their huts, and the curry they all subsist on is placed before them in a large brass dish. Each person's share is handed to him on a piece of a banana leaf. The men always eat first and their wives wait upon them. Each one takes his banana leaf of rice and puts it down before him, and with both hands shapes the rice in a cone; he then makes a hole with his finger in the top, and into this is put a large ladle full of curry; he applies both hands to the cone, and kneads the whole mass together and it is then ready to devour. Then they open their mouths, throw back their heads, and with both hands pitch this mess down their capacious throats. In this way they take in enough at one meal to satisfy three Europeans. For drink they have goat's milk; toddy made of the fermented juice or sap of the date palm tree, and it is very intoxicating. After their meal is over they smoke their hubble-bubble, and then wrap themselves all up in a large cloth, head and all, and lie down and sleep in the hot sun for hours. Then the wives and children can eat what their husbands have left, and the rest is given to the goat; the brass dish is scoured up and the work is done. The natives have two meals a day, one late in the morning, and the other at sunset. The curry is made of coriander, silva and cummin seeds, ginger, tumeric, garlic, ripe tamarinds, small pieces of cocoanut and onions, all these are pounded together and made into a paste. Then they boil fish and chickens and various roots and fruits, and the pith of the plantain tree, young leaves of palm trees and the soft heart of the cocoanut, also add sugar-cane; then the curry paste is added and the whole is boiled together. The rice which is always eaten with curry is boiled separately and in an earthen pot. When it is done each kernel is as separate from the other, as it was before it was boiled. They have very white rice, much better than we ever see in America.

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THANKS.—I hereby wish to return thanks to brother S. M. McGaffey for valuable assistance rendered me, while organizing Railroad Centre Lodge No. 31 at Atchison, Kansas; also, brother Hinchcliff of Lodge No. 35, for aid and advice while organizing New Hope Lodge No. 39 at Centralia, Illinois, and to all others, both in and out of the Order, who helped to make my journey pleasant and successful I wish to return my most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and assure them that their kind treatment will long be remembered by S. M. STEVENS.

LOUISVILLE KY., DECEMBER 30, 1879.

*Editor Magazine:* As we are entering the new year and commencing Vol. 4, I could not refrain from writing a few lines to encourage others to do likewise, hoping that it will bring many correspondents to your aid, for is not this the "mouth piece" of our Order? Then why not use it as such? Let brothers from every quarter speak through it, that we may inform and encourage each other in this, our noble undertaking of practicing "*benevolence and charity*" toward the needy of our Brotherhood.

Stop a moment in your selfish and ambitious career, and look around at that unfortunate brother! Do you not see the sign of distress written on his brow? Hold! Take his hand and inquire the cause! You may in after years regret your neglect of his appeal; you may be successful in your own pursuits just now, but *your time* may come. Reflect for a moment, we do not live for *ourselves* alone. The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the very time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment some assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual aid. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one who has power of granting can refuse it without guilt. Therefore, brother, respond to his appeal and fulfill that solemn obligation you have taken while working under the banner and motto of "*benevolence, sobriety and industry*," for from its teachings fulfilled, springs that tranquillity and happiness that only follows a kind act.

Be generous in your opinions of others. No one is perfect. Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, in the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you never will be forgotten. A good deed, be it ever so little, is noted by some one, and like "bread cast upon the waters is returned to us after many days." To have a lodge where I could meet this class of men has been my untiring efforts. But there are certain rules to follow to have this harmony, and carry out these principles. First, is the prompt attendance at meetings; let nothing but absence from the city or sickness cause you to absent yourself, for your absence is just enough to break the quorum, and the few earnest *workers* who are there are unable to act, and then YOU are *directly* responsible for any misery that may accrue from your neglect, to some helpless widow or orphans, who are awaiting the action of your lodge to receive the money you have voluntarily obligated yourselves to pay them, when sickness and death shall have taken their only dependence away. You are the one that failed to attend; YOU are the one that caused *distress* rather than *relief*—you never thought of that did you? Well! Never forget it. Again—PAY YOUR DUES! You SAID you would. This is the *vital* point. Think of the many five, ten and twenty-five cent pieces you have actually cast away for a mere nothing, or worse than nothing, and there stands the account of your lodge staring you in the face, like a spirit, pointing the finger of scorn at *you*, while it gazes at the widow and fatherless children in their cheerless and lonesome home, listening, oh! how anxiously, for the postman's knock that brings them glad tidings of the generous act of the "noble fireman," that will cheer their home, and help to make up part of their great loss. Then behold! that look of anguish as he passes by without stopping; no letter; no word! What, brothers! is this carelessness or wilful

neglect? Did you not swear on bended knee in the presence of your creator that you would support and defend this brother's family? Then pay this trifling sum that will afford this great relief. How often have you told your Financial Secretary that you would pay up on "pay-day" and that very *same* day spend the amount, or more, foolishly? Then after this criminal act, for it is nothing else, you start upon your trip, kissing the wife and children adieu, forgetting the misery of that family neglected by you, and when, alas! you are returned to your home cold in death, could you but look in upon the scene, then would the terrible blow strike you with full force. The *criminal neglect* which, like a curse, had rebounded back upon the author, and you were doubly to blame, and your poor family suffering the effects of your carelessness. Then pay promptly, and secure for yourself these benefits while alive, and for your family when you are dead.

I want to call the attention of all who are not members, and *some* who are, that this is the cheapest insurance in existence. You get all the benefits of the Order, \$5.00 per week in case of sickness; assistance when seeking employment; supported by brothers while in a strange city or out of employment, and when *totally disabled* or dead, your family receive the insurance, all for fifty cents per month. No assessments. *No other Order gives this.* Some say it can not be done. I will demonstrate by figures. Three years ago at the Indianapolis convention, brother J. Donavan and myself were appointed a committee on insurance. We always wanted it as part of our constitution, and that all should be insured. The present form, except the disability clause, was adopted amid some objections.

Now, after two and a half years trial, we, No. 23, have paid fourteen claims, paid \$100 expenses for delegates, made frequent donations, paid board bills of traveling brothers, sick benefits at \$5.00 per week (whenever there was \$50 in the treasury, when less we paid \$2.00), have a year's supply of stationary on hand, a No. 1 set regalia of twenty-five pieces, (member's collars included), seventeen framed pictures and mottoes on walls, and with the arrearages, money on hand, and no debts at all, we have about \$360 to show for our new insurance. I feel proud after the many letters and hard fights I have had for this plan.

Now the railroad companies who have labored under a mistake have recognized this fact, and have shown us the greatest favors. We are a benevolent institution, and not a "trade union," as at first supposed. We have received much praise and encouragement from them, and we should so conduct ourselves as to merit their approval, by improving our appearance and manners, and try to elevate ourselves socially and mentally, and I know of no better way than through the lodge-room and the "MAGAZINE." By making them the medium through which we can express our thoughts, improve our minds, and encourage each other. Now you can not have the Magazine, unless you support it. It takes *money*, not *promises* to pay; therefore begin, you who read this, by taking it; then ask another to take it, and you will be indirectly helping that family I have just pictured to you. It does not cost you a cent to use your influence on some friend to take the book. It is a poor man indeed that has not that amount of influence with his fellow-workmen. Go to your officers, they will subscribe to encourage an institution with such pure aims and benevolent purposes. All work—not Tom nor Dick—but all! and a world of good can be accomplished by a united effort of but a small band, where one alone would be powerless. Let us all lay aside our personal prejudices; put our shoulder to the wheel and remember, "little drops of water, little grains of sand,"

etc. I will try and practice what I preach by assisting the Magazine agent, as well as the editor, if my humble efforts will be acceptable.

Yours fraternally,

F. B. ALLEY, P. G. M.

FORT GRATIOT, MICH., January 21, 1880.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* I desire to acknowledge receipt of second prize (a lady's gold watch), offered for the second highest list of subscribers to the B. of L. F. MAGAZINE, and desire to thank my numerous subscribers for their patronage, and especially the brothers of No. 69 for their kind assistance in the contest.

CHARLES RAYMOND.

### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

LODGE No. 43. George Giles reinstated.

GEORGE MCGARRAHAN withdrew from No. 40 to join No. 74.

BROTHER Shank of No. 71 reports all prosperous and plenty of work.

WE record the sudden death of brother Robertson, who died at the home of his parents. Lodge No. 33 turned out in a body to the funeral.

BROTHER Tom Sheppard has been presented with a beautiful gold chain and charm from his wife, to complete the "first prize" so honorably won.

BROTHER Hollar of No. 10, the able assistant of brother Sheppard, has taken unto his home a wife. Miss Lindsley by name. No cards. No cake.

RAH! Rah! brother Buck of No 21, tired of living at boarding houses in South St. Louis, has gone to housekeeping. Rah! for brother James, who must now stop saying "that's what's the matter with *Hannah*."

BROTHER R. V. Dodge has located upon his ranche at San Diego, and can be found tilling the soil like an old settler. 120 acres, Dick says, ain't anything for him to handle.

BROTHERS Coffee and Haag of No. 43, brothers Bullard, Loynd and Bassett of No. 73, also brothers Clements and Kelley of No. 23, have all been promoted to the right side.

GRAND Instructor Stevens leaves Indianapolis for a tour over the Grand Trunk Railway, visiting lodges Nos. 69 and 67, and organizing a lodge in Stratford. On his way he will visit London, Canada, and several other points through the dominion. On the 18th of January he organized a big lodge at Ludlow, Ky., opposite Cincinnati, O.

ONE of our worthy delegates to the Sixth Annual Convention speaks of his brother delegates as follows:

Lodge No. 4. Maxwell—glad to hear Mac's well.

Lodge No. 5. Miles—Quite lengthy.

Lodge No. 9. F. W. Arnold—F warn old, what?

Lodge No. 12. Crossman—Why have a cross man at the convention?

Lodge No. 17. Cripps—Hope 'tis no abbreviation for cripples.

Lodge No. 21. Hayes—Food for cattle.

- Lodge No. 22. Cal. T. Ritchey—Sounds like California Tea are—itchey.  
 Lodge No. 23. J. A. McHugh—Jam chugh! chew what?  
 Lodge No. 27. E. D. Eckman—He Deckman on an engine deck.  
 Lodge No. 28. Sullivan—What kind of a van is a sully van?  
 Lodge No. 30. Briggs—Lots of sailing in No. 30.  
 Lodge No. 35. Hinchcliff—What kind of a cliff is that?  
 Lodge No. 36. Brewer—Never out of beer in 36.  
 Lodge No. 40. Miller—Lots of flour in 40.  
 Lodge No. 43. Richardson—Richard didn't come, but his son did.  
 Lodge No. 50. Barrows—50 can take many rides.  
 Lodge No. 52. Powers—52 must be strong to have such Powers.  
 Lodge No. 56. McGaffey—Would like that Gaffey to have the M. C. behind his name.  
 Lodge No. 57. Wm. Whippen—Who was William whippen?  
 Lodge No. 62. Hutchens—Queer kind of hens.  
 Lodge No. 72. Archer—He ought to make a bow (beau.)  
 Lodge No. 73. Danforth—And 73 sent Dan forth.  
 Lodge No. 75. Goundie—Most women are goundy when they want a new dress.  
 Go-un-die is a German's advice to us sometimes. We don't take it.  
 Lodge No. 77. Hockenberger—Hock is good—but I don't like Berger, especially Lim.  
 Lodge No. 84. Speed—84 is not slow at that rate.  
 Lodge No. 87. Lohner—Keep company, and you won't be A'loner.  
 Lodge No. 89. Ole Thompson—Why didn't 89 send old Tom instead of his son?  
 Lodge No. 93. Moore—No more like Othello than the rest.  
 Lodge No. 99. Daley—He was there daily for one week.

GUESS

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge No. 4, B. of L. F., brother Britton in behalf of Miss Kate Gaskill, sister of our worthy brothers Abe and I. S. Gaskill, presented to the lodge two beautifully framed mottoes entitled: "Labor has Sure Reward," and "Do Right and Fear Not, B. of L. F. No. 4."

On motion it was resolved that Great Western Lodge No. 4, B. of L. F. transmit to Miss Gaskill, under the seal of the lodge, an unanimous vote of thanks extended to her for her generous gift, hoping we shall ever bear both mottoes in mind, and her who so kindly gave them, the same to be sent to the editor of our Magazine for publication.

MEADVILLE, PENN., January 4, 1880.

J. F. HOFFMAN, Secretary.

At a regular meeting of Central Lodge No. 22, of Locomotive Firemen held January 4th, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Master to remove from our midst our worthy brother James Leary, by injuries received by falling from the running board of his engine, which resulted in his death on the evening of the 30th of December, 1879, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will and guided

by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and relatives, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow and a sincere regard for their future welfare.

*Resolved*, That in the death of brother Leary the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to brother J. McManman of 47, and brother J. Tiernay of 37, for their kindness in turning out with us to the funeral.

*Resolved*, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the mother of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

L. E. BECKLEY, }  
C. T. RITCHY. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, the following resolutions were adopted.

*Resolved*, That we tender our sincere thanks to brother O. W. Richardson, for his valuable and efficient services rendered, as Recording Secretary, and

*Resolved*, That we sincerely regret to accept his resignation as Recording Secretary of this lodge, but his promotion to the throttle, and removal to Kansas City leaves us no alternative.

*Resolved*, That we wish him success with the old No. 26.

ST. JOE, MO., December 14, 1879.

W. RELHAM, }  
CHAS. MURRY, } Committee.  
R. MORRIS.

At a regular meeting of United Lodge No. 60, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That this lodge tender brother G. C. Green a vote of thanks for the beautiful frame he got for brother Wm. N. Sayre's photograph, which hangs in our lodge room.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this lodge are due, and are hereby tendered to brothers from Welcome Lodge No. 72, for their courtesies towards No. 60.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this lodge are due, and are hereby tendered to brother William Karcher, for his faithful services as delegate at the late Convention, held at Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA, December 5, 1879.

A. B. COLLOM, }  
JAMES MCNEAL. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held at Hancock Hall, West Philadelphia, December 21st, 1879. The resignation of brother W. T. Goundie as Financial Secretary was tendered. He has left Philadelphia to go to New York for a better situation. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, The retirement of our esteemed and worthy brother W. T. Goundie from the office of Financial Secretary, presents a suitable opportunity of expressing the esteem in which we hold him as a faithful and efficient officer, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the thanks are due and are hereby tendered to brother Goundie,

for the able and worthy manner in which he has performed his duty, both as Secretary and assistant chairman of the fair.

*Resolved*, That on leaving the position, he has so satisfactorily filled he carries with him the regards and good wishes of all the brothers of No. 75, and that they sincerely hope that his undertaking will prove a gain to him, and that his future will be as bright and prosperous as he can anticipate or desire.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy transmitted to brother W. T. Goundie, and published in the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE. By order of the Lodge. W. J. WHEELER, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec 21st, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, held in their hall December 28th, 1879. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, our beloved and worthy brother, R. V. Dodge, having removed to California, we, the brothers of Triumphant Lodge, feel the loss of one so dear to us, but hope our loss will be the gain of some sister lodge.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of our lodge are due and are hereby tendered to brother R. V. Dodge, for the able and worthy manner in which he performed his duty. Being one of the charter members, and having represented us in two conventions, and serving two terms as Master; also, being one of the main pillars of our lodge.

*Resolved*, That on leaving the position he has so ably and worthily filled, he carries with him the regards and good wishes of all the brothers of Lodge No. 47, and that they sincerely hope that his future will be as bright as the past.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes; also, a copy sent to brother R. V. Dodge, and published in the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

JAS. MYLETT, R. S.

J. H. WALSH,  
M. GEPPER,  
J. GLOVER, } Committee.

CHICAGO, ILL., December 21st, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge No. 4, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from time to eternity, the wife of our worthy brother, P. H. Swartout, and

WHEREAS, we deem it a duty to place upon record this testimonial of regard and esteem for our departed loved ones, as well as to offer some words of condolence to our bereaved brother and family; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow in humble submission to the decrees of Him who doeth all things well, we extend to our bereaved brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this his time of sorrow, and point him for consolation to Him who has promised never to forsake them that put their trust in him.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread at length on the minutes of the lodge, and that a copy under seal of the lodge be sent to our sorrowing brother; also a copy be sent to the editor of the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE for publication.

MEADVILLE, PENN., Dec. 14, 1879.

THOS. S. TAYLOR,  
JOHN F. HOFFMAN,  
E. B. TUFFORD, } Committee.

### QUERIES.

What causes the fire to flash back into the cab of some engines, when the furnace door is opened?

Especially, when she is working steam full stroke?

Or when she is down in the corner?

What is the remedy for such an engine?

At what point of the stroke is expansion the greatest?

J. P.

Can an engine be run for any distance with both her cylinder heads blown out?

M.

### GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

No. 77 requests the traveling card of Chas. Colvin taken up wherever presented.

TRAVELING cards (new) have been sent to each lodge, also new secret key. Rituals to follow. Each lodge will acknowledge the receipt of same to the G. S. & T.

THERE is three lodges of this Order who are indebted to the Grand Lodge for grand dues and back death claims, who have brothers traveling on cards; we give you fair warning—the 20th of February stops all this unlawful business.

WE are constantly receiving letters from members regarding matters which are clearly set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws. Questions of this kind lead us to believe that some of our members do not try very hard to become acquainted with the guide book of the brotherhood, which is a plain declaration of our principles. In fact, the very foundation upon which we rest. We trust that hereafter members, in search of better knowledge pertaining to the government of the Order, will not fail to find it in the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order.

GRAND DUES.—All lodges or members in lodges not having paid their grand dues to the Grand Secretary, are hereby warned that they will be dropped from the Register of this Order, February 20th, 1880. There has been ample time to pay in the amount due from September 13th, 1879. It grieves me to be compelled to issue such a notice, but our Constitution requires it, and I shall see it enforced. Lodges or their agents, owing death claims or Magazine money, 1879, will be required to settle at the same time, or action will be taken to collect by law.

F. W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

COLUMBUS, O., January 10th.

### BLACK LIST.

No. 5. Norton Shade and N. Botham, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 22. Geo. Bond, expelled for non-payment of dues and contempt of lodge.

No. 36. H. C. Ward, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 55. Geo. J. Parker, expelled for non-payment of dues and violating obligation.

No. 69. Wm. Printer, Neien and Jas. Hope, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 82. James Mahar and Geo. W. Bradbury, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 91. Jeremiah Sullivan, expelled for habitual drunkenness and neglecting his business; W. H. Smith, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 93. Job Hall and J. W. Sherhod, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 98. W. H. Lucas, expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding members.

### GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block,	Indianapolis, Ind.

### GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

### GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kas.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSE. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

### LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.

5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. Jenkinson.....	Master
T. Wooley.....	Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Miles.....	Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....	Magazine Agent

- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

A. J. Gabard.....	Master
L. M. Phipps.....	Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley.....	Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder.....	Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.

F. W. Arnold.....	Master
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)	
W. K. Redmond.....	Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)	
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.).....	Fin. Sec'y
Jno. McClure.....	Magazine Agent
(160 south High street.)	

10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Seranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.

F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....	Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st.....	Rec. Sec'y
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....	Fin. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....	Magazine Agent
No. 6 Fruit st.	

11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.

J. S. Gorgas.....	Master
P. C. Everitt.....	Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....	Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....	Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.

I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....	Master
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....	Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....	Fin. Sec'y
C. G. Swan.....	Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)	

14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.

Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.).....	Master
Jos. Zohms.....	Rec. Sec'y
Jno. Eusey.....	Fin. Sec'y

16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office..... Master  
E. V. Debs, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders..... Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway..... Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler..... Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
Wm. McBride..... Master  
D. Hartigan (Box 418)..... Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. McBride..... Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
Wm. Stevenson..... Master  
H. Obenhouse ..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Hayes..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. J. Edy..... Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett..... Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578)..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville..... Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578)..... Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st)..... Master  
W. J. Thompson do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
F. B. Alley, 506 Washington st..... Fin. Sec'y  
J. A. McHugh, Broadway Hotel..... Mag. Agt
25. Organizing at Boone, Ia.
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 p. m., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn..... Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399)..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis, Box 1146..... Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan..... Master  
H. J. Clark..... Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown..... Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown..... Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois ..... Master  
L. C. Chase ..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, Waterloo, Iowa..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. R. Saunders (Box 799)..... Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917)..... Master  
J. I. Steel (box 146)..... Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917)..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies..... Mag. Ag't
32. BORDER LODGE, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
G. W. Gibbons..... Master  
W. H. Hamilton..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons..... Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith..... Master  
Fred Mowery..... Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover..... Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth..... Mag. Ag't
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith ..... Master  
A. J. Sill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. T. Post..... Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hinchcliff..... Master  
H. Schemerhorn..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer..... Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hinchcliff..... Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street..... Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st..... Rec. Sec'y  
C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st..... Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer..... Magazine Agent
37. NEW HOPE, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202)..... Master  
F. M. James..... Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick..... Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard..... Mag. Agt.
38. AT STRALFORD, ONT. Organizing.
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.  
Geo. R. Talbott..... Master  
J. Brown..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Scagel..... Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave..... Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st..... Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller..... Fin. Sec'y  
(C. and A. engine house.)  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st..... Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st..... Master  
D. W. Moses..... Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould..... Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st..... Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney..... Master  
O. W. Richardson ..... Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll..... Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn..... Master  
F. A. Richardson..... Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger..... Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills..... } Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger..... }

46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Ryan (box 1146) Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master  
W. Field Rec. Sec'y  
W. R. Parker, 4703 State street Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent 4532 Dearborn street.
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. Master  
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st. Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Burns Fin. Sec'y  
L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
R. Warner Master  
J. S. Cool Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. Austin Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.  
Jno. Mummert (box 820) Master  
Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. Sec'y  
J. Bresson do Fin. Sec'y  
J. J. Murphy do Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
Jno. Clark Master  
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Buchanan Fin. Sec'y  
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
J. R. Goheen Master  
Wm. Tangman Rec. Sec'y  
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. Master  
L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y  
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
Jno. C. Adams Fin. Sec'y  
29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
A. A. Kilburn Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st) Master  
A. B. Colloom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. Fin. Sec'y  
W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master  
Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st. Rec. Sec'y  
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. Fin. Sec'y  
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
Porter W. Johnson, box 284 Master  
O. E. Histed Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. A. Kellogg Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. A. Bryden Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
W. A. Pickering Master  
J. A. Bain (box 772) Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
C. Pope, Box 697 Master  
Jas. Allen (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y  
Alex Mowat (Box 697) Fin. Sec'y  
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master  
T. Macklon, box 13 Rec. Sec'y  
Charles Raymond, box 13 Fin. Sec'y  
T. Bruce Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.  
C. Green Master  
D. H. Dill Rec. Sec'y  
C. Horton Fin. Sec'y  
D. H. Dill Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. Master  
L. H. Archer, No. 4 Hudson st. Rec. Sec'y  
H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. Fin. Sec'y  
T. Smith Magazine Ag't (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master  
W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Wilson, Union Depot Fin. Sec'y  
L. W. Stoddard Magazine Agent 149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
E. Y. Freeman Master  
Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st Rec. Sec'y  
C. W. Downs Fin. Sec'y  
E. Y. Freeman Magazine Agt

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. Dupell, 37 Story st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley ..... Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 George Klock, lock box 1588 ..... Master  
 John Young, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. Hockenberger do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins, do ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Wm. Evatt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Stanfield ..... Fin. Sec'y
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy ..... Master  
 J. D. Weaver ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Sheldon T. Browne ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 1807 Sixth street, south.  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews ..... Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays, of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 J. M. Byers, 590 10th street ..... Master  
 Chs. R. Campbell ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. 17th and Dodge street.  
 P. H. Swift ..... Magazine Agent  
 N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jas. Burke ..... Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns, do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 ..... Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett ..... Master  
 J. Wheat ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage ..... Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
 Dennis P. Murphy ..... Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 James Noonan ..... Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss ..... Master  
 A. D. Gould ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Warner ..... Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
 J. A. Ressegnie ..... Master  
 Frank A. Ressegnie ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Selby Jones ..... Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker ..... Master  
 J. Perrin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin ..... Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops ..... Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 E. F. Smith, 201 16th street ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Aldrich, 219 16th st ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 F. A. Griggs, 212 Shotwell st ..... Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 D. Garrett ..... Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley ..... Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
 W. H. Bennett ..... Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550) ..... Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:20 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.) ..... Master  
 Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 W. T. Gorman ..... Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave ..... Master  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) ..... Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes ..... Master  
 C. E. Hill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes ..... Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
 Robert Sims ..... Master  
 M. Myers ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Harrison Davis ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence ..... Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) ..... Master  
 M. E. Daly ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson ..... Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon ..... Master  
 J. W. Lee ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Mag. Ag't

THE  
Locomotive Firemen's  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 4.

MARCH, 1880.

No. 3.

ON THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

*The Story of a Startling Adventure.*



LETTER for you, sir!"

I broke the seal with real astonishment:

"MR. EDWARD WORTHINGTON—*Sir*: Pardon these intrusive lines, and rest assured that they are from one who will ever be proud to call himself your sincere friend. Lucy Ames is not faithful to you! I do not write this to you for any base purpose; for since I know so well your generous and noble nature, I can not hesitate when I see that nature become the innocent dupe of vile dissimulation. Nor have I been too hasty in communicating to you this knowledge; I only fear it is too late; but rest assured that all I have said is true, and can be attested by one who has an undoubted personal knowledge of all the facts. Arthur Wesley, the singing-master, is your too fortunate rival.

Yours, A FRIEND."

This was not the first intimation I had had of Lucy's inconstancy. I had seen things with my own eyes that made me doubt her sincerity. For a long time the unwelcome suspicion had been preying upon me, and this fatal letter had come to bring conviction—stern, irrevocable, hopeless conviction.

I did not doubt the truth of it; and yet how it writhed my soul with torture to think of it, to admit its truth. It did not, it could not, crush me; I braved it to the last; I should have been less than man to do otherwise. I reperused the letter, calmly—no, not calmly—not indifferently, but sternly, as though it were decreed of fate that I should not only drain the bitter cup, but should swallow the very dregs.

And yet I loved the wayward girl, and gladly, oh, how gladly, would I have forgiven her imprudence! To her first of all I went to seek an interview. Lucy was proud—too proud to be just to herself—yet she was generous and noble, in spite of all her fickleness.

Obstinately convinced that she had preferred another to me, I did not ask or expect any explanations from her; I showed her, without any hesitation, the letter I had just received, and requested her to return me such letters as I had previously written to her, and any other little keepsakes which might, in future, prove only annoying to her. She bestowed on me a look which I shall never forget.

"Do you believe this, Edward?" she asked.

"I do," I replied, without hesitation.

"What unimpeachable evidence!" she retorted, with the first impulse of pride.

"I do not rely on the information contained in this letter," I said. "I have seen enough myself without asking any person's advice or opinion."

She immediately left the room, and returned in a few moments with a package

of letters and a small box of jewels, my former presents, saying gayly, as she placed them in my hands:

"By these tokens, then, since it is your will, I absolve you."

In spite of the smile that played upon her mouth, I thought I could detect traces of recent tears, hastily brushed away from her cheeks.

In a moment the thought flashed upon my mind that she might, after all, be true. Impulsively I was about to speak to her, to ask her if it was not so; but what should I say? I had gone too far, and it was too late to retreat. But, as the thought had come upon me like a flash, it vanished as it had come, leaving no alternative but to pursue the course I had adopted.

"Farewell then!" I said, with apparent indifference. "May your future life be ever lighted with the sunshine of happiness!"

"Thank you," she replied. "I trust no act of my own will ever bring misery upon me."

"Conscience, Miss Ames—conscience!" I said.

"Will never reproach me," she replied.

"Heaven grant it!" said I. "The step you have taken may, in your opinion, be just, but let me assure you that others do not think so. We do not always see ourselves as others see us."

"I have done nothing, Mr. Worthington, to merit this," said Lucy; "you are not only deceived, but impertinent, sir; and you cautiously avoid any questions that may lead to an explanation—"

"I ask no explanation," I hurriedly replied, and immediately took my departure in no very amiable mood, nor did I wish to humble myself sufficiently to ask her any questions that might, as she had suggested, lead to a satisfactory explanation.

What a victory pride had won! How perfect and complete had been its ultimate success on both sides!

I hurried from the door as I turned my steps homeward again. Instinctively I took the usual course in returning home (for Lucy lived nearly a mile out of town) and walked along, so busy with my thoughts as to be utterly unconscious of anything and everything else. There was a high railway bridge that lay between me and the town, just wide enough for the lines, the middle of which was planked over for the convenience of pedestrians, as there was no other bridge over the river for some miles. Outside the lines it was impossible to walk.

One of the planks, which was very thick and heavy, had been partly raised for some purpose, and left in that position. In endeavoring to pass it, I struck my foot against it, stumbled, and in recovering myself, forced one leg through the aperture, and striking my other foot with all the force required to regain my equilibrium, replaced the plank in such a manner as not only left my foot protruding through the narrow crack, but threw me on the line and promised to present a difficulty in removing the plank.

I smiled to think how curiously I had been entrapped, and stooped down to remove the plank and free myself from so dangerous a position. The task was not so easily performed as I had imagined. The plank was wedged in such a manner that no effort of mine could remove it. I strove with my utmost power, but it was in vain; nor could I extricate my foot, which was lacerated and smarting with pain in its close confinement.

At first I did not consider the extent of my peril, but I soon began to perceive

the danger of my situation; and I shuddered with horror to think that I should be obliged to remain there and be crushed to death by the next train! It was a cold day in December, and yet the beaded drops burst from every pore. A moment of frenzied delirium succeeded, and when I rallied again I found myself lying on the rail, my foot still a prisoner, and no prospect of delivery.

I looked at my watch; it was half past three. The express would go up at half past five; and at half past four it would be dark.

It was possible, nay probable, that some one would pass by before it should be too late. This way was nearer to the town than by the bridge I have mentioned, though always regarded as more dangerous on account of its narrowness, from which there would be no possibility of escape in case a train should come in sight while passing over it. Already one person had been killed by endeavoring to cross at a time when the train was due; and should I be the second to perish there? How the thought tortured me! and once again I tugged at the resisting plank. With all my strength I tried to withdraw my foot and leave the boot; but impossible!

It was four o'clock—in half an hour it would be dark—another hour, and death would be certain. I shouted for aid, but no habitation was within half a mile, and no answer was returned to my cries. Again and again I shrieked, while the despairing echoes reverberated through the distant wood, as though they would mock me in my misery. And then, with all the accumulated strength of madness, I wrenched the plank, but could not move it from its place. Surely it could not be possible that I should be obliged to sit there and be crushed to death, when human aid was so near. Had I been in some isolated forest, some depth of country, distant from town or cottage, my doom might have been more certain. Once again I shrieked with agonizing fury; wildly, desperately, the sound of my voice rung out on the chilling air, while nothing but the mocking echoes made reply.

The sun had set, and the darkness was gathering fast over the valley below. Already the last reddening glow of sunshine was gleaming on the tops of the forest trees. My irrevocable destiny became every moment more and more apparent.

Hark! It is the train! No, no! I stretched forward and listened with breathless eagerness. There was not a sound to break the silence; I must have been deceived. But list! A voice, a voice! Thank Heaven!

"Help! help! help!" I cried, and each time I shouted the words I seemed, in despair, nerved up to greater power of speech, and called louder and louder each time. Did he hear me? There was no answer—all was still. Oh, merciful Heaven! was this last chance for life denied me?

"Hall-oo!" shouted some one.

The voice was distant, but, oh, how my blood leaped with joy at the sound!

Again I called with all the strength of my lungs, and again I was answered. In a little while a figure appeared advancing toward me, but as it was growing already so dark, I could not recognize him, nor did I care to do so; but when he came close to me, one glance showed me it was Arthur Wesley.

Should I let him pass by, or ask him to assist me? Would he do so? As he approached he asked:

"Is that you, Mr. Worthington? Bless me, are you hurt?"

"No, thank you, I am not much hurt," I replied; "but see, I am so nicely trapped here that I can not free myself alone, and I think it is nearly time for the express train to be due."

It was growing dark very fast; so dark indeed was it that I found it impossible to discover what time it was by my watch. He never hesitated a moment, but seized the detested plank with both hands, and at the same instant I also imitated his movements. The accursed thing resisted all our efforts, and remained obstinately immovable. What could be done? In half an hour the train would be due. Would there be time to go for assistance—to bring an ax and liberate my foot? He would try.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Wesley," said I, as he started to go, "be expeditious. It is too horrible to be obliged to sit here and face death unwillingly.

I was alone again. The winds sighed mournfully about me, but I felt relief. I even forgot my danger, and turned my attention once more to the thoughts with which I had been occupied when I had unwittingly stumbled into my present difficulty.

Nevertheless I was apprehensive that he might be delayed until the train should pass. In fact, I had no assurance that he had time to go to Mr. Ames' and return before it would be too late. Another thought rushed through my frantic brain. Had he deceived me? Would he not be only too happy in being thus easily rid of my unwelcome presence? I felt he never would come to me again—he would leave me to the mercy of such a cruel death. Heavens! There is no mistaking that sound—the whistle at the Forest Station, only five miles distant!

How well do I remember the thoughts that passed through my mind as I patiently awaited the return of Arthur Wesley; for, although I had every reason to believe he would not come, still I instinctively awaited him, and hoped, oh, how I hoped he would return! Nearly two hours had I sat there, and now I was still waiting and vibrating between the hope of delivery and the almost certain conviction of destruction. The fearful chill of despair was creeping over me; my trembling limbs already announced that my nerves were sinking in exhaustion. At every moment I kept a watch for his returning footsteps, but no welcome sound fell on my ear.

"Hark! It is the train! The low, distant thunder can not deceive me now. It will be here in a few minutes.

"Help! help!" I cried.

The wailing cry faded away, and there was no answer. Louder and louder came the thunder; nearer and nearer came the train. The rising moon disclosed to me the white column of smoke and steam, rising above the hill beyond the curve; and now the regularly beating puff and cough of the engine struck my ear, like the gloating chuckle of some terrible monster regarding his victim. How like a frenzy the thought came on me that it was now too late for assistance! No human being would venture on the bridge when the train was within hearing distance, when it was too dark to distinguish objects in time to stop the impetuous fire-horse; and yet, furious and frantic at the thought of such a death, I stretched my trembling limbs to their utmost, and shrieked again and again until I grew hoarse, and the thundering train drowned the feeble efforts of my voice. And now delirium seized me. I fancied some giant fiend held down the plank which I vainly tried to wrench from its firm position—I could hear the chuckle of satisfaction that it gave to think it had me there safely in its power.

The loud roar that now reached my ear announced that the train had struck the bridge—then came an end to hope—no power could avert the death that stared me

in the face ! For an instant I saw countless demons hovering through the air. I made a superhuman effort to move my body on the line, fire and smoke enveloped me—there was a crushing blow, a convulsion, a dim recollection of keen pains shooting through my imprisoned limb, and all was darkness. I knew no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I returned again to consciousness I was lying on an easy couch, in a room dimly lighted, but neatly and tidily furnished. While wondering where I was, and trying to recall what had passed, the door was slowly opened, and Lucy Ames entered the room. In a moment she was by my bedside, watching the motions and the expressions of my countenance, doubtless imagining that I was still delirious.

“Lucy—Miss Ames?” I said.

She started back as I uttered the name, as though unwilling that I should discover her real thoughts; but, in a moment recovering all self-possession, she looked calmly toward me, and asked, with a tone of affected indifference:

“Do you not feel easier now?”

“Indeed, I scarcely know how I do feel,” I replied, “but there is a pain and soreness in my head, and, in fact, in all my limbs. I must have been badly hurt.”

I had a dim recollection of the occurrence above narrated, and I felt surprised that I should have again awakened to life. The pain which I felt, on regaining my reason, increased now momentarily. A physician was at hand, and every effort was made by him, as well as the members of Mr. Ames's family, (in whose house I was then lying), in which also Lucy and Mr. Wesley joined, to alleviate my sufferings.

In spite of all their attentions my pains rapidly augmented, and in a short time I was again lost in the unconscious delirium of fever. In my vague dreamings I was again on the narrow bridge, bending every effort, and straining every nerve to remove the piece of wood that bound me there. Again I was chained to the huge rock, in which unconscious laborers were drilling holes which they filled with powder to blow the unseemly mass to atoms. Fiends, shapeless and hideous, flew about me, chattering in glee—demons danced on the sharp edges of the rock, chuckling again like the measured puff of the engine; and at intervals they stopped to bind the chains closer, until the links festered into the very flesh, and turned my blood to gall with the poison in which they had been dipped. Caverns yawned on every side to receive me. All at once was heard the long shrill whistle of the engine, and voices, that seemed the very agony of despair, screamed on every side of me, “The train! the train!”

But all this passed away. I was well again, and could walk about the house with the aid of a crutch, for I had left one foot suspended in the bridge where I had so miraculously escaped death. Lucy had re-assured me of her love; not indeed by words, but by her actions. Long and patiently had she watched by my side; and to her more than any other do I owe the preservation of my life. No words had passed between us in relation to the subject which had so nearly separated us, yet there seemed to be a tacit acknowledgment of the error on my part, and a cheerful forgiveness on hers. But one day, when we chanced to be alone, I recurred to the folly of which I had been guilty, and more formally asked her forgiveness.

“Freely do I forgive you,” she said, “if indeed you have been guilty of any act which would seem to require it. You doubtless acted according to your earnest

inclination, which I would not wish to oppose. I supposed your only object was to secure the hand of another, in leaving me, and that——"

"Lucy, Lucy!" I exclaimed, "it was not so—I was mad; I was a fool! I believed too rashly, but now I believe nothing, I will not even credit what I see. But tell me, Lucy, how it happened that on one or two occasions, after excusing yourself from accompanying me to an evenings visit or party, I should afterward meet you returning home in company with Mr. Wesley?"

"Still jealous, I see," said Lucy.

"No, no," I replied; but——"

"Listen then," she said, interrupting me, "and I will explain all which I might have done sooner had you requested it. I was anxious to improve my singing, and as this was probably the only opportunity I should ever have, I had engaged to take private lessons of Mr. Wesley. I did not think it necessary to tell every one why I was so often seen in the company of that gentleman, who, I must assure you, is not only a very amiable young man, but is engaged to my cousin, with whom no inducement could cause him to break his compact."

"But why did he delay so long to come to my assistance, when I was about to be crushed by the train?"

"He did, indeed, make all the haste in his power," replied Lucy; "but, in company with her brother, arrived a moment too late, when it would have been madness to have gone on the bridge. In the dim light they saw you fall into the water, which, fortunately, was deep and rapid, and consequently free from ice. They hastened to the bank of the stream, and in a few moments succeeded in rescuing you from this second danger, and bore you to the house."

"Friends, thank God; all friends!" I could not help uttering after listening to Lucy's explanation of all that had transpired. I was happy again, though maimed for life, a fact which Lucy generously seemed to quite overlook, as she did not hesitate to become Mrs. Worthington in less than a month after my perfect convalescence.

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

## MAGGIE MACDONALD.

BY JOHN CURRAN-KEEGAN, A. B.

**M**EN say that thou art beautiful,  
 That every grace is thine;  
 That love and sunshine radiates  
 Thy countenance divine.  
 They say the dawn is on thy cheeks,  
 And midnight on thy hair;  
 That joy and sweetness with thee roam,  
 Companions everywhere.

I know that thou art beautiful—  
 More so than men proclaim;  
 I know the beauty of thy mind,  
 The treasure of thy name—

That name, before whose queenly worth  
 Uncovered heads might bow,  
 And kings bend low at virtues shrine—  
 The same as I do now.

I know the magic of thine eye  
 Can hearts at will control;  
 Thy face is fair, but fairer still  
 The beauty of thy soul.

Thine eye will dim, thy cheek grow pale,  
 And all be dust at last,  
 But that will hold its brightness when  
 Death and the tomb are passed.

LOWELL, February 12.

### K R U P P .

*An Enormous Establishment in Rhenish Prussia—The Business of the Great German Gunmaker—Its Extent and How it is Managed.*

**H**ERR KRUPP ought to consider himself one of the most important men of the age, for kings fall down before him and emperors do him service. When Bismarck swore vengeance on the French, it was to Herr Krupp that the Kaiser Wilhelm had to go for help; when the Autocrat of all the Russias determined to teach the great Unspeakable to leave off from evil and to learn to do well, it was Herr Krupp to whom he had recourse; when Austria bullies Italy, Francis Joseph makes a demonstration of doing the same; nor does Great Britain consider the Vulcan of Essen beneath her august notice.

Frederick Krupp is, indeed, a mighty personage; he has a mighty vocation, as well as a mighty lot to contend with. We ought to have said Alfred Krupp, for his father Frederic, the founder of the factories in 1827, has for many years been dead, and the establishment owes its fame to the son. \* It was not until the year 1846, when Herr Krupp had discovered the secret of melting steel from huge masses, often as much as 100,000 pounds in weight, that he devoted himself to the manufacture of the cannons for which his reputation is now world-wide.

At first he stuck to guns of small caliber, but, by gradually increasing their size, he succeeded in at length producing those colossal monsters by which he gained his celebrity, and for which he has received orders, not only from all the European powers, but from the government of this country, as well as from that of Japan. Krupp's manufactory produced those terrible engines of destruction used by the German hosts in the war against France in 1870 and 1871, notably the enormous cannons employed in the bombardment of Paris in the month of January of the latter year. As a reward for his service, the German Emperor has often expressed his desire of conferring great social distinctions upon Mr. Krupp; but these offers have all been respectfully declined. At all the leading exhibitions of the last few years the Krupp factory at Essen has been largely represented. At the Paris exposition of 1867, the huge cannon made by the firm for the defense of the port of Kiel was on view. It weighed about thirty-three thousand pounds, cost \$100,000 and could not be fired for a less sum than \$800. Again at Vienna, in 1873,

Krupp had one of his "Essen infants" on view, which measured  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards in length,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards in diameter and weighed nearly eighty-three thousand pounds. Both at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia and at Paris, nearly three years since, the Essen factory was represented by equally large, if not larger, engines of destruction. Most artillerymen consider the Krupp cannon the best in the world. They are extensively used, nearly thirty thousand having been already produced. Since 1872, the entire German army has been provided with the new Krupp field-gun. The system of Krupp's cannon is the breech-loading; their peculiarity consists partly in the metal and partly in their construction. Besides the guns, Krupp turns out from his manufactory axles, tires, wheels, etc., for railroads; rails and springs for railroads and mines; axles for steamboats, cannons and gun-carriages. Taking one year with another, it has been computed that, in the various departments of the monster factory, 750,000,000 kilogrammes of coal, 300,000,000 kilogrammes of coke, 6,000,000 cubic metres of water and 7,500,000 cubic metres of gas are annually used. The quantity of steel alone produced and consumed for casting often amounts to 130,000,000 kilogrammes yearly. Taking the kilogramme at 2 pounds 3 ounces—it is, in reality, a trifle more—and a metre as 1.094 of a yard, an American mind can form some idea of the magnitude of Herr Krupp's enterprise.

The establishment covers an area of 400 hectares—upward of 900 acres—and employs nearly 13,000 hands, not including 5,000 in the mines and melting works, 2,000 in the building department, and some 750 in the administration. Including the wives and children of the employes, it is estimated that some 30,000 souls are dependent upon Herr Krupp, who is proprietor *solus et unus*, and who is said to work, in one way and another, as hard as any man in the factory.

The scene inside the walls of the buildings almost beggars description. Virgil's description of the Cyclopes forging thunderbolts is more than appropriate:

Fervet opus           \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis  
 Quum properant, alii taurinis foliibus auras  
 Accipiunt reduntque, alii stridentia tingunt  
 Æra lacu; gemit impositis incedibus Ætna.

To convey material from one department to another, as well as to and from the mines owned by Krupp in the immediate neighborhood of Essen, more than forty miles of railroad have already been laid down, over which 20 locomotives and 800 cars are constantly running. There is, moreover, a complete system of telegraph pervading the entire works. To give a detailed account of the various parts of the works would be next to impossible, within the limits of a newspaper article; suffice, in the present case, to say that the latest hammers and 294 steam engines, of a total of reports give 250 smelting furnaces, 390 annealing and other furnaces, 77 steam 10,000 horse-power, constantly in operation. In addition to the mines in the immediate neighborhood of the works, which produce annually some ten million kilogrammes of pig iron, Krupp is the owner of rich deposits of iron ore in the north of Spain, upon which to fall back in the event of such a possible contingency as those of Essen becoming exhausted. Those who have passed by railroad through what is known as the "Black Country" in England, or have explored the mining districts near Alais, department Gard, in France, can form some idea of the exterior of the Essen factories. But the gloominess of the outside is by no means typical of the social condition of the people inside. The men, many of

whom have been employed on the works from twenty to fifty years, are intelligent, well cared for and contented, the most cordial relations existing between employer and employed. Herr Krupp boasts—and with a good deal of just pride—that a strike has never taken place in his establishment. Experienced workmen almost invariably remained in the factories for a considerable time; but, with the ordinary laborers, there is, as elsewhere, the same amount of going and coming. No women are employed in the factories; nor are any permitted, under any pretext whatever, to gain admission—they are as rigorously excluded as by the holy prudes from the legion of monasteries in the neighborhood of the classical Mount Athos.

\* No man could be more attentive to the requirements of his employes than is Herr Krupp. The numerous institutions for their benefit receive his personal supervision. He has erected upward of one thousand dwelling houses for unmarried workmen, at which board and lodging can be obtained at from 60 to 70 per cent. of the usual charges. For instance, the price of board, without lodging, in the neighborhood of Essen, is about 25 cents per day; but in the factory boarding houses, it can be had for 17 cents. There are also 1,950 houses for married workmen, and comfortably furnished rooms, with board, for clerks and other employed on the works. In no case have the proceeds from these accommodations ever covered working expenses—the deficit comes from Herr Krupp's purse, and he is credited with never grudging expenditure for worthy and competent employes. Nor is good nourishment alone provided. Good, pure water is laid on all over the works and houses. Writing, in 1866, Herr Krupp says: "In order to provide the workmen with bread at cheap rates, we have opened a bakery, which has this year furnished 1,960,000 pounds of white bread and 2,740,000 pounds of brown bread at cost price; that is, from twelve to fifteen per cent. below the ordinary price. And, further, in order to supply the men working at the furnaces with a healthy and cheap drink, as well as to put a stop to brandy drinking, we have opened a 'Bier Halle,' where light and harmless beer can be had at low rates. The consumption has varied, according to the season, from 400 to 1,100 pints a day." If this was the way in which these philanthropic establishments were patronized fourteen years ago, what must be the consumption of this cheap bread and beer at the present day, since, according to Herr Krupp's own admission, his business "increases from a sixth part to a third annually." For the wives of the employes there are co-operative establishments, where all articles necessary for ordinary housekeeping may be obtained at considerably reduced rates. The storekeepers of Essen naturally regard the man who has made their town famous with sinister looks. They are never tired of cracking stale jokes about the paradoxical philanthropy of a man who gets his living by inventing and manufacturing weapons for the destruction of his fellow-man.

With regard to the "benefit society" for the sick and wounded or for the relatives of deceased operatives, Herr Krupp is very emphatic. Each man and boy has no alternative to join the society from the day of commencing work, either on the first or fifteenth of each month, for on these days only can changes in the *personnel* be made, excepting under very extraordinary circumstances. The members are grouped into categories according to their salaries, and according to their being single or married, and pay in proportion to their pecuniary position. To the amount thus levied, Herr Krupp adds one-half of the total. A sick man, in addi-

tion to the benefits accruing from the sick fund, receives a certain fortnightly salary, the amount of which depends upon his ordinary pay and his term of service. A compensation is paid to those who get seriously injured in the service of the factory, as well as to the relatives of those who die or are killed when in Herr Krupp's employ. There are hospitals on the premises, doctors are always in attendance, and those who feign sickness are heavily fined. Note is taken of those young men whom the law of conscription compels to leave the factories for military service. When the obligations of these latter to their country are canceled, they can, should they so desire, return to Krupp's employ. The members of the executive of the various institutions in connection with the Krupp factories, mines, etc., are elected by popular ballot annually, each man over the age of twenty one being entitled to vote. To again quote Herr Krupp: "It is probable that these various institutions have, in a great measure, contributed toward avoiding any conflict between the employes and the proprietor, notwithstanding the vast number of persons employed in the establishment."

This brief sketch of Krupp's gigantic enterprise would scarcely be complete without some reference, however passing, to the means provided for the diffusion of useful and scientific knowledge among the workers. In addition to well-conducted schools and lecture halls, the platforms of which are often occupied by the most eminent of German lecturers, there are chemical laboratories, photographic and lithographic establishments, as well as a host of other equally important institutions, in connection with the works. In fact so perfect is the organization of the whole concern that even many large employers of labor on this side of the Atlantic would do no harm by taking a lesson from its books. Krupp has reduced to pamphlet shape some account of the working of his gigantic enterprise, its by-laws and regulations, copies of which are not difficult to be obtained. The latest French edition, under the title of "*Acieric de M. Fried. Krupp, a Essen*," is replete with details of a most interesting nature.

But, although willing to enter into all other particulars, Herr Krupp is reticent—and, perhaps, naturally, too—as to the exact, or even approximative, amount of the value of the work turned out from his factories yearly. The misfortunes of others, as a rule, prove blessings to him. To the minds of the peace-loving community, there is something very terrible in even his name, for it has a savor of what the gifted author of "*Childe Harold*" would stigmatize as "blood and thunder, thunder, wounds and blood." Could Herr Krupp be led to believe that the rumored disarmament schemes of his tried friend, the notorious Sphinx of Varzin, possessed some foundation, he might anticipate a very large reduction in his vast business, in his vast income and in the vast number of those over whom he holds sway; and would, probably, turn his attention to methods for averting further repetitions of such appalling disasters as that of the Tay bridge, to the assistance of which he is now called. But he is too much of a German not to feel assured that, so long as "the man of iron and blood" and his imperial master—to say nothing of the autocrat nephew of the latter—remain in the flesh, he may continue to fulminate what Milton would have characterized as "hell's own invented torments," to his heart's content.—[*Boston Sunday Herald*.]

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him she gave him a soft answer; and a soft answer turned away Wrath.

(Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.)

## SKETCH OF PAUL H. HAYNE, "POET."

BY J. CURRAN-KEEGAN, A. B.

It may be a source of amusement and instruction to your readers to read something of that truly polished and pleasing poet of the South, Paul Hamilton Hayne. He is a near relative of Isaac Hayne, a celebrated revolutionary patriot and martyr of Charleston, and a nephew of Governor Robert Y. Hayne, who was a bitter opponent of the talented Webster in the Senate, and was ever ready to defend the principles he espoused to his constituents; no lobbyist could buy his vote, though oftentimes attempted by our northern politicians, whom he always repelled with disdain and frequently referred to them in his remarks in the senate, as the "northern bloodsuckers," who would sell this glorious Republic for British gold.

The poet, (subject of this sketch), in the late disastrous war adhered to the southern cause, and in 1861 was appointed *aid-de-camp* to Governor Pickens of South Carolina. After a short time, his health failing him, he gave up his position, and had to seek something more adapted to his state of health.

When he could not be of any service to his party in the field, he took to what he was better adapted for: he took his pen and wielded it with all the force of his enthusiastic soul. It was about this time he composed that spirited and patriotic poem, "Beyond the Potomac," which received especial praise from Dr. O. W. Holmes in his lecture on the "Poetry of the War." And not only in America was it admired, it appeared in several of the leading British magazines, all praising its style and patriotic sentiments. He also composed several other poems that express with uncommon moderation the cause of the Southern side in the late civil war.

He is a graduate of Charleston College and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced, finding literature more congenial to his tastes than the bustle and din of noise connected with the legal profession. His first volume of poems was published when he was but twenty-three years old. Immediately afterwards he published a work entitled, "Legends and Lyrics," which contains the poet's best productions, and show great skill in his method of scanning, which undoubtedly must have cost him an amount of patient study and careful thought. He has been actively engaged the last fifteen years as editor of different periodicals, and in the meantime has written an admirable work entitled, "The Life of Robert Y. Hayne," in which he treats at some length his career as a politician and statesman, and to some extent exposes the frauds practiced upon the Government by a ring of New England politicians, and at the same time implicates some of the Government officials in their political handiwork, which he justly says should be thoroughly investigated and the culprits punished; but instead of such being the case the more fraud a politician is able to perform for a party, the more important is his office.

He also wrote a beautiful ode read at the opening of Charleston theatre, a few years ago, in memory of Hugh LeGare an eminent scholar and journalist. He next wrote a short biography of Henry Timrod, the fiery young poet of the South, who wrote on "love and war" who, alas! met an early grave. Mr. Hayne's place in literature must be determined not only by the generally accepted fact, but by the judgments of the highest literary critics on the other side of the Atlantic.

His "Ode to Sleep" was very much admired, and his sonnets show great skill in the mode of poetic expressions in which very few have attained his excellence. His latter works have received much praise from Mrs. Preston, the "sweet Virginian singer," who is one of the best female poetic critics in the Union. If they did not possess a high standard she would not condescend to notice them. Our New England poet, P. Carpenter, has spoken very highly of him also, and justly styles him a "Reigning Prince of Mount Parnassus."

Mr. Hayne is a true knight of chivalry, a troubadour who should have lived in the time of Ancient Rome. What is most to be admired in this truly born poet is his loyalty to his sacred vocation; he cares not whether the cold and jealous world heed him or not, and like every aspirant to fame in literature, he was rudely assailed, belied and misrepresented, but he heeded them not. Immediately after the publication of his third volume he began to command the attention of the northern *literati* who then wrote to him saying how they appreciated his poetic talent and literary worth.

The late Bayard Taylor in a clever series of papers to the Atlantic for 1872 spoke of the southern poet with true fraternal sympathy. Hayne's Muse must be a gentle being of indescribable grace, delicacy and sweetness. The atmosphere wherein she resides is warm, with the magical light of an Indian summer's day. His Muse is a virgin goddess of the woodlands, and soars continually around his unpretentious abode.

Hayne now lives at Cops Hill, a few miles from Augusta, Georgia, to which place he was driven by the eruption of war, for his beautiful "home before the war" was burned down by the ruthless hands of the northern conquerors, and nothing left but blackened walls and cinders. Such is the way the conquerors have always treated the vanquished from the earliest time. They have no sympathy for old age, sex or talents. The conduct of the conquerors greatly provoked the poet, who published a vindictive satire on the "northern plunderers," as he called them, and which gained for him much popularity among the adherents to the southern cause. A short time ago he came north for the purpose of forming the acquaintance of our New England poets, which was the subject of a very pleasing and pathetic poem immediately after his return to his southern home. He is at present engaged writing a work entitled, "Rambles in New England," in which he is to describe his sojourn in the Puritan territory, his opinion of their customs and manners. When issued it will no doubt have a large sale, as many of the prominent *literati* and influential citizens are mentioned in it.

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### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

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THE population of the globe may be roughly assumed at 1,421,000,000, divided thus; Europe, 309,000,000; Asia, 824,000,000; Africa, 199,000,000; Oceania, 4,000,000; America, 85,000,000. It has been calculated from the mortality tables of known countries that the annual number of deaths throughout the world is 35,693,350, or that in other words, 97,790 persons die every day. On the other hand, the balance of population is more than kept up by births at the rate of 104,800 per day. Seventy new lives are ushered in every minute of the twenty-four hours.

**A GREAT DISCOVERY IN BRIDGE BUILDING.**—"We have made one great discovery which every railroad or bridge builder in the west ought to know about" said the engineer. "What is it, I asked." "Well, we used to try to drive the piles, but we discovered that we could sink them better by hydraulics. That is, we now place a steel hose on the lower end of the pile, then start the engine, and the stream of water tears up the sand and gravel, and the pile drops of its own weight fifteen feet into the ground. Once there nothing can move it. Now, this is the way to place piles in the lakes and rivers out West. Why, with this discovery I can bridge a river as cheaply as I can make the same distance of elevated railroad. No more suspension bridges, except over high streams, after this; no more Howe-truss bridges, either. Why, I can bridge the Mississippi for \$100,000 with a bridge that looks like a piece of iron lace hanging in the air.—[*New York Correspondence.*]

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—A man died near Baltimore recently, who wished no funeral honors should be paid him, and in his will made a special request of that nature. He wished a plain shroud; no flowers; "no mock display;" no services in a church; no mark where he was buried, unless some child or children should be moved to place one there; no mourning garments for his family, as he was "persuaded this has become a solemn mockery;" and no eulogies over his remains. "If there was one trait in my character," he said, "worthy of imitation, then imitate it, and with the last look bury all my imperfections and infirmities, with my remains." These requests he directed to have read at his funeral. It is said that the leading traits of the man's character were honesty and faithfulness.

**A BURIED RACE IN KANSAS.**—It is well known that wrought-stone implements found in the ancient river gravels of California prove conclusively that during or before the glacial period the Pacific Coast was inhabited by man. Recent explorations in Kansas appear to show, by a report by Judge E. P. West, of that State, that a large amount of evidence proves that at an equally remote period that region was peopled by a race compared with which the mound-builders must be accounted modern, the remains of which occur. Here we have a buried race unwrapped in a profound and startling mystery—a race whose appearance and exit in the world's drama precede stupendous geological changes marking our continent, and which perhaps requires hundreds of thousands of years in their accomplishment.

**FIRELESS LOCOMOTIVES.**—For under-ground railways and tramways through cities, where the smoke from the furnace of ordinary locomotives is very objectionable, the old-device of fireless locomotives offers obvious advantages, and it is being at present revived and tested on a practicable scale. A fireless locomotive is one which depends for its supply of steam upon a store of hot water carried in a suitable reservoir, and heated at the commencement of each journey to the temperature which corresponds to that of steam of a pressure of about 200 lbs, on the square inch. According to a recent improvement of M. Leon Francq the water is not renewed in the reservoir of the locomotive before starting on each trip, but is simply re-heated by injecting steam at high pressure. M. Francq's locomotives have been for some years at work on the tramway from St. Augustin to Neuilly, at Paris; but a more perfect engine of its kind has recently been introduced on the railway between Rueil and Marly-le-Roi. For this purpose there is a fixed boiler at the intermediate station of Port Marly, and the engine is

charged from it every quarter of an hour by means of a flexible pipe. Four engines can be charged in this way in an hour. The weight of the train is nineteen tons, and the distance from Rueil to Port Marly is nearly five miles, so that the longest journey performed by the engine without replenishment is about ten miles.

**HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.**—The colors of the sky at different times are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral grey constitutes a favorable sign in the morning—an unfavorable one in the evening. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain; while more quiet and moderate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**WOODEN CORKS.**—American ingenuity has recently produced “wooden corks,” the wood of which has first been made soft and pliant by being deprived of its resinous and glutinous properties. These corks are much cheaper than the ordinary, and are said to resist action of acid better.

**PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER WATER.**—Mr. W. Morris, of Gourrock, Great Britain, has, it is said, invented a method of photographing under water. The camera is said to be lowered beneath the wave, and the “cap” removed, when the adjustment has been made to suit the operator. A Scotch journal states some fairly good views have been taken by this process.

**NATURAL ELECTRICITY.**—I notice in a lecture by Mr. W. R. Preece the following observation: “At certain seasons of the year and at certain periods there are strong currents of electricity flowing through the earth, and these currents enter our wires and produce disturbance. Where they come from or what they are we do not know; it is one of the mysteries of telegraphy.” This passage appears to give hope that the earth is a natural storehouse of electricity, and may yet provide an inexhaustible supply of natural electricity in some form.

**THE NEW LIGHT.**—Bottled sunbeams appear to be coming into general use, and watches with luminous fronts are now quite common, and, as phosphorescent paints are made with more or less success, and may become a staple article, the subject becomes important as well as interesting. In England a company has been formed to manufacture this article, and the Government has made a trial of it at the Admiralty, and given orders for two compartments of the ship *Comus* to be painted with it. There are several substances which possess the property of absorbing light and giving it out slowly when darkness sets in, and of these the sulphides of calcium and barium appear to yield the best results, but until the English Company was formed little was done to make it a commercial success. Now, supposing that luminous paint to be as valuable as it is claimed, it is obvious there are many purposes to which it can be usefully applied, but seeing that it can

only give out light previously absorbed, it may be doubted if it will prove quite so useful as the English Admiralty suppose. In short, the phosphorescent paints and powders are not luminous *per se*, but they absorb light and yield it up slowly. It is, therefore, not easy to observe their value in the dark recesses of ironclads and cellars. In the case of clock faces, compass dials, buoys, street name-plates, walls of rooms, etc., there is practically little difficulty, assuming there is sufficient sunlight during the day to charge the paint with the luminosity it is to yield at night. The French add phosphorus itself when it is desired to increase the intensity and the duration of luminosity, and they also make use of certain sea-shells and cuttle-fish bone, which yield carbonate and phosphate of lime, and these are mixed with chemically pure lime, cañined sea-salt and sulphur, the mass being colored with the mono-sulphides of calcium, barium, strontium, uranium, magnesium or aluminum. The phosphorus is added in the form of a powder obtained by the calcination of sea-weed. This compound is made into a paste by the addition of a varnish, such as copal, and is then ready for coating the surface it is desired to render luminous, or dusted as a powder on a previously varnished surface. The powder may also be mixed with substances employed in forming solid objects, such as cellulose, paper-mache, artificial ivory and other similarly manufactured surfaces, suitable for objects of decoration and ornamentation, and it may even be mixed with ether and collodion and rolled into sheets for cutting up. Mixed with stearine, paraffin, glue or the water-glasses, the phosphorescent powders may be used for many purposes, and it is stated it can be combined with glass itself. If so, the possible application of the luminous powders have a very wide application.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.—It may not be generally known that we have in the nickel five-cent piece of our coinage a key to the tables of lineal measures and of weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters and its weight is five grammes. Five of them placed in a row will of course give the length of the decimeter, and two of them will weigh a decagramme. As the kiloliter is a cubic meter, the key to the measure of length is also the key to measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five-cent nickel may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

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AN exchange tells of a young lady, who, writing to a confidential friend, stated that she was not engaged, but that she saw a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

SEVERAL Vassar school girls were found fencing in the gymnasium with broomsticks. A professor told them that such an accomplishment would not help them to secure husbands. But a girl replied it would help to keep them—in order.

THE barber's razor took hold of his beard with a vengeance, when he looked up and said, apologetically "My dear sir, I came in to get shaved, not to get a tooth pulled."

THERE is said to be in Milwaukee the champion marrying justice. There is nobody to equal the neatness and dispatch with which he ties the knot. This is the way he does it: "Have 'er?" "Yes." "Have 'im?" "Yes." "Married; \$2."

WHILE escorting a lady home the other evening, a popular doctor attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to dissolve it gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of a troche, and that he might need this one.

"THOSE suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine looking youngster," "Perhaps so; but I don't want to sew buttons on his boot-legs. I want them to hold his pants on. Them suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." Just so madam; "I sold old Coloss a pair out of the same box yesterday."

A GENTLEMAN made an application for a school in Maine, and presented himself for examination. Said the committee-man—"Can you locate Boston?" He answered, "I know all about it, probably just as well as you do; have heard of the place several times, but can't somehow or other seem to locate it." With a view to helping him out the committee-man said, "It is the capital of some state, is it not?" "Yes, I believe it is." "What state?" "Well, I know, probably as well as you do, what state Boston is the capital of, but you see I haven't got the flow of language to express it!"

NOT HIS TRUNK!—A stranger sat in a corner of the car bound to New York, in easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor, going his rounds, at the first station politely informed the stranger that the trunk must be put in the baggage car. To which the stranger nothing replied. At the second station the displeased conductor, more decidedly, told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car. To which the stranger nothing replied. At the third station the vexed conductor more imperatively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car or it would be put off the train. To which the stranger nothing replied. At the fourth station the irate conductor had the trunk put off and left. At the fifth station the mollified conductor, addressing the stranger, begging him to remember that he had but done what his duty required, and that he had only done it after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault. To which the stranger laconically replied: "Don't care; 'tain't my trunk."—[*Boston Courier*].

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—Sum people marry bekase they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the stock holds out!

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desparate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it carefully over fust, and then set down and marry.

No man kan tell jist exactly what calico has made up her mind tew do. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds iz the child of circumstance.

AN Irishman was accused of stealing a hankerchief from a fellow traveler, but the owner, on finding it, apologized to Pat, and said it was a mistake. "Arrah, me jewel!" retorted Pat, "It was a two-sided mistake—you took me for a thaif, and I took you for a gentleman."

IRISH SENTINEL.—When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant who was posted with a musket on one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer, with, "what are you here for?" "Faith your honor," with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they tell me I'm here for a *century*."

A COMPANY in Ireland, disputing relative to the quickness of reply ascribed to the lower orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to the test, in the person of one who was approaching them. "Pat," said one of the gentlemen, "if the devil was to come and determine to have one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure." "Why so?" "Because he knows he can have your honor at any time."

NO APPEARANCE THERE.—A man who had a cause in court, said that if he lost in the Court of Common Pleas, he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from there to the U. S. Court, and from there to Heaven. "And there," replied a gentleman, "the case will be dismissed, for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there."

"Wit is a feather," Pope has said,  
And females never doubt it,  
For those who've least within the head,  
Display the most without it.

WHY is a man who ties his father in a sack, like one going down the river Tigris? It's the way to Bagdad.

AN Illinois girl's toast, "The young men of America—their arms our support, our arms their reward. Fall in, men; fall in."

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,  
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

[*Acla Columbiana.*]

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

IT was over at last. The sun which had walked slowly and calmly through the long hours of that terrible day had gone down into a column of fire beyond the western hills, and now the stars were coming out swiftly, like golden petals scattered all over an azure sky.

And the stars looked down on the battlefield, as they had come out and looked down for scores of years on the fair young land which had arisen in her strength and beauty, until amid all the nations there was none to compare with her; on the great cities that were hung like rich jewels on her green bosom; on the broad harvest trees that waved their tresses for joy through her golden summers; on the houses where the dwellers thereof sat peacefully and happy under their own vine and fig-tree; on this had the stars which came up by night looked, until at last there came a change; and now where the harvest had waved their locks in the summer winds, was the most terrible sight which the sun and stars ever beheld—the sight of a battlefield. The conflict had raged hot and terrible that day.

The hearts of the distant mountains had shuddered with the thunder of cannon, and the earth had drunk blood as in autumn she had drunk in the equinoctial

rains; but at last the day's awful work was done, and the night winds lifted the grey banners of smoke from the battlefield.

The air was full of heat and smell of powder, the dead lay thick together with stark, ghastly faces on the trampled grass, the wounded lay thicker filling the air with groans; riderless horses rushed terrified over the field; and the dying daylight and the solemn stars watched over all. A little way from the battlefield ran a small stream making a blue fold in the dark grass, and two wounded men had crawled to its bank to slake their thirst.

And when the two men crawling along the banks looked up and met each other's faces, they knew they were enemies, and they knew, too, that a few hours ago each had aimed his rifle at the other, and that aim had made a ghastly wound a little way from the heart, which had drunk the life-blood of each, and each glared desperately on his adversary a moment before he fell.

But there was no fierceness in the eyes of the men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; the strife and the anger had all gone now, and they sat still, dying men who a few days before had been deadly foes—sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke:

"We haven't either of us a chance to hold out much longer, I judge."

"No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness.

"You did the last job of yours well as that bears witness," and he pointed to a wound above his heart, from which the life-blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than you did yours," replied the other, with a grim smile and he pointed to another, a little higher up, larger and more ragged—a deadly wound.

And then the two men gazed at each other again in the dim light for the moon had come over the hill now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked a softer feeling stole over the heart of each toward his fallen foe; a feeling of pity for the strong, manly life laid low, a feeling of regret for that inexorable necessity of war, which made each man the slayer of the other, and at last one spoke.

"There's some folks in the world that will feel worse, I s'pose, because you've gone out of it?"

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed ghastly features.

"Yes," said the man, in thick tones, "there's one woman and a little boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it will well nigh kill to hear of this," and then the man groaned in bitter anguish, "O God, have pity on them!"

And from that moment the Northerner and Southerner ceased to be foes. The thought of those distant homes on whom the anguish was soon to fall drew closer together in that last hour, and the two wept like children. And at last the Northerner spoke, talking more to himself than anything else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word.

"She used to come—my little girl—bless her heart! every night to meet me when I came home from the fields, and she would stand under the great plum tree that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making a yellow crown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes, when she heard the click in the gate. I see her there now, and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little girl will never watch under the plum tree by the well for her father again. I shall never hear the cry of joy as she

catches a glimpse of me at the gate. I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again!"

"And," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl that used to watch in the cool afternoon for her father when he would ride home from his visits to the plantations—I can see her sweet little face shining out now from the roses that covered the pillars, and the shout of joy as I leaped from my horse and chased her little flying feet and loud laugh up and down the verandah. But, my darling, you will never watch among the roses for your father, and you and he will never go laughing and romping up and down the old verandah again!"

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and hot tears stood on his cold cheek, as he said;

"Friend, may God have pity on our fatherless children."

## THE STEAM ENGINE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I LOVE an Engine! for it seems half human,  
 With much more heart than many a man and woman.  
 Why, I have *heard* it pulsing in its breast  
 With longings that no listening soul has guessed.  
 I never see the great magnetic creature.  
 So strong, so bright, so radiant of feature,  
 But, as I gaze, and wonder, and admire it,  
 (Half envying those who drive, and feed, and fire it,)  
 A nameless thrill of kinship stirs my mind,  
 As one who feels the presence of his kind.  
 Its fire, its force, its passionate unrest—  
 How like emotions of the human breast!  
 I never hear its wild voice, passing by,  
 But my heart leans and answers to the cry.  
 A splendid creature, full of power and grace,  
 A great white soul seems shining from thy face;  
 And, were I aught inanimate, I'd be  
 A beautiful and mighty thing like thee.

THE following beautiful allegory was used with great effect in a recent criminal trial by H. N. Spaan, Esq., of the Indianapolis bar:

"When God in the councils of the heavens conceived the idea of man's creation, he called about him the three great ministers who are in constant attendance about the eternal throne—Truth, Justice and Mercy. It was before the beginning of years, and God said to these angels: 'Shall we make man?' Truth made answer and said: 'O God, make not man, for he will pollute thy holy sanctuaries.' And Justice said: 'Make not man, O God, for he will trample upon thy law.' But Mercy, falling upon her knees, made answer: 'O God, make man, and I will watch over him and all the dark and devious paths which he may ever tread.' And thus, at the request of Mercy, God made man, and said: 'Man, thou art the child of Mercy. Deal gently with thy erring brother. Be merciful.'"

## Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor*

### THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

It has been but six years since this organization into which was merged the old International Union, began what has proved to be a highly satisfactory and prosperous existence. The membership has increased from forty men, to a membership of two thousand, and the good which has been accomplished is incalculable. There is not a Locomotive Fireman in the land who considers the Order of the Brotherhood in a rational light, that can afford not to become a member of it. It is a Brotherhood which has not only his, but his family's protection at heart. It is an organization which has for its primal object, the exercise of charity and benevolence. We are not separated from the rest of mankind by any of the common sympathies of humanity, but mankind will do little to help us if we do not help ourselves.

It has long been an undisputed axiom that in union there is strength. Already we command the respect of people and powers, who but a few years ago looked upon us as a race of workmen, and not only as a race of workmen, but workmen about whom so little was really known or thought, that we could scarcely claim an identity. With the growth of the Brotherhood we have come steadily into a notice, which is no less marked than it is favorable, and as we grow in numerical strength from year to year advantages which we have not hitherto possessed will accrue to us, and every member and every Firemen will reap the benefit, a good which happens to one will be a good to all. As our purpose is a grand one, so our principles are just, and our actions shall confirm them. No begging appeal is made to you by beggars. We are free and independent workmen, but unless we all join hands our mission can not be perfectly fulfilled. We must not forget that we are a sort of family among ourselves—that we are a Brotherhood whether in the Order or not, but how much more effective when a common demand for charity, or rather for the exercise of God-implanted benevolence touches us all alike, and draws us together in a closer or holier bond of feeling.

A brother in the line of his heroic duty falls a victim to an accident to-day. The busy wires inform you of the fact. They tell you that he leaves a wife and children, or wife and child, or simply wife, in need. You rejoice in your heart when you immediately think—"She will be provided for. I have done toward my dead brother what he had done for me, had I been taken and he left. My duty fulfilled I have nothing to reproach myself with. I know that all is systematized and that without delay the afflicted ones will feel that the husband or father died among the best and bravest of men."

It has been a mercy that man was not made too imaginative, or otherwise the knowledge and the realization of the woes and troubles of others, when added to his own, would make life intolerable, but the feeling of self-protection and of brotherhood, has been likewise implanted in us for a divine purpose. He who

thwarts this purpose, thwarts the purpose of his Maker. He can not close his eyes to certain great truths. What can be more terribly dramatic, more horribly spectacular, than a train moving amid darkness and hurricane along a narrow ribbon of rails with the speed of lightning. Just before it is a bridge, and in a moment it is on the bridge; the timbers give way; the iron is broken: There is a flash of lightning which illumines the doors of eternity, that fly open upon their soundless hinges, and that train with its daring engineer and fireman go downward into the dark and rushing waters. God, what a moment! Others have gone down by chance, but such an accident is expected every day by the train men for they are constantly on the road; no matter whether the summer sun shines or the piercing blasts of winter blow; whether the blue noon-day heavens are above them, or whether the eternal midnight stars are watching from their awful heights. We need not dwell upon the picture longer, many of us have seen only the bright side, but those of us who have stood beside the dead one, and heard the agonized shriek of the helpless wife and the piteous wail of the poor orphans, know what the dark side is. There is but one bright ray in all that darkness for them. It is for them to know that the loved being has not forgotten to provide for them. That they will not be thrown upon the cold charities of the world; that they will not be thrust out of their dear little home to beg bread, and perhaps endure insults and dangers, at which the strongest of you would shudder.

The organization is on a solid basis, notwithstanding the money which has been paid out to support the afflicted. The Brotherhood has done nobly in every case, and we call upon all firemen to join us and be one of us in this work. The benefit is not directly for you or us, but it is for those whom we may leave behind.

WE believe the time to have arrived when duty calls upon us to impress upon the minds of the members of our Order the absolute necessity for *every one* to live strictly up to the teaching and commands of our constitution and by-laws. In all great bodies of men, whether organized for political, social, religious, or beneficial purposes, the first great requisite for success is a strict observance of law. Observance of law is the very foundation of organization. We have in our Order certain rules and regulations, and it is necessary for our success to have them strictly observed—and if not observed, the penalties attached strictly enforced. Governments can enforce observance of their laws by fine and imprisonment. Societies like ours can only enforce observance of their laws by depriving members of certain benefits if such laws are broken.

The fundamental law of our Order is to pay certain benefits in case of sickness, and certain claims in case of death, to members in good standing at the time of sickness or death. In order to be able to pay such benefits or death claims it is absolutely necessary that every member of the organization should pay all dues *promptly*. No member can be allowed benefits, nor the family of a member a death claim, if the injured or dead member was not in good standing at the time of accident, sickness, or death. This rule is necessary and imperative. And no one should murmur if benefits or death claims are not paid to members or their families who are not in good standing. Very often our Order is condemned by the unthinking because a certain injured member has not been paid benefits, or a dead member's family has not been paid its death claim. Invariably this has been

because the unfortunate member was behind in his dues; in other words, not in good standing. Members should keep in good standing. Do not run any unnecessary risks. The Grand Lodge must enforce its laws or our organization will go to pieces. It is not fair for a member who is behind in his dues to expect just as much as the one who is not. To deprive a delinquent member of his benefits is the only mode left the Grand Lodge to enforce its laws, and to command respect from members in good standing.

On three several occasions have death claims been refused because the members were not in good standing at the time of their death. One brother who died at Vincennes, Indiana, another at Terrace, Utah Territory, and still another at Belleville, Ontario, were not in good standing at the time of their deaths, consequently their families lost their claims. This is to be regretted very much, but no one is to blame but the members themselves. Many who do not stop to think carefully are apt to condemn our Order for not paying their claims but it can not be done with safety. If one such claim is paid where will the matter end? Our laws must be enforced; respect for our constitution must be maintained. We can not afford to let things run at hap-hazard.

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WE have lately added to our exchange list a journal of more than ordinary interest—*"The Railroader,"* published in Toledo, Ohio. Mr. John McElroy is the editor, with W. H. Fisher as assistant editor and business manager. *"The Railroader"* is a sixteen page paper and is brim full of valuable reading matter. Mr. McElroy is well known to the newspaper world from his connection with the *Toledo Blade*. He is a comprehensive, able writer, and railroad men have in him a champion of whom they may be proud. Aside from the reliable information concerning railroads contained in the paper, there is an extensive variety of excellent miscellaneous literature. The subscription price for *"The Railroader"* per annum is \$1.00. Take it.

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VICTORY AT LAST.—The Denver & Rio Grande road by a compromise with the A. T. & S. F. road has gained all it sought through the courts. The agreement is that the D. & R. G. Company shall take their whole line of road, shall have the right through the Grand Canon, and by purchase shall take the road already laid by the Santa Fe Company towards Leadville. They shall not lay their line closer than fifty miles of Santa Fe, nor build any road from Pueblo East. The A. T. & S. F. Company agree not to build a line anywhere West of the main line of the D. & R. G. road reaching from Denver to El Moro, and give up all rights in the Grand Canon, as explained above. They are to have an equal share of the freight from Leadville, with the other roads running East. The D. & R. G. road will probably be turned over to the possession of the old company before long.

We congratulate the Pioneer Company on its success, and also this part of the State on the peace between the two roads, as that means prosperous times for us all. The railroad war of last Summer, was of incalculable damage to the Southwestern part of Colorado. We see nothing now to prevent this from being the most prosperous year ever known by the business men.

## Correspondence.

### SKETCHES IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

One evening, while I was sitting in my room at home engaged in reading, I heard a strange monotonous noise outside the house, like a person singing. I went to the hall door and listened, and found these sounds came from the native "go downs" or huts, on our place, and they were chanting their prayers to their gods. They took turns and when one got tired, another took up the strain, and so kept it up hours at a time, and this they do three times a day. I should pity any young missionary who comes out here with glowing hopes of converting these strange people to christianity; he would be woefully disappointed.

I saw an old man at our office to-day who had twice been taken down to the bank of the Hughli river to die, and had his nose and mouth stopped up with mud, as is their custom. They think this mud is sacred, and it is always put in the mouths and nostrils of the dying. This old man lived both times, and by living he lost his caste, and his nearest relatives had taken most of his property away from him. English law restored most of his money, but he had to buy back his caste of one of their native priests, and he is having a terrible time about it and spending large sums. These natives are always going to law with each other, and have endless disputes about money, lands and houses.

As I was taking my usual walk this evening, I passed a native wife and mother. She was about fourteen years of age, and had a little baby boy sitting astride her hip. This is their manner of carrying a child, and as a consequence most of the natives are bow-legged, especially the men in the lower castes. This little boy had a small black head about as big as an apple, and he looked more like a doll than a live baby. His mother was jabbering and laughing to him in the gayest manner, and would run and skip about like any little girl out playing with her doll.

I soon met another of these child mothers. She was about fifteen years old, and had a boy about two years of age, sitting astride her hip, and a little mite of a girl was toddling along by her side. The boy was naked, and the girl had a piece of muslin wound around her. The mother had a white *chudda*, a square piece of muslin that these native women wear over their heads and shoulders, and it is a very graceful article of dress. She had a plentiful supply of gold and silver bangles on her arms and wrists; also rings on each finger, one in her nose, and one on each big toe, and large silver rings on each ankle, and so had her children. There was not much gayety about her, as she seemed a dull and sober matron. I felt a pity for both of these poor girls. They probably have lazy husbands to cook and work for while they sleep away their useless lives.

When native children are born their mothers cover them with cocoanut oil, and put them out in the sun for hours at a time, and in this way they get hardened to it at a very early age. In my walks at night, just before dusk, I see little native girls and boys playing about in the streets in their villages, and they are all entirely naked. Most of them are very small, and look like dolls running about.

As they grow older they have a small piece of cotton cloth wrapped about their waists. All native women have long, glossy black hair, and the men have heavy, bushy whiskers, and thick moustaches. Some of the men are tall, finely formed and handsome. The higher caste ladies are pretty and brilliant looking. It is rarely one sees a handsome woman among the lower castes.

One evening I saw two young mothers drawing water at a well, I judged them to be about fourteen years old. They are married when they are eleven or twelve years of age. They were playing, laughing, and having a jolly time. They had earthen jars to carry the water in, and these were so large and heavy that they could hardly lift them onto their heads, as is their custom to carry these jugs. Their husbands walked along by their side in the most indifferent way. They are used to seeing women work and do all the drudgery. These girls were of small stature, and there was nothing pretty or graceful about them.

I am quite interested in seeing these people and their ways of life. They are all fond of animals, and keep goats, cows, dogs, cats, and some have chickens. All have birds and flowers, and many huts are shaded by the oil nut tree. These grow large and tall. In America they call it the castor oil plant. The women do all their cooking over fires in small clay furnaces, and the smoke goes out of the sides and openings of the huts; they never have chimneys. At every hut there are lots of children, mostly girls. These people are very proud of a boy, and do all they can for him, but when a girl is born it is looked upon as a misfortune, and they think the gods are displeased with them and so make a great time about it, but when a son is born then all is rejoicing and festivity.

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ATCHINSON STATION, KS., February 12, 1880.

*Brother Sayre:* Lodge No. 31 is working good, growing with members willing and able to co-operate in our good work. We are pleased to see brother Stevens successful in his position although such a trying one. I will try and pen a few thoughts in connection with his duties, viz.: organization. Being a novice, I hope you will excuse the attempt.

It has often been observed that man can not live out of associations, hence we may conclude considerable is done by it. Disappointed in their past and present hopes and expectations, many are now on the alert to discover and remove the causes, the sources of evil, of dissatisfaction, of man degrading poverty. How then is this to be brought about? We say by union of minds, thoughts and actions as Locomotive Firemen. It is our duty as well as interest to assist, associate, and help each other; it is our right to combine all our energies for the attainment of these objects; it is our duty to associate for the attainment of any object which has for its object the bettering of us as firemen.

Co-operation is not of mushroom growth or a new departure. It is the lever that is raising us as men; it unlocks the commercial world; it builds cities, states, governments and our railroads, and we are indebted to co-operation and combination of efforts for most of the blessings that we now enjoy, and I undertake to say that no man that fully comprehends it will oppose it unless he is an enemy to human progress.

Our organization is simply on the purest principles, viz.: to better ourselves as firemen. "Forward and onward" has been the watchword, and I am happy to say

is still. I think every candid mind will admit it is founded on justice and right. Justice is all we ask and shall not be satisfied until this principle is predominant.

Our association was conceived through a combination of circumstances that seemed to demand an institution of this kind, and like most great men and measures was born of poor but respectable parentage; and like other organizations that have sought the elevation of man through paths that seemed to be new and untried, it has met with an opposition from some that claim to be friends of those that would make men nobler and happier beings. An opposition that we are persuaded will cease so soon as men realize its capabilities for good, and the just principles upon which it is founded.

Then I say to brother Stevens I wish him every prosperity in his honorable work, and I say to every Locomotive Firemen, if you do not belong to our association, to think, reflect, and prepare for your wives and children. Ours is a noble cause and will stand testing, and I say to every brother, "go on," our work is prospering, and show to the world we are men who are "up and doing" to better the interests of our fellow-men, and that we know our rights and will personally attend to their preservation.

Yours fraternally,

VERIX.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL., January 29, 1880.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine—Dear Sir:* As I told you in my last, which appeared in the January number, that I would let you know in my next what I was going to do in this country, and being settled now and able to keep my promise I will try do so. I am now living on what in this country is called a "ranche," three miles from San Diego court house and just outside of the limits of the future city. We are in a beautiful valley, called the Chollas valley, (pronounced Choza). The place contains one hundred and twenty acres, part valley and part mesa or hill land. Most of all the land is susceptible of cultivation and will raise almost anything.

The surrounding country is very pretty. A fine view of the Pacific ocean, San Diego Bay and the mountains, is obtained by walking a short distance up the hill back of the house. The valley is beautiful, and now in January everything looks fresh and green and wild flowers are in bloom. The present winter has been unusually severe and three mornings since I have been here there has been ice on water that was standing out, but nothing has been injured except potatoes and young trees. We have an orchard containing four hundred trees, comprising orange, lemon, fig, peach, pear, apple and apricot. Part of the land is sown with wheat and barley, and we intend putting in twenty-five hundred eucalyptus trees, which grow very rapidly in this climate and make quite an ornament to a place, as no trees grow here naturally, and they also make good fire wood which is scarce and high. We will also put in some more fruit trees and plant a vineyard, as grapes grow well here and are a paying production. Barley is the principal grain raised in this county and is used for hay and feed for cattle. Wheat growing is kind of risky as the climate is too dry; the grasses of the east do not grow well for the same reason. Honey is also a great product of this country, and there are quite a number of bee ranches in the vicinity of San Diego. I have become quite

attached to the country and enjoy this kind of life very much, and prefer it decidedly to railroading.

We are in close connection with the rest of the world, having a daily mail from Los Angeles bringing us letters from Chicago eight days old. We have a steamer from San Francisco every five days. San Francisco papers are only two days old when we receive them, and we have two daily papers of our own. There being no railroads we are free from tramps and roughs, and a more quiet and peaceable place one could not wish for. There are some Indians and Spaniards, but they are generally very quiet and well behaved. The days are very pleasant and mild here now, but the nights are quite cool, and it is very comfortable to have a fire to sit by. I hope I have not wearied you with this letter, and as I do not wish to tire any one, I will close, and at some future time will endeavor to recall myself to your memory.

Faternally yours,

R. V. DODGE, Lodge No. 47.

CHICAGO, ILLS., February 4th, 1880.

*W. N. Sayre,—Dear Sir and Brother:* I wish to say a few words through the MAGAZINE about the wandering members, (or the ones who call themselves members), who seem to travel because they have nothing else to do. They come along, and like the traditional "tramp" they are always looking for work, yes *always*. They are an incubus on the organization, and oftentimes cause the steady and industrious member to frown upon the worthy and honest applicant for aid. These leeches (you can call them nothing else) will present themselves and claim the protection and friendship of members, but never have anything to show in evidence of their own standing, only perhaps some old worn out receipts. The laws of the Brotherhood require a member to prove his identity and standing by a traveling card, properly signed and sealed, *and within certain dates*.

With the honest law-abiding member who is forced to seek work among strangers, I am in full sympathy, and shall ever stand ready to render him all the aid and comfort in my power. But he must come to me with a card, and without the stammering tongue of falsehood, or the guilty look of fraud on his face.

I will now speak of another class from which no organization is free. They are known as impostors the world over; they are the first to claim the benefits which our noble Brotherhood affords, but no one has ever known them to pay out a dollar to help support it. God help the widows and orphans! if they had to depend upon them for aid. I am afraid that bread and shelter would be among their early wants. I think that a word of advice to those members who live up to our laws which we find necessary, in order to carry out our benevolent aims, will not be out of place. Should any one come to you for assistance, who claims membership in the Order, you should first examine his card. The absence of this most important document places the applicant for favors in a false light, and gives ground for suspicion. As *all* good brotherhood-men who travel are expected when they call for assistance, to prove their identity beyond a doubt, the following questions will usually bring about the desired results, viz: What place do you hail from, and to what lodge do you belong? How long have you been a member? Who is your master? Who is your secretary? What is your membership? How long since you left? Then just say to him that you will telegraph to the officers of his lodge and find out his standing. It costs much less for a telegram than it does

for a week's board, besides the satisfaction it gives in knowing that a rascal has for once been foiled, and a dead beat not allowed to fatten on bread earned by hard and honest labor. Hoping these few hints will be used to the advantage of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen,

I am fraternally yours,

X-UNION.

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### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

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No. 29 merged into No. 69.

S. M. STEVENS withdrawn from No. 57 to join No. 14.

BROTHER Titus Hinchcliff of No. 35 has taken the right side of the engine.

INSTRUCTOR Stevens speaks highly of our Canadian members.

HURON LODGE No. 69 is prospering finely with the genial Tom Bruce at its head.

OUR energetic Magazine agent at Fort Gratiot, Michigan, is hard at work.

BROTHER F. N. Lord of No. 36 manipulates the throttle on the L. E. & W. Railway. Brother Kennedy acting as night foreman.

BROTHER Wm. A. Gooze of No. 4 was united in holy wedlock to Miss Alice Brown, of Watson's Run, Crawford Co., Pa., on Thursday January 15th. The best wishes of Lodge No. 4 go with them.

WE record the marriage of brother Ed. F. Ingles to Miss. Anna Poppe, both of San Francisco. Having received a kind invitation to attend, we regret that the distance is the only barrier. However we wish you much joy.

No. 12 reports the promotion of brothers A. L. Jacobs and Greely to the right side; this makes thirteen promotions in No. 12.

BROTHER J. W. Richardson of No. 23 brags extensively of his heir, and says it is the image of Pa.

BROTHER Thomas Riddle of No. 9 met with a serious accident at Brush Lake water station, falling from his engine and breaking his arm. At last accounts was improving.

BROTHER Pembroke of 57 is alive to the interests of our Magazine, and has sent us a good healthy list from Salem. Wish a few more brothers would constitute themselves agents, regardless of their lodge.

THE new lodge at Stratford starts off well. Brother Menish, the Master, takes hold like one who means to win, and will at no distant day make himself known in the Order. He is already working up an interest among the firemen on the Great Western Railroad at London, and other points along the line.

BROTHER Moore, the Magazine agent, is placing the *Brotherhood* in its true light before the people by making them take the book. He works with Mo(o)re earnestness than some of our older agents, and will be Mo(o)re likely to win a prize than some of them. But for real merit and staying powers in the presence of a pale, and grasping victim, faint and ready to fall, brother John Scott, of Toronto, is the champion magazine canvasser of them A.L.

## THANKS.

I hereby wish to return thanks to the members of Dominion Lodge No. 67, for their attention and kindness in showing me around the city of Toronto, while on my late visit to Canada. Also Mr. Richardson the very kind and generous proprietor of the Richardson House, with whom I stopped while in the city, who done all in his power to make my stay pleasant. The brothers at Stratford and Point Edward, Ontario, also those at Fort Gratiot and Detroit, Junction, Mich., will please except thanks for information given and favors shown; they will long be remembered.

S. M. STEVENS, Organizer B. of L. F.

Our sincere thanks are due the following members of the Order: Brother B. S. Keith of Clinton Lodge No. 34, for organizing Connecting Link Lodge No. 25, at Boone, Iowa. And brother Charles Raymond for valuable assistance rendered Instructor Stevens, in arranging for the consolidation of Champion Lodge No. 29 with Huron Lodge No. 69, at Fort Gratiot, Michigan, believing that such earnest work on the part of these brothers, will be appreciated by all who have the welfare of the Order at heart, we feel ourselves in duty bound to make this acknowledgment.

Yours,

F. W. ARNOLD,  
W. N. SAYRE,  
S. M. STEVENS.

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GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

THE secret cards and rituals shipped to each lodge February 25th. Acknowledge receipt to Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

MAGAZINE.—Bound volumes of Vol. 3 can be had of the editor at \$1.25 each, bound in cloth.

THERE are nineteen lodges in our Order from whom we would be pleased to receive a subscription list.

IT having come to me through a number of sources that a habit is made of instructing and initiating persons in both degrees in some of the subordinate lodges of the B. of L. F. It is expressly ordered that hereafter any subordinate lodge of the B. of L. F. violating that law will be subjected to the loss of their charter.

F. W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

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BLACK LIST.

No. 16. Charles Snodgrass, M. M. Condiff, D. W. Daley, George B. Hasbrook, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 28. P. Lahey, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 34. Louis L. Kinch, expelled for violating Section 4, Article 8 of Constitution.

No. 40. R. Woodard, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 52. J. Kennedy, expelled for defrauding members.

No. 54. John Swindler, expelled for unbecoming conduct and defrauding members.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.	
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZARAT.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block, Indiana-	
polis, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPEL.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kas.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
- |                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....    | Master           |
| J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....    | Rec. Sec'y       |
| Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....   | Fin. Sec'y       |
| Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes, |                  |
|                                 | Magazine Agents. |
5. UNIQN, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.
- |                      |                |
|----------------------|----------------|
| A. Jenkinson.....    | Master         |
| T. Wooley.....       | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. E. Miles.....     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Jas. Farnsworth..... | Magazine Agent |
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| A. J. Gabard..... | Master         |
| L. M. Phipps..... | Rec. Sec'y     |
| Thos. Ackley..... | Fin. Sec'y     |
| E. G. Snyder..... | Magazine Agent |

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
- |                                    |                |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| F. W. Arnold.....                  | Master         |
| (Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)       |                |
| W. K. Redmond.....                 | Rec. Sec'y     |
| (City Water Works.)                |                |
| C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.)..... | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Jno. McClure.....                  | Magazine Agent |
| (160 south High street.)           |                |
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
- |                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....   | Master         |
| T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st..... | Rec. Sec'y     |
| T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| T. H. Sheppard.....                 | Magazine Agent |
| No. 6 Fruit st.                     |                |
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| J. S. Gorgas.....  | Master         |
| P. C. Everitt..... | Rec. Sec'y     |
| H. Lott.....       | Fin. Sec'y     |
| D. Gorgas.....     | Magazine Agent |
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
- |                                  |                |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st..... | Master         |
| A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....  | Rec. Sec'y     |
| C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....  | Fin. Sec'y     |
| C. G. Swan.....                  | Magazine Agent |
| (438 South Division street.)     |                |
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.
- |                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.)..... | Master         |
| W. N. Sayre.....                    | Rec. Sec'y     |
| Jos. Zahms.....                     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Peter Staff.....                    | Magazine Agent |
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
- |                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office..... | Master         |
| E. V. Debs, do.....                 | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....   | Fin. Sec'y     |
| W. P. Saunders.....                 | Magazine Agent |
| No. 825 North Ninth street.         |                |
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| T. A. Galloway.....    | Master              |
| (East St. Louis, Ill.) |                     |
| C. A. Cripps.....      | Rec. and Fin. Sec'y |
| F. B. Wheeler.....     | Magazine Agent      |
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Wm. Underhill..... | Master         |
| J. S. Holm.....    | Rec. Sec'y     |
| R. Von Harten..... | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Wm. McBride.....   | Magazine Agent |
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Wm. Stevenson..... | Master         |
| H. Obenhouse.....  | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. A. Hayes.....   | Fin. Sec'y     |
| W. J. Edy.....     | Magazine Agent |

22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
W. J. Thompson do Rec. Sec'y  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. A. McMugh, Broadway Hotel.....Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Ia.  
R. M. Hughes.....Master  
J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 p. m., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn.....Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois.....Master  
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, Waterloo, Iowa.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
J. I. Steel (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. BORDER LODGE, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m.  
G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons.....Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith.....Master  
Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
E. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith.....Master  
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hinchcliff.....Master  
H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. NEW HOPE, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cornick.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. AVON, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers' Hall.  
Angus Menish.....Master  
Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.  
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master  
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y  
(C. and A. engine house.)  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn.....Master  
F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger.....
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Ryan (box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Ag't
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, as 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy.....Mag. Ag't
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master  
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y  
Cor. State and 47th st.  
W. R. Parker.....Fin. Sec'y  
4703 State street.  
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent  
4532 Dearborn street.

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Austin ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Bresson do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. J. Murphy do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Jno. Clark ..... Master  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Buchanan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Master  
 Wm. Tangman, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. .... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st. .... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. .... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st., Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pose, 14 Vananley st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, 12 High st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, 325 Adelaide st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Scott, 325 Adelaide st. .... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. Maclow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.  
 C. Green ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Horton ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 D. H. Dill ..... Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 231 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 L. H. Archer, No. 4 Hudson st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith, ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot. .... Master  
 W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. W. Stoddard ..... Magazine Agent  
 149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. W. Downs ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. Dupell, 37 Story st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley ..... Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 George Klock, lock box 1588 ..... Master  
 John Young, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. Hockenberger do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins, do ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Wm. Evatt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Stanfield ..... Fin. Sec'y

82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy.....Master  
 J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Sheldon T. Browne.....Fin. Sec'y  
 1807 Sixth street, south.  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews.....Mag. Ag'ts
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 J. M. Byers, 590 10th street.....Master  
 Chs. R. Campbell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. 17th and Dodge street.  
 P. H. Swift.....Magazine Agent  
 N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. FARGO LODGE, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jas. Burke.....Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. BLACK HILLS, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett.....Master  
 J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
 Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y  
 James Noonan.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss.....Master  
 A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Warner.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
 J. A. Ressegnie.....Master  
 Frank A. Ressegnie.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker.....Master  
 J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 E. F. Smith, 201 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Aldrich, 219 16th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. A. Griggs, 212 Shotwell st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 D. Garrett.....Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
 W. H. Bennett.....Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.,).....Master  
 Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. ORANGE GROVE, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes.....Master  
 C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes.....Fin. Sec'y
98. PERSEVERANCE, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
 Robert Sims.....Master  
 M. Myers.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH LODGE, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
 M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon.....Master  
 J. W. Lee.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller.....Mag. Ag't

THE  
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Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

OUR BROTHERHOOD'S SUCCESS!

BY NOAH W. PARKER.



FT the hackneyed phrase is quoted "that old time will prove all things,"  
And this truth now vindicated wakes my muse, whose fluttering wings,  
Bears me now in mem'ry backwards, through the quiet pulseless past,  
To the scenes of wild disorder, which their ghastly shadows cast  
O'er this land of peace and plenty; o'er the cities of the free,  
Waking doubts and sad misgivings of our country's purity.  
All the riots, strikes and troubles, that disturbed our land's repose  
Were by corporations, madly charged upon their *fancied* foes;  
Strikes, they said, were born and nurtured, by a bold and secret clan,  
Who were men that pulled the *throttle*, swung the *scoop* and held the *can*.  
And at once, the war cry sounded, "spot each man and call his time,"  
And our boys were fought and hounded, for no other fault or crime  
Than belonging to our Order—full of men both brave and free;  
Sworn to shield and save each other, from the world's cold charity.  
Yet the "Brotherhood" undaunted, struggled hard against the tide,  
Striving with a bold endeavor all these troubles to o'erride,  
Striving to convince their masters; money: and the world combined,  
That they *scorned illegal measures*, and to *strikes* were not inclined.  
Six long years our craft has wrestled with this mighty surging sea,  
Buffeting the winds and billows; seeking only to be free;  
Free from all disgrace and evil, wrongly charged upon our band:  
'Till they stood as honest freemen, in our freedom-girted land.  
Now, at last, the storm is over; winds and waves are lulled to rest,  
And our "Brotherhood" triumphant, rears aloft its noble crest;  
Vindicated, and acquitted of a wrong we never done,  
And by those who first united to undo our work begun.  
Now our craft is swiftly sailing, bidding winds and waves adieu;  
While prosperity's sweet zephyrs fill her sails and cheer her crew.  
All the roads that once assailed us, and our labors sought to spoil,  
Now with kindly greetings hail us, as the honest sons of toil.  
Favors too, are gladly shown us, that were once in wrath declined—  
Since our objects they discover, and our teachings are defined.  
Thus the *truth*, when cleansed and parted, from the curse of falsehoods slime,  
Walks in triumph over evils, that would stain the soul with crime.

Thus our Order, freed, unfettered, from the wrongs that held it down  
 Rises glorious in its triumph, wearing *truth* upon its crown.  
 As a ship upon the ocean, steering for the port of peace,  
 While the winds and waves commingling, make her entry one of ease;  
 So our Order, now victorious, helped by winds that blow it good,  
 Gains the port, and flaunts our motto, borne in triumph o'er the flood.  
 Nobler aims, or grander efforts, ne're could thrill the human soul,  
 Than to help the poor and needy; make the broken heart all whole.  
 If a brother meet disaster, anywhere that *duty* calls,  
 Then our bounty lights his hearthstone, then the tear of pity falls;  
 If he die on *duty's* ramparts, struggling as a brother should,  
 Then the widow and the orphan suffer not for home or food.  
 See our motto, grandly floating round about our headlights glare—  
 And then tell me, are there riots, drunkenness or bloodshed there?  
 Honest toil, and noble purpose, nerve the arm and fill the heart  
 Of each member of our Order, sworn to bravely do his part.  
 Search the land from sea to ocean, from the snows to fadeless flowers,  
 And then tell me, are there heroes better, braver, than are ours?  
 All our toil is blessed and lightened, as we work from sun to sun,  
 With the thought that by our labor we will help some needy one;  
 With the thought, if we should falter, faint and fall upon the way,  
 That our effort has secured us sunshine for our rainy day.  
 Could a truer, better lesson e're be taught the sons of men,  
 That the honest hands that labor, should united long have been?  
 Toil has made our homes and cities, builded all our piles of fame,  
 Made our roads and fought our battles, and preserved our country's name.  
 Toil has made and builded ever; others reap what toil has sown;  
 But its honest high endeavor can not, *will not*, be o'erthrown.  
 Thus we gather from this lesson, "as a flow'ret of the soil—  
 The nobility of labor; the long pedigree of toil."

### A DIVER'S STORY.

I AM a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reach the ears of thousands; but amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the *Marmion*, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been in one moment destroyed. I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner

for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success. I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and a presence of mind of which the others were destitute. As two persons were needed in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hand-dog fellows," as my comrades remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Parker and I put on our diving-armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Burton," said Parker to me.

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little mist—all right."

"Ah!" He muttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice, which they however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making the proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Parker close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward toward the south, and rising slightly toward the north. Looking forward, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Parker that we should proceed there. I can not tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks on the bottom of the sea.

There are a thousand objects fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plane covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water in the distance was opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast-valve, and the noise caused by our passage through the water. We walked on at a good pace, for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers but little inconvenience to the practiced warrior.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where we turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased each other in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoise tumbled along in clumsy gambols; there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us; there some huge ones with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat moving slowly onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet, we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But some round black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Parker touched my arm and pointed, I signed assent, and we moved on more quickly.

A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly Parker touched me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foaming and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us—we were close beside it. No, I would not. I signaled to Parker to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and in some places were covered with marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spar which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and settled in such a position among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along, and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swiftly approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Parker rushed to the cabin. I went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here—all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I looked down into the hold. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck.

The heavy footsteps of some one running, as though in mortal fear or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it was only Parker.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed to the door.

It was Parker.

He stepped forward and clutched my arm; he pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin. I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat and implored me with frantic gestures to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-stricken soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasp his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver? I will see for myself.

I walked aft. I came to the cabin door. I entered the saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Parker shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence. Oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after cabin and entered. Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot: for there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death-struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and with one common emotion all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood.

Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped one upon another—some on the floor, others rushing over them all seeking madly to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed, but each one stood and looked frantically at the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me—all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning, for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others, for his long, black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down, and his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was rocked and shaken by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but

to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise. My weights could not be loosened; I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down in my passage-way through the machine-rooms. I did not know this till I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of the scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Parker? The thought flashed upon me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Parker had gone. I looked up; there lay the schooner tossing and rolling among the waves.

I went down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to clear my tube. I had gone through the passages carelessly, and it had got entangled with something in my hurry to reach the deck. I went back in haste to extricate myself—I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold in golconda had been in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the ladder into the machine-room once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. The aperture was closed.

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Parker in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the hatch, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprang toward me?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors. I ran up the ladder and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, but to no purpose; the rung or the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it, and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept expanded by close wound wire. I seized a bar of iron and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get up further, I looked around and found some blocks; with the bar I lifted the heavy door a little, placing a block in, to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow and laborous, and I had worked a long time before I had lifted it four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power and rocked.

I felt round to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet I knew it was impossible, for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin. I returned to the fallen hatch; I sat down in despair, and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end!

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side.

I rose, clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out and touched the bottom

of the sea. It was in good time, for a moment after the mast went over back again. Then, with a last effort I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is passed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Parker had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea-captain. As for me, I shall go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the *Marmion* was never again visited.

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### TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, February 16, 1880.

Paris is called a "City of Palaces," and who ever visited it without confirming this appellation? Yet in her very center there are streets so narrow that if you extend your arms you can touch both sides and block the way, with houses towering up six or seven stories, inclosing a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere, laden with poisonous gases. I speak particularly of the Rue Brushmich, one of the poorest quarters in Paris; or of the Rue de Venise, a most appropriate name; or of the Cour de Sacde Fiacre; the last two are of the Rue St. Martin. I merely refer to these streets now in passing but intend to return to them again.

It is generally understood, though not definitely known, that Paris originated from a few fishermen's huts constructed and grouped together on what is known as Ile de la Cite, City Island, where now stands the church of Notre Dame, the *Palaise de Justice*, and that handsome little church, *St. Chappelle*, which might be a monument to art, containing all the harmonious beauties of Gothic architecture, with its elaborately sculptured portal, its floors of mosaic work, its large windows of stained glass, its two small spires that rise above, its many niches and statues, and lastly, that most beautiful spire, much larger than the others, yet small in itself, standing out against the clear sky like a piece of fine lace work laid on blue silk. Here on this island many centuries ago, and long before the christian era, a few humble fishermen's huts had laid the foundation of a city to be in future ages the capital of the world. And we are told—a strange coincidence—that about the same time on the banks of the Thames had collected a few fishermen who erected their log cabins where now stands the city of London.

This brings to our mind the cabins of the old trappers half-buried in the banks of the *Platte*. Hanging on a cottonwood close by is a hind-quarter of deer or elk, stretched out and nailed with wooden pegs on the logs of his hut are the rich furs of the beaver and mink, and struggling in the water at the end of a long tender willow-branch are a half-dozen speckled mountain trout keeping fresh for supper. And the individual himself where is he? A short distance up or down the river, but keeping within rifle shot of his cabin. He is engaged washing in his broad shallow pan, the clean pebbles of the stream.

"Moving his hand about,  
Sifting the sand about,  
Seeking for treasures that lie down below."

When he is not fishing he is hunting, when he is not hunting he is trapping, when he is not trapping he is washing the quick moving bed of the Platte. It is to such industrious pioneers that Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains," owes its origin. The blushing maiden that nestles at the foot of the mountains, whose lofty snow-capped crown receives the soft caresses of the drifting clouds—strength and beauty—like Hercules at the feet of the beautiful Omphale. Such is Denver; the oasis in the desert; the opening rose that sends abroad its perfume, the beauty! How lowly and humbly have been the early struggles, not alone of great men, but cities, countries and institutions, and we often find fishermen at their cradle. A fisherman was the first Pope and head of the Catholic church; and were not fishermen the first navigators? Look back—it seems but yesterday—the trials, the sufferings, and perseverance of the colonies to tear from off their young bosom a cruel brutal foot that was crushing out their youth and manhood, giving them a premature old age, wedded to slavery. And what have we to-day? The world knows, and so does every heart that feels a tyrant's power, a tyrant protected by law but not subject to it. How strange! and yet how many millions of God's creatures fall down and worship this crowned-head. They toil day and night and humbly deliver over to their masters, like true serfs, the fruits of their labor; and yet these people will shout themselves hoarse in praise of their so-called liberty and freedom. What! these serfs will answer you, would you have the gentleman and nobleman work, whose hands, nay of his father or grandfather for generations before him, never were stained by toil? Those delicate hands know little of matters heavier than a wine bottle, or pack of cards, or perhaps the touch of a gold pen-holder to sign the ejection of some of their serfs and his family from their home, or to reduce the wages of his miners in Cornwall from a unit to a cipher. Does not these so-called nobles fight the battles of their country? By no means; they arm the people, shout glory in their ears, call on them to protect their *rights and liberties* and defend the honor of their flag. To do all this it is necessary to leave home, family and friends, and cut adrift from every happiness in life, or that makes life dear, that they may despoil a fellow creature, perhaps a naked savage of his hut.

One word more before I leave this subject. The people of France under the last Empire were continually hearing of the blessings of peace, and yet were always suffering from the agonies of war. Why? because it was necessary in order to keep the minds of the masses from examining too closely the follies and absurdities of a court whose dissipations and extravagancies would not be tolerated by an enlightened people. Hence the Franco-Prussian war. M. Thiers stood alone in the assembly, pleading, begging, and protesting against this horrid cruelty towards the people. He went to Germany, to Austria, to England, to Italy, to the different crowned-heads of Europe, imploring peace, but in vain. "Oh!" he shouted, "who will dry the tears of those widows and orphans, by what means will you console this grief-stricken mother for the loss of her son; her only staff in life is shattered." Tell her he died defending his country. Say rather he died defending his country's tyrant. And the same wail spreads over Germany, England, Austria, Italy and Russia.

Germany was victorious, received some hundreds of millions of francs, and two rich provinces, and to-day her people are in misery and want and France is prosperous and happy. France is a republic studying the wants of her people. Germany is an empire studying war and the misery of her people.

"What God, what fiend, has 'ere decreed,  
 That one should reign, while millions bleed  
 To prop the tyrant's throne?  
 Gaze on the ocean ye would sway  
 And from its mirror surface may  
 See that ye are but men.  
 But when the angry storm wind pour  
 Its chainless surges to the shore,  
 Like Canute you may then, a fearful lesson learn  
 When like that troubled sea,  
 Men rose in fearful might determined to be free."

So Pierrepont wrote, and so we here may copy.

Paris was known under the Emperor Julian, surnamed the apostate, as Lutetia. He speaks of "his dear Lutetia being mild in temperature, and abound in wild graves of a large size; the water of the river was excellent to drink and navigable winter and summer." Such was not the climate this winter. The cold was intense, the snow was deep and remained on the ground for many weeks, and the Seine was frozen over. However this was an exceptionally cold season.

TIM FAGAN.

## IN MEMORY

OF AN ENGINEER AND FIREMAN WHO WERE KILLED IN 1873.

ON, on, through the dark rushed the night express,  
 With its hot and fiery breath;  
 But little thought the brave engineer,  
 He was rushing on to his death.  
 On, on; and the stations went whirling past,  
 And were left behind in their trail;  
 But the heart of the engineer beat light,  
 As he bounded over the rail.  
 "Ho, mate," said he, "'twas late when we left,  
 But our engine is working prime,  
 And if nothing goes wrong as we go along,  
 We'll take in our train on time;  
 Then pile in another chunk or two,  
 And scatter the embers red,  
 And tallow her cylinder cups, while I  
 Keep a good look-out ahead."  
 Soon a station was reached, and a short stop made,  
 Then onward again they glide,  
 And they thundered along like an avalanche,  
 Down the royal mountain side.  
 But never a thought to fear gave they,  
 As they rattled along their way;  
 They stopped again where the light shone bright,  
 By the shores of Burlington Bay.  
 'Ere long the conductor's voice was heard.  
 "All right, engineer, go ahead;"

He jumped on his engine merrily,  
 And onward again they sped.  
 "You needn't let up," the fireman said,  
 When to stony creek they drew near;  
 "'Thirteen' is on the siding all right,  
 And the main line must be clear."  
 "Great God, the switch is open!  
 Jump, mate, and save your life;  
 Quick, quick! Too late—God help us both,  
 And God help my poor wife!"  
 In a second more they had left the track,  
 With a fearful maddening bound;  
 A jerk and a whirl from right to left,  
 And the engine was upside down.  
 And beneath it lay the brave engineer,  
 And his fireman by his side;  
 'Twas a sorry sight to see them both,  
 Cut off in their manhood prime.  
 In a few days more the engineer was laid,  
 With his fireman 'neath the sod;  
 For his memory well may claim a tear,  
 For a better or braver engineer never run on a railroad.

STRATFORD, No. 38.

## MY MURDER.

### A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S STORY.

**A**FTER all, we way station telegraph operators are not without our little bit of romance occasionally, and I think I can show that we are not entirely without a certain amount of responsibility; unless one of our number by carelessness suddenly plunges a train into destruction by failing to deliver or understand orders.

The time of which I write was one pleasant afternoon in early autumn, the 22d day of September, 1876, and, as the occurrence has made a deep and vivid impression on my mind, I can not forget the day, which was Friday.

At that time I had been an agent and operator on the ——— railroad a little while over two months. The line was directly through parts of Indiana and Illinois, and some of the stations had no telegraph office, consequently the order distance was somewhat lengthy, and there was but one office between mine and Cowans, twelve miles west.

On this day I was quietly puffing my meerschaum in the little bay window of my office, and wishing something to relieve the monotony, when the operator at Cowens called the train dispatcher and said an engine had sprung her throttle with one hundred and forty pounds of steam, and gone east, while the fireman had gone to lunch, and the engineer, who was oiling around, had no time to get on.

All was still as death for a minute, when the dispatcher began to call G—, the only station between mine and Cowens; for fully five minutes he called him, using the signal "23," which means death, but still no answer, and still the monotonous

click of the armature; presently he answered in a dazed, hurried manner, and when asked about the engine, said it had passed there at a fearful rate of speed, at fourteen minutes past four, with no person visible.

It was only six miles more to me, and an excursion was on its way west with a heavy load of tired picknickers and had actually left a station only eight miles east of me, the first telegraph office, at two minutes past four.

The dispatcher called me furiously, and being at hand and expectant, I answered him immediately. When he said, "Turn your switch and wreck engine No. 11, going east wild." I replied quickly, "I can not without an indemnity order," and after hasty consultation with the superintendent, as I afterward learned, he went ahead with an order, whose unusual form and wording roused many a lazy "brass sounder" from a doze. It was like this:

"TO OPERATOR: Wreck wild engine No. 11, at your eastern switch-gate to avoid collision. Company will uphold and defend you. D. R. B."

I immediately returned my "13," or "understanding," received my "correct" at 4:18 P. M., and turned to look for the engine, when, although the conversation between myself and the dispatcher had consumed but four minutes, I saw her coming at the greatest rate of speed I ever witnessed, and snatching my order I ran to the switch-gate, about one hundred and fifty feet, and when I had unlocked and thrown the rail, the roaring monster was only about one hundred feet away. I had my watch in my hand, and stepped quickly back out of harm's way, when at exactly twenty minutes past four she went over, and such an unearthly crash I hope I may never hear or see again!

The dirt and stones flew fifty feet into the air, the engine turned over and stopped on her side, pushing a splinter of the cab on the whistle valve, and there she lay, a seething, hissing, screeching mass of rubbish.

But above the din and rattle, I heard one wild despairing shriek for help, and when I could get close enough to see anything, I found what, had it not been for his face, would never have been recognized as a man, in the crushed and bleeding mass of flesh that lay under one huge driver; but the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized an escaped madman who, it seems, had climbed on the engine at Cowens, unobserved, and pulling open the throttle had started on a wild, awful ride to the gate of death.

When the excursion train came up ten minutes later, they said they found me standing by the engine, gazing alternately at the bloody driver and my written order, still tightly clasped in my hand.

I was unconscious of everything, save that I had obeyed orders and had thereby taken a life. They say I fainted, but I knew nothing from the instant I discovered that white, bloodless face, until four days after, when I awakened apparently out of a dream. My first question was, "Did the excursion get in safely?"

The Coroner held an inquest as soon as I could be examined, and the verdict was:

"We, the jury, find that Albert Long came to his death by being crushed beneath a locomotive which was wrecked by J. L. B., an operator on the ——— R. R., according to the order of D. R. B., his Superintendent and superior officer. And we find further that no blame can be attached to J. L. B., D. R. B., or the said Railroad Company, as the engine was wrecked to save a heavily loaded excursion, and said Albert Long, being a madman, was on the engine in direct opposition to the Company's orders."

I have that order and a copy of that verdict side by side in my diary, where they shall always remain.

Often in my dreams I see an unrecognizable mass of quivering flesh and broken bones beneath the huge driver, and a white, unscarred face presents itself to my gaze. A sudden shriek will almost craze me, and I am tempted to go where railroads are unknown, where the hissing and screeching can not reach me.—[*Lowell, Mass., Weekly Sun.*]

## A BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE DENOMINATIONS.

ON the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the windowpane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission school," I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist," I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stop at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a Union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track; straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their ticket before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches;

cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of any accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train-dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent where that road ran to, and he said 'he hoped to die if he knew.' I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said 'he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers.' I asked him who he reported to and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said 'he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost.' And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said 'he'd like to see any one give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch.' Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to undertake it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest roads in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; direction doesn't interfere with Division Superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the Division Superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I asked.

"Now your shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh! Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; and when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country were the passengers feel more at home. No passes, every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse airbrakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile

with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do, river on one side and hill on the other, and it is a steady climb up the grade all the way till the road ends where the fountain-head begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But here the long whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting :

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"—[*Burlington Hawkeye*.]

How poor are all the hereditary honors,  
Those poor possessions from another's deeds  
Unless our own just virtues form our title  
And give a sanction to our fond assumption.

—[*Shirley*.]

The man that dares traduce because he can  
With safety to himself, is not a man.

—[*Corper*.]

Whoever amidst the sons  
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue,  
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
Of nature's own creating.

—[*Thomson*.]

A little rule a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

—[*Pope*.]

Oh, grant me, heaven, a middle state,  
Neither too humble, nor too great;  
More than enough for nature's ends,  
With something left to treat my friends.

—[*Mallet*.]

Gold is worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than any mortal drug.

—[*Shakspeare*.]

Oh, many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant;  
And many a word at random spoken,  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

—[*Scott*.]

Revenge at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

—[*Milton*.]

## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**MILK BEER.**—This is a new article of diet, said to be largely used in France for medical purposes, and recently patented in the United States. The object of the inventor is to manufacture a beer which will possess special nutritive and hygienic qualities, and this object he attains by using whey in the place of water in the manufacture of ordinary beer. The proportions are as follows: 33<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> kilogrammes of malt, 150 liters of whey and 60 grammes of hops. The whey should be freshly prepared and free from lactic fermentation. With these quantities a hectoliter of the improved (?) beer will be produced. It is claimed that albuminous matter and salts, which the milk contains, and are identical to those in the blood, are added, and render the beer nutritious.

**NUTMEGS A NARCOTIC.**—The fact that nutmegs have a strong narcotic property has long been known, but they are in such common use and so favorite a condiment, being used in small quantities, that their dangerous nature, when taken in large quantities, has been overlooked. A physician reports the case of a nurse insisting on a female patient drinking nutmeg tea, in which one and a half nutmegs were used, the whole of which she drank during the day. About ten at night she began to get drowsy, and by four o'clock the next morning was in a profound stupor. By ten the next morning it began to wear off, and by four in the evening she had recovered. The symptoms were about the same as if opium had been taken.

**ELECTRO-DYNAMIC MACHINES.**—Dr. Werner Siemens and the German Postmaster-General have founded an Electro-Technical Society in Berlin. The former stated at a meeting last week that his new electro-dynamic machine had been so improved by Herr Von Hefner that its action is actually cheaper than the locomotive for short distances. He proposes, therefore, to construct light overhead rails, along which carriages would be propelled by the new engine, which, as we have above indicated, has been perfected since it was shown at the Berlin Industrial Exhibition. The dynamic engine is also applicable to locomotives, in order to increase their tractive power.

**NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.**—The Rev. D. W. Garrett, of England, has invented a new torpedo-boat, which, besides being able to be used as a torpedo-boat, has the power of sinking and remaining under water for many hours, and can, therefore, easily enter a blockaded port unperceived. No compressed air is carried, but the air in the boat is maintained at its normal composition by a chemical apparatus invented by Mr. Garrett. When under water also, no smoke or gas is given off, although an engine of considerable power is kept in motion. Mr. Garrett and a party of friends started off in this new boat from Liverpool to Portsmouth, but, after thirty-six hours journey in a thick fog, a great part of the time being spent under the water, they put into Rhyl, as they were not prepared for an extended trip. The boat proved a thorough success, and easily performs all that was expected of her, and thus becomes one of the most deadly weapons of modern warfare.

**THE HIGHEST MAGNIFYING POWER EVER REACHED.**—One of the first questions asked by a person who looks at a microscope is "What is its power?" and others ask, "What is the highest power ever reached?" Of simple microscopes or hand-glasses, as they may be termed, one sent to the Royal Society of England, by Di

Tarre, of Naples, was said to magnify 2,500 diameters. It was lent to Baker for trial, but he could make nothing of it, and states his sight was seriously injured by trying to use it. With compound microscopes the highest power ever reached, so far as we know, is 100,000 diameters. This was obtained about ten years ago by Dr. Dickinson, of New York City. Under such a power a single human blood corpuscle would be over thirty-six inches in diameter, or the size of a small cart-wheel. A human hair thus magnified would rival the giant trees of California, for it would be over forty feet in diameter. A fly would appear as a monster three quarters of a mile long, and a claw of a honey-bee would stretch across the widest street and clasp the houses on both sides. Of course, in such a case the whole fly could not be seen under the microscope, as a small part of one of the facets of its compound eye would fill the whole field, so that the "fly" would not appear at all. This power was obtained by artificial means, and all sharp definition was lost, thus for real work of any practical use such a power when obtained is worthless. The highest recorded magnifying power of scientific value was that obtained by Dr. Lionel Beale, who obtained 10,000 diameters with a one-eighth objective. He uses a long tube in preference to high eye-pieces, and no amplifier.

#### THE TASIMETER AT SEA.

To ascertain the relation of the tasimeter to the detection of icebergs at a distance at sea a reporter called on Mr. Edison, the inventor of that instrument, at his laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J. The renowned scientist was hard at work in a room on the floor of which was arranged benches and tables filled with scores of curious electrical instruments and whose walls were lined with hundreds of vials of chemicals of all sorts and descriptions.

"Then it is about the tasimeter and not the electric light that you came to interview me?" queried the inventor doubtfully, after the reporter had announced the object of his visit. The man of the pen repeated his announcement and assured the man of science that the tasimeter and that only should be the object of the interview.

"I'm glad of that," said the inventor, with a sigh of relief as he seated himself on a huge volume on electricity that lay conveniently on a low wooden stand near by. "I thought you came about the light, but I'm not ready quite yet to undergo examination as to that."

"Will the tasimeter indicate the approach of icebergs at sea long before there is danger of a collision?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly it will. It can be made so sensitive that it will detect and show the minutest variation in the temperature of the water. But for practical purposes on ships at sea such delicacy is not needed. It can be adjusted to meet the proper requirements."

"How is it applied on ships?"

"It is very simple. The tasimeter itself is a small instrument placed in a little case about a foot long, and attached to the vessel so as to be under water all the time. It is then connected by a wire with a couple of cells of battery and a galvanometer. The galvanometer can be in the wheel house, the captain's cabin, or anywhere else desired. At every change of the temperature the needle of the galvanometer deflects. The colder the water becomes the more deflection there will

be. As a further precaution, at a certain temperature, which can be arranged to suit, the needle will cause a little bell to ring to warn the captain that danger is at hand."

The inventor then explained in detail the construction of the tasimeter. Its description is briefly this: A thin strip of zinc is placed horizontally in a clamp at one end with its other end pressing lightly on a small carbon button. As heat expands and cold contracts the metal there will be more or less pressure upon the carbon button, according as the temperature is hot or cold. Now, the property of the carbon is such that when a current of electricity is passed through it the slightest change in the degree of pressure upon the carbon will vary the resistance which it offers to the passage of the electrical current so that the effect produced on the galvanometer in the captain's cabin (which is connected with the tasimeter by wire, as before stated) will be commensurate with the degree of pressure produced on the carbon by the strip of metal.

"But suppose the wire from the tasimeter to the galvanometer should be accidentally cut?" queried the reporter, after having copiously imbibed the scientific draught, "how could the Captain know it?"

"No trouble about that," readily responded the inventor. "Any derangement of the apparatus, from whatever cause, would instantly be shown by the galvanometer needle falling back to zero."

"Then you think the tasimeter would be infallible in foretelling the approach of icebergs?"

"I certainly do," said the inventor with emphasis.

"And would not an electric light also add to a ship's security?"

"Most undoubtedly. A powerful electric light, its rays concentrated, would light up the sea far ahead in the darkest night or densest fog and show the approach of any danger."

At this point the deliver in science arose from his book and resumed his labors by attaching a complicated net work of glass tubes, through some of which mercury was softly flowing, the apparatus he explained, being one for obtaining vacuums for use in his incandescent system of lighting.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

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Of a barber shop that was formerly a law-office the paper says that people get shaved there just the same.

At long range it is pretty hard to tell whether a man is playing a harmonica or gnawing an ear of green corn. The movement is precisely the same in both cases. [*Keokuk Gate City.*]

A young man applied to his employer for a vacation, and was asked if he could not defer the matter. "I would," he said, "but the fact is, I am going to be married, and I want to be there when it comes off." He was excused.

"Is there any opening here for an intelligent writer?" asked a seedy red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes my friend," replied the man of quills; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right."

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your prices for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

THE most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe, when it was between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no! but the man who put his umbrella to bed, and went and stood behind the door.—[*Lafayette Leader*.]

It makes a mother's heart revert to her younger days when she comes into the parlor the next morning after her daughter's beau has been around, and finds only one chair in front of the fireplace, and the others sitting along the wall, as if they hadn't been touched for three years.

If we wanted to paint a picture representing intense feeling of embarrassment and anger whitewashed with a thin coat of the most guileless innocence, we would select for our subject a young lady who had suddenly sat down on a banana peel on a crowded street.—[*Manchester Weekly Times*.]

ONE of the secretaries of a Church Missionary Society, a distinguished man, was about to preach to a colored congregation, when he was introduced by the regular minister of the church, a black man, in these words: "Now, den, breddun, I'se heah to infom you dat Bruddah Blank is gwine to preach to you to-day. He is de Secretary of de Missionary Society, a distinguished an' a eloquent man—in fac', my breddun, he is a soundin' brass' an' a tinklin' cymbal."

A FREAK of a tornado at Reno, Nev., is thus described: "Moorman Cutter started out with a half-gallon of whisky, to take to his sick mother. He was found some hours afterward lying behind a fence on the hill. He said that he stepped around a corner to fix a cork in the jug, and while he was taking the measure of the orifice of the jug, a tremendous wind came down on him. It sucked the liquor clean out of the jug, blew it down his throat, and turned the jug inside out. He could remember nothing more."

## A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY NUX VOMICA.

IT was midnight. The moon had veiled its face from the world below. The stars, man's best friends, whose eyes twinkle at his mistakes, and fill with tears at his misfortunes, had to-night closed their eye lids, refusing it would seem, to countenance by their light the dark scene about to be enacted. The calm that precedes a storm had settled upon all nature. The scene changes. The dark, threatening clouds, so long confined, were filling the air with muttered warnings. Sharp flashes of lightning occasionally piercing the gloom made the darkness still more intense. The deep rooted pines, that had for years withstood the onslaught of storms and laughed defiance at the mad lashing of summer gales, were to-night helpless in the hands of the elements, and stripped of their branches, they moaned and sighed at the destruction that had come upon them. Each successive flash of light coming from the great beyond revealed a large white house standing silent and alone.

The storm without increased in violence. Within the mansion silence reigned

as deep and undisturbed as that which inhabits the grave. Those within lay quietly sleeping, unmindful of danger, and enjoying that sweet repose that accompanies a conscience void of offense. There were two persons in the house—the one, a man beloved by his friends, and respected by his enemies; times without number had he placed the cup of cold water to his neighbor's lips, and many a poor woman, applying a fresh faggot to the dying embers, had with uplifted eyes and clasped hands prayed God to bless him as the friend of the widow and fatherless.

Although he had yet scarcely reached the top of the hill of years, Mr. Graham had a well established reputation for honesty and business integrity, and a record of which any man might well be proud.

Now, as our minister used to say, "I have the picture upon the canvas." I have told you all the good things I could about Mr. Graham, and now I must say, with all his virtues, he had his failings.

In conversation with a friend a few days before the event about to be recorded, concerning a recent burglary, he said: "I do not wish to take a human life, but let one come to my house in the dead of night, with the purpose and intent of robbery, and I would shoot him on the spot. As I said before, I do not want my hands stained with human blood, but I have a home and a wife to protect, and that I will do, even at the sacrifice of my own life. I seriously hope, for the sake of my wife, that nothing of the kind will happen at our house, as she is nervous and excitable, and I fear the shock would be too much for her."

Perhaps, reader, in your experience with men, you have met with such a character as Mr. Graham. There were quite a number of them around the last time I looked. Men, you know, who, when their neighbor comes down in the morning and relates his experience with a burglar the night previous, how he heard him at the blinds, and looking out, saw him stealing along the side of the house, and, after stamping around the room several times, ask him why he didn't go right up and grab him, remarking they would like to see some burglar fooling around their house in that way. These are the kind of men who are very brave in the day time, but when the day puts its night-cap on, and the black curtain of night is drawn over the world, they seem to lose their grip; their backbone loses its stiffness, and, in walking home late at night, they imagine every tree is a man, and that every post wears pants.

Have you been awakened from a sound sleep at about 2 o'clock in the morning and fancied you heard a noise in the adjoining room? You heard the clock tick ominously, and one of those long, cold, slimy shivers would start at your heels and feel its way swiftly the whole length of your back, and, before you had time to crawl under the bed, another one would start at the same place and travel in the same direction. Oh! how you wished it was morning, and then, when daylight fairly came, you remember how you told your friends how somebody was prowling around your house the night before, and how you laid for them, and you just wished they'd come again, you'd fix 'em.

It was under circumstances similar to these that Mr. Graham was awakened this dark, stormy night by his wife.

A loud crash was heard down stairs, then all was quiet. At the earnest solicitation of his wife Mr. G. had dragged himself from the bed, but his feet refused to move, his hands clutched the bed clothes convulsively, his eyes started from their sockets, and with a shudder he sank back helpless upon the bed, a used-up commu-

nity. Again his wife urged him to take the light, proceed down stairs and determine the cause of the disturbance. Casting a reproachful look upon her he said: "Wife, do you want me murdered? Who would protect you if I should be taken away? I will never leave you when there is danger around. Let's lay quietly in bed and make believe we are asleep, we haven't got much they can take anyway."

"James Graham, I propose to know what's going on in this house to-night, and if you ain't got spunk enough to go, I'll go alone."

"Well, wife, if you go, I'll go with you; you just take the light and go ahead, and I'll keep right behind you with this pitcher of water, and if I see anybody I'll let fly at them."

So the solemn procession started. Mrs. Graham held the light high above her head, and tiptoeing along behind came her bold husband. Cautiously descending the stairs the procession wended its way to the dining room. Mrs. Graham bravely threw open the door; the draught extinguished the light, and Mr. Graham thinking the burglars were upon him, threw the water and pitcher with all his might and started for the stairs on a dead run, leaving his wife to follow as best as she could. The pitcher, of course, came down; but fortunately, it did not come in contact with the person of Mrs. Graham. But the water—true to the law of gravitation—also came down, and, unfortunately for Mrs. Graham—as she was attired in her evening costume—it struck her squarely on the head, and leisurely ran the whole length of her body. After groping her way back up the stairs and striking a light, she looked around for her husband, but he was nowhere to be seen. After calling him loudly several times, he at last lifted the bed clothes from his head and asked his wife, in piteous tones, if it wasn't pretty near morning.

Upon investigation, next morning, it was found that one of the shutters had become detached from the building, and the wind, blowing strongly from the right direction, had forced it against the window, breaking several of the glasses. This was the crash that was heard.

The papers next morning contained the following account of the night's proceedings:

**DARING ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY!** The following account of the attempted burglary at the residence of our respected townsman and fellow-citizen, Mr. Graham, will be read with interest by all who have the honor of his acquaintance. We get this account from Mr. Graham himself, who we have no doubt could truthfully magnify the facts here recorded were it not for his modesty and his wish to give to the matter no undue publicity. At about 12 o'clock last night, he was awakened by hearing a disturbance in the room directly underneath the one in which he was sleeping. Slipping quietly from the bed, so as not to arouse his wife, who is very nervous and excitable, he took his revolver and started down stairs. The thieves must have heard him coming, for they were just departing through the front door as he came in sight. He fired three shots at them, and he is confident he must have hit one of them, as there were several drops of blood on the steps next morning. Nothing of value has been missed. Mr. Graham is entitled to a great deal of credit for the prompt manner in which he acted on this occasion, and we will say we think if we had in our town a few more men of pluck, such as Mr. Graham, we would have fewer midnight prowlers.

For the first time in a good while, Mr. Graham neglected that night to take the evening paper home to his wife.—*Temperance Vedette*, (Texas.)

## Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Like the bright shining of the sun after many dark days of gloom comes an act by President Vanderbilt of the New York Central and Hudson River, Michigan Central and Lake Shore, and Michigan Southern Railroads. By his act in restoring wages to employes, he has rendered a just tribute to the worth of those in the employ of railroads over which he has control, and has given all faithful and true men a new incentive to pursue a strictly honorable course towards the companies by which they are employed.

How many brave hearts will be made glad by this just and righteous act of one of the great railroad magnates of the country? For by this action they are led to believe that a general resumption of fair and honorable compensation for honest and faithful service will soon be the rule on all first-class roads.

We append an article from the *Railroad Age* of March 11, which shows clearly that the clouds are breaking, and we may reasonably hope for better days in the near future: "The following table shows the reduced and the restored rates on the New York Central which are about the same on the other roads named:

	Reduced rate.	Restored rate.
Engineers, per day.....	\$3.15	\$3.50
Firemen, per day.....	1.58	1.75
Brakemen, per day.....	1.58	1.75
Switchmen, per month.....	36.00	40.00
Yard hands, per month.....	\$36.00 to \$49.50	\$40 to \$55
Shop hands, per month.....	38.50 to 112.50	45 to 125

This means an increase, on this road alone, of over \$40,000 per month, or say \$500,000 per year in its pay rolls—a voluntary contribution to his employes creditable to the president's sense of justice, and deserved by the recipients. The Pennsylvania company has announced its intention to restore wages to the old basis, and other companies are preparing to do the same, or have already done so. Some never reduced their rates, and others made only slight reductions, and so of course can not be expected to make the same increase as those named. The general improvement in business, however, which, it must not be forgotten, is accompanied by an advance in the cost of living, makes it only just that every company that can possibly do so should at once place the pay of its men on a fair living basis, if it has been cut down below that point."

### INTEMPERANCE.

If by some magic, as yet unknown to human experience, the appalling results of indulgence in intoxicating drinks could be seen through the first glass raised to the lips, in all probability the first drink would not be taken, but instead, the tempting poison would be dashed aside as though the eye had beheld a centipede coiled in the bottom of the glass. It is incredible to reason that in the face of the Iliad of misery, crime and poverty, which follows in the wake of drunkenness, men should go on from day to day, enmeshing themselves in a coil more slimy and

inexorable than that of the serpents which crushed, with horrible torture, the life out of the doomed priest of Neptune. We seriously doubt if there is a man in the world, who is not in the end more or less injured financially, as well as mentally and physically, by "an occasional drink."

The occasional drink is the parent of the frequent drink, and if it be true, as it almost universally is, that occasional drinking is productive of misfortune, what shall be said of that daily intemperance which leads to habitual drunkenness? or of that habitual drunkenness which leads to the commission of crime? or of that crime which leads to the corridor of the prison? or of that prison which opens to the gallows? or of that gallows from whose fatal drop the disfigured image of God is hurled into the abyss of eternity? We shudder at the picture, but who of our readers does not know that every line of it is true? No man is safe who puts an enemy in his stomach, which steals away his brains. No father can do his duty to his children; no husband can discharge his obligations to his wife; and no man can fulfill his mission among his fellows, who becomes the slave of this mind-destroying, body-shattering, virtue-killing tyrant, whose generic name is alcohol.

We have seen his victims among the most gifted sons of earth. His subjects are the most abject and powerless that ever did the inglorious bidding of a master. Study your acquaintances and learn truly if any of them who make use of intoxicants in any form, are the better for it in your opinion. We wish this warning could stay every hand which lifts the cup, which inebriates, to the lips. It stingeth like an adder. At home the faces of the little cherubs grow pinched and thin for lack of the food and the comfort which the money squandered in the saloon would more than purchase. At home the patient and sorely tried wife hopes against hope for a better day, when her husband will come home with that greeting of gentleness and love which never falls from tongues stiffened by beer, and hearts made callous by whisky.

At home the carpets wear out, the broken dishes are not replaced, the faded dress is not restored, and the shoes are full of holes through which the wind and cold penetrate to chilled feet, which bring on hacking coughs, early consumption, and premature death. Is it the fault of the wife and mother? Are the innocent children to blame? No, a thousand times no! One, five, ten dollars were wasted in a debauch last night. The same thing has been done before and so it comes about that things begin to give out. The home begins to look shabby and forbidding, and the aching heart of the poor wife thinks how different it might all be if he would only not drink. God pity her! and God pity him, the victim of an appetite which, if not speedily and firmly checked, will with immitigable certainty lead him from misfortune to shame, from shame to despair, from despair to crime or the grave.

If it were any advantage to men to drink liquor occasionally, there might be some valid excuse for the habit, but the stern fact is that the atom of good which it may sometimes be instrumental in doing, is buried under mountains of evil which have been reared by it. Very few men drink liquor because they truly and conscientiously believe that it is a benefit to them, and still fewer of those who have deceived themselves by specious logic into this belief really are benefitted by it.

This article is addressed to the candid consideration of all men who use liquor in any form or quantity, and especially to all members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. You will read it and say to this proposition, "That is true;" and to that, "It is so." But will you do more? will you think of your wife and

children, of your mother, or sisters, or sweetheart, and last but not least, of yourself, and have the manliness to confess the danger you run by tampering with this infinite and destroying vice, and the courage to turn from it, and so become a better and happier man? Or will you throw aside the paper, casually confessing that there is some truth in what we say, and leisurely saunter in the first saloon you come across and take a drink? If the latter, heaven have pity on the dear ones whose love and trust are in your keeping, for a time will come when they will shrink from you in fear, or hide their faces in shame when you return at night to the once happy home your folly has converted into a pitiable and cheerless hut of misery. You may think there is a time to stop after awhile, but what wretched thousands have gone on in that thought only to find that "after awhile" was never found, save in a neglected corner of the church-yard, where wild vines creep over sunken graves. You may think that you are not as other men, and that you are strong enough to resist the temptation to drink, whenever there is any necessity for it; but as strong men as you have said the same and found to their humiliation and horror that alcohol was mighty enough to destroy their strength, and drive reason itself from the throne where it should have reigned supreme. There are thousands of reasons in favor of temperance, aye, of total abstinence, and not one in favor of habitual or occasional drinking. It is the occasional glass, the social cup, which must be avoided if you would escape danger. O! do not touch it, do not touch it! It may be pleasant to the taste at first, but in the end it is madness and want, bedlam and the grave; and life, life which ought to be so gentle and true and sacred, will have been transformed into a ghastly, fury-slinging flame, and stained with blood and crime.

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### MORAL ADVANCEMENT.

A few years ago a railroad man was looked upon as the essence of degradation. Everywhere he was shunned as though he had been a viper and the doors of society were shut in his face. But a marvelous change has taken place. Out of the vile and contemptible railroad man of yore has evolved the refined and cultivated engineman of to-day.

We do not mean to say that all railroad men have been morally corrupt in their day, but speaking of them as a class, our readers will agree with us that there were but a few of them who were really exceptions. May we ask how this change has been wrought, and from what source first sprang the great moralizer? Let us investigate. We will look at the Locomotive Firemen of our day and compare their moral standing with that of only a few years ago. Is it not evident that they have grown grander and better in every respect? They are better educated, wear better clothes, and have more comfortable homes than they used to have. The reason for this can be easily given. For the past six years the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, one of the leading organizations in the land, has exerted its splendid influence over the firemen of our country.

Our nation is dotted everywhere with lodges, and these are frequented each week by those who desire to improve themselves. A little while ago the whisky shop was the Sunday resort for railroad men, but now they have a better place to spend their leisure time. The organization takes them by the hand and pulling them up from the shades of ignorance and immorality, places them upon an

exalted plane of equality. We can not think of a more pleasant or profitable way to spend an evening or a Sunday afternoon than to meet in our lodge-room and give each other advice and instruction upon matters relating to the welfare of our Order. We seek to help each other, as well as the families dependent upon us for support. We want to be sober, intelligent and industrious citizens, and we want our families to be well provided for, and in order to attain this desirable end we must cling to our Brotherhood. The widows and orphans of our deceased brothers must be sheltered and provided for, and wherever a member goes down in the darkness of death, his wife and little ones will at least be spared the infinite pain and humiliation of having to become beggars.

We will stand by each other hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, and with an upward look we shall, with the beneficence of our organization, soon attain a moral standing among men that no class of laborers need be ashamed of.

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WE are in receipt of a communication from H. J. Walls, enclosing a petition to the Senate and House of Representatives asking the passage of a bill "to create a department of manufacturers, mechanics and mines." The general scope of the bill embraces many excellent features, among which are "securing information in relation to mechanical productions and report as to the condition of the producing classes as represented by wage-workers, especially as to their wages and cost of living as compared with the value of productions, and report on the moral, social, educational and sanitary condition of laborers, and as to causes which may operate injuriously upon these conditions."

There are many valuable measures incorporated in the bill, and we gladly recommend all laborers and wage men to encourage the circulation of the petition.

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### A WAR SHIP'S NOBLE MISSION.

The following letter explains itself:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 25.

*To Commander E. E. Potter, Commanding the Constitution, Navy Yard, New York:*

SIR—So soon as her cargo is on board you will proceed, in command of the Constitution, to Dublin, Ireland, and there deliver the cargo to the "Herald Relief Committee" for disposition at their discretion. You will make known to the committee that the cargo of provisions is contributed by a few generous-hearted citizens of the United States to relieve the wants of the suffering people of Ireland, whose condition has aroused extraordinary sympathy in the American mind. Congress, in obedience to this sympathy, has directed these donations shall be conveyed on a National man-of-war, and I have designated the Constitution for that purpose. I am sure it will be a more agreeable duty to take her without her guns upon this mission of peace and benevolence, than to command her upon a warlike expedition. Your visit will enable the people of Ireland to realize that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and that, in this age, these victories do more to create amicable relations between people of different nationalities, and to draw them closer together, than the roar of battle.

Very respectfully,

R. W. THOMPSON, Secretary of the Navy.

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## Correspondence.

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SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 3, 1880.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine*—Dear Sir: Having in previous articles described my trip to and my impressions of this country, and having described my manner of living here, I will simply state for the benefit of my friends in the east that I still like the life of a farmer, and have no desire to return to railroading.

Since commencing work on the ranche I have planted 2,500 eucalyptus trees, 100 Monterey cypress trees for ornament, 300 olive trees and 600 grape vine cuttings, besides doing other work necessary on a farm. We now have about 3,500 trees on the place, including orange, lemon, fig, apricot, almond, peach and apple, with those I have mentioned. The new house is nearly completed, and in a few months we will have what is said by many to be the finest place in San Diego county.

The climate is still lovely, and we have been blessed with a bountiful supply of rain this season. Fruit trees are in blossom; strawberries also. Barley and wheat are ten inches high, and I dug a mess of new potatoes yesterday. The prospect for crops of all kinds is very encouraging.

I am expecting my brother next Sunday, your worthy P. V. G. M. He will not be able to do any work for some time, owing to the unfortunate accident he met with last December on the I. C. R. R. His hand, though improving, is still useless, but I think Jack will make a good boss and will not have to work.

I received the February Magazine last week and it was a most welcome arrival. A person in this country, apparently so far from anywhere, can appreciate anything of this kind more readily than those who live nearer to railroads, and railroad men. The testimonial resolutions, adopted by No. 47 in my behalf, were read with pleasure, and I trust I may always be held in kind remembrance by the dear brothers of that lodge. The article on insurance, by brother F. Alley, was decidedly good, and I was glad to see something from so worthy a contributor again.

I was much pained to hear of the death of brother James Leary, of No. 22. I knew the brother well, and knew him to be a strong and earnest worker in the interests of the B. of L. F.

I hope some of the brothers will answer the queries in the February number, as I am unable to do so. I have my theories but am afraid to put them on paper.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have wearied you enough with this long article, and will close. I will endeavor to write more at some future date as I do not propose to let myself be forgotten, if I am in the south-west corner of the United States, and twelve miles from being a Mexican; although as to that I am almost dark enough to be one now, as I am so tanned by being in the sun.

Fraternally yours,

R. V. DODGE, JR.

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THE DIFFERENCE.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate and common-sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not an end. Its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., February 26, 1880.

*Brother Sayre*.—I have been in hopes of seeing some correspondence from Lodge No. 43, in the columns of the Magazine, in regard to the prosperous condition of 43. We are all at work in the interest of the Magazine, with brother Ingersoll at the head, who never fails in anything he undertakes. No. 43 says that they are going to have the first prize, and I think they will. Brother Mooney is the right man in the right place, as it is plainly seen since his administration, from the success that has surrounded this Lodge. New members every meeting. Peace and harmony prevailing. A number of candidates coming in. Brothers getting married, and being promoted to the throttle. And to cap all, a very pleasant winter. Brothers Mundies and Boyer took their final degree in matrimony this week, and started out for a sunny trip through life. I understand there are a few more of the brothers about to take the same degree.

We are expecting to have better times here now, as the Missouri Pacific has come in, and the C. R. I. & P. R. R., and C. B. Q. R. R. are to be here in a few months. Business is very fair here on the roads at present. Yesterday I met brother Stone, of 57, and he is a gentleman, and an advocator of B., S. and I., and at present employed on the St. J. & W. R. R.

I will close, hoping this will give some absent brothers of 43 information, and all lodges in general. Old 43 will never give up the ship.

I remain, yours fraternally,

WALT. P., of 77.

STRATFORD, ONT, February 21, 1880.

#### BROTHERS BE HONORABLE.

Young men start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to get the best of a bargain, no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that is prosperity. Such is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity can not be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim sooner or later to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and the foundations will be certain to give way. Young men can not give these truths too much weight. The future of a young man is safe who avoids every kind of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of truth.

Brothers, be true to yourselves, be true to your fellow men, and above *all*, be true to the principles inculcated by our noble brotherhood, through which we are enabled to show our charity to the unfortunate. Hoping that all brothers will give this an earnest thought,

I am, fraternally yours,

A. M. AVON, No. 38.

#### QUERIES.

In what position is the crank when an engine is exhausting? A. M., 38.

If an engine has knocked out the front cylinder head, and the left hand pump is bursted, and you have no injector, and there is one-half the train perishable property, and must be brought to its destination, can the engine be fixed up so as to complete the trip to the end of the division with the perishable property? If so, how?

T. H. S.

## RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, B. of L. F., we were made the receipt of a beautiful pencil drawing of a locomotive head light, with the inscription, "A Happy New Year," skillfully executed, and neatly framed: and

WHEREAS, The same being the production, and presented by, Mrs. Emma Balse, the wife of our worthy brother Jacob Balse, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we tender our heartfelt thanks for her beautiful gift, and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the donor. Also a copy sent to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

Chicago, Ill. 1880.

JAMES M. MILLER, } Committee.  
WILLIAM MASONG, }

WHEREAS, At a regular meeting of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, B. of L. F., we were the receipt of a handsomely framed motto entitled, "In Unity is Strength," presented by the sister of our worthy master, Miss Pope. On motion, it was

*Resolved*, That this Lodge tender to Miss Pope, under their seal, a unanimous vote of thanks to her for her generous gift, hoping that we may always bear this motto in mind, and her who so kindly gave it. And

*Resolved*, That the same be sent to the editor of our Magazine for publication.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 18, 1880.

ALEX. MORRAH, } Committee.  
JOS. DORNCOTT, }  
JOHN SCOTT. }

At a regular meeting of Central Lodge, No. 22, held in their hall, March 7, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our worthy brother, Cal. T. Ritchey, having departed to Colorado, we, the brothers of Central Lodge, No. 22, feel the loss of one so dear to us, therefore,

*Resolved*, That the thanks of Central Lodge are due and are hereby tendered to brother Cal. T. Ritchey, for the able and worthy manner in which he performed his duty as Treasurer. Being one of the charter members, and having represented us at three Conventions, and has had the honor of all the chairs, also being one of the main pillars of our Lodge.

*Resolved*, That on leaving the position that he has so ably and worthily filled, he carries with him the regards and good wishes of all the brothers of Central Lodge, No. 22, and that they sincerely hope that his future will be brighter than the past.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to brother Cal. T. Ritchey, and also published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

Urbana, Ill., March, 7.

L. E. BECKLEY, R. S.

## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

THERE are 27 Lodges yet to report on claim No. 15. It gives our Secretary much inconvenience, also the parties to whom money is payable. Let our Financial Secretaries look into this.

BROTHER Stevens has just returned from an extensive tour through the West and North West, visiting Lodges numbers 22, 46, 63, 40, 47, 95, 50, 36, 99 and 52, and reports them in first class condition.

F. W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

## SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

E. C. CHRISTIAN has taken a final withdrawal from No. 75.

W. B. LENNING has taken his final withdrawal card from No. 93.

We report the promotion of brothers Carrol and Chaplin, of No. 86.

W. T. GOUNDIE, P. G. M., has been made an honorary member of No. 75.

Admitted by card to Bluff City Lodge, No. 55, January 10, 1880, Jake Fuchs, from No. 100.

BROTHERS Calkins and Weiss, of No. 27, have taken the right side of their engines. We wish them well.

JAS. WHEAT, of No. 22, will learn something to his advantage by immediately corresponding with his Lodge.

No. 52 reports Good Will as flourishing, and was much pleased with the visit of our Grand Organizer, S. M. Stevens.

We learn of the illness of brothers Thompson, Nichols and Burgin, of No. 5. Brother Wooley reports them recovering under the good care of friends.

IN our January and February numbers we made a serious mistake in reporting J. Donavan expelled from No. 4, instead of No. 43. Giles Cook reinstated, and not Geo. Giles.

BROTHER Joe M. Middleton will learn something to his interest by communicating with his division. Any brother knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor by notifying Kansas City Lodge, No. 74.

BROTHER Alex. M. Cronin has taken an engine on the South Eastern Railway for a few months. Brother Clark reports No. 55 in a flourishing condition, with thirteen new applications on hand. Long live Bluff City.

ANY brother knowing the whereabouts of Oscar Grubs, a member of No. 27, will confer a favor by communicating with E. D. Eckman, R. S., box 399, Cedar Rapids. When last heard from he was in Denver, Colorado.

BROTHER Myron Olmstead, of No. 77, paid us a social call at our sanctum, as he was wending his way westward, searching for the hidden wealth of Leadville. Myron looks well after a short sojourn at the Oneida Community.

NOAH W. PARKER, our able and most worthy friend and contributor, has been lying quite ill at Dodsonville, Ohio. We wish him a speedy recovery. Our readers will be pleased to see a poem from his pen in No. 4, as usual.

BROTHER L. E. Beckley, under date of February 20, informs us that he has been favored with a call from a ten pound boy who will hereafter go through life bearing the euphaneous patronimic of Ellsworth Sayres Beckley. Success to all recruits.

## BLACK LIST.

No. 5. E. Wise rejected.

No. 10. Geo. Roberts, John Sweeney, John Murphy, W. P. Thompson, P. Kunz, F. Dean and S. M. Forbes, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 30. J. H. Buckley and M. J. Stearns, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 34. G. E. Howell, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 34. Louis L. Kinch expelled for defrauding members.

No. 43. N. Caruthers, rejected.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block,	Indiana-
poliis, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPFER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kan.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSE. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa.	
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M.	
and B. Hall, Water street.	
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....	Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....	Rec. Sec'y
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....	Fin. Sec'y
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,	
Magazine Agents.	
5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets every	
Sunday at 1:30 P. M.	
A. Jenkinson.....	Master
T. Wooley.....	Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Miles.....	Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....	Magazine Agent
JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets	
2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall,	
at 7:30 P. M.	
A. J. Gabard.....	Master
L. M. Phipps.....	Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley.....	Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder.....	Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in	
B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday	
nights of each month.	
F. W. Arnold.....	Master
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)	
W. K. Redmond.....	Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)	
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.).....	Fin. Sec'y
Jno. McClure.....	Magazine Agent
(160 south High street.)	
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets	
every other Sunday, commencing April	
6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave.	
and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.	
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....	Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y	
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....	Fin. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....	Magazine Agent
No. 6 Fruit st.	
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J.	
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d	
and 4th Sundays of each month.	
J. S. Gorgas.....	Master
P. C. Everitt.....	Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....	Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....	Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets	
every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall,	
253 Michigan street.	
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....	Master
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....	Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....	Fin. Sec'y
I. H. Crossman.....	Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets	
1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock	
over Citizens National Bank, Washing-	
ton street.	
Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.).....	Master
W. N. Sayre.....	Rec. Sec'y
Jos. Zahms.....	Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....	Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the	
2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2	
o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N.	
E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.	
R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office.....	Master
E. V. Debs, do.....	Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....	Fin. Sec'y
W. P. Saunders.....	Magazine Agent
No. 825 North Ninth street.	
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets	
in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday	
evening at 7 o'clock.	
T. A. Galloway.....	Master
(East St. Louis, Ill.)	
C. A. Cripps.....	Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
F. B. Wheeler.....	Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st	
and 3d Sundays of each month at Engi-	
neer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and	
Division streets.	
Wm. Underhill.....	Master
J. S. Holm.....	Rec. Sec'y
R. Von Harten.....	Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....	Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo.	
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30,	
in Engineers' Hall.	
Wm. Stevenson.....	Master
H. Obenhouse.....	Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Hayes.....	Fin. Sec'y
W. J. Edy.....	Magazine Agent

22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
W. J. Thompson do.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec.  
J. A. McMugh, Broadway Hotel.....Mag. Agt
25. **CONNECTING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
R. S. Pike.....Master  
Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn.....Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois.....Master  
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, Waterloo, Iowa.....Fin. Sec'y  
O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
J. I. Steel (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons.....Mag. Ag't
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith.....Master  
Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith.....Master  
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hincheliff.....Master  
H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall.  
Angus Menish.....Master  
Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.  
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master  
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y  
(C. and A. engine house.)  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn.....Master  
F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills.....} Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger.....}
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Ryan (lox box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master  
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y  
Cor. State and 47th st.  
W. R. Parker.....Fin. Sec'y  
4703 State street.  
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent  
4532 Dearborn street.

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. Ross ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Bresson do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. J. Murphy do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
 Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jake Fox ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Master  
 Wm. Tangman, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. .... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) ..... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2306 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. .... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pose, 14 Vananley st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, 12 High st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, 325 Adelaide st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Scott, 325 Adelaide st. .... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. Maclow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 L. H. Archer, No. 4 Hudson st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
 W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. W. Stoddard ..... Magazine Agent  
 149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McTarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley ..... Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 George Klock, lock box 1588 ..... Master  
 John Young, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. Hockenberger do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins, do ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Wm. Evatt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Stanfield ..... Fin. Sec'y

82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy.....Master  
 J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Sheldon T. Browne.....Fin. Sec'y  
 1807 Sixth street, south.  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews.....Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 J. M. Byers, 590 10th street.....Master  
 Chs. R. Campbell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. 17th and Dodge street.  
 P. H. Swift.....Magazine Agent  
 N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jas. Burke.....Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54.....Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett.....Master  
 J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
 Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss.....Master  
 A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Harry Walts.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
 J. A. Ressegnie.....Master  
 Frank A. Ressegnie.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker.....Master  
 J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 E. F. Smith, 201 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Aldrich, 226 16th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. A. Griggs, 212 Shotwell st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 D. Garrett.....Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
 W. H. Bennett.....Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.).....Master  
 Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock, 202 Constitution st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave).....Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes.....Master  
 C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes.....Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
 Robert Sims.....Master  
 M. Myers.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
 M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon.....Master  
 J. W. Lee.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller.....Mag. Ag't

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## TO MY MOTHER.

BY NOAH W. PARKER.

HERE lives and dwells, in mansions far  
Beyond the ken of erring mortals,  
A soul, whose virtues like a star  
Resplendent shine, beyond their portals.  
A soul so loving, kind and fair—  
To me more dear than every other—  
Who blessed me with her latest prayer,  
And answered to the name, of MOTHER.

The joys and griefs of childhood born,  
She shared with all a mother's fervor,  
My joys were jewels in her crown,  
My griefs, her clouds of sadness ever.  
For all my faults she made excuse,  
My merits, praised o'er every other,  
She screened me from the world's abuse,  
And taught me to adore, my MOTHER.

When youth with its ambitious fires,  
Had nerved my soul to grand endeavor,  
She cherished all my high desires  
And checked each gross outcropping ever.  
At times when evil took command,  
And worldly lusts, the good would smother,  
No other, with the helping hand,  
So quickly came to save, as MOTHER.

How oft my wayward steps have torn  
That loving heart, and been forgiven;  
How oft my chidings she has borne,  
Is known but in the courts of Heaven.  
In heedless folly, oft I've trod  
O'er her fond heart, to please another,  
While she would humbly ask her God  
To pardon me, as would my MOTHER.

When manhood's years and business cares,  
At last compelled a separation,  
She followed, with her fondest prayers,  
My every step and avocation.

And then, as in my childhood's years,  
A dearer friend than worldly brother,  
She shared my joys, and anxious cares  
As none can do, except a MOTHER.

If I could live my life again,  
And had both wealth and worldly power,  
And it would cause her heart one pain  
Or drive her from me for an hour,  
I'd give up all of worldly good,  
Its pomp, its crowns, its giddy bother,  
To prove to thee my gratitude—  
My dearest, sun crowned, angel MOTHER.

The sons and daughters of our race,  
Can never know, 'till death has taken  
The Mother from their fond embrace,  
How great their loss, or how forsaken.  
She molds the mind for cares of state,  
She teaches each man to love his brother,  
And through the greatest of the great  
She still remains, a loving MOTHER.

If aught of truth my life has shown,  
Or aught of manhoods high endeavor;  
I owe it to that angel one  
Who gave me life, and loved me ever.  
She left her sons and daughters, all  
A life, whose years surpassed each other,  
In all the noble traits that fall  
Upon the sacred name, of MOTHER.

Pile to the clouds the stones of fame,  
For heroes who will live in story,  
And grave on each the honored names  
Of those who fill our cup of glory;  
But higher still, and brighter far,  
A name will shine o'er every other;  
That dearest, sweetest Monitor—  
That race upbuilding name, of MOTHER.

DODSONVILLE, OHIO, February 17, 1880.

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### A CAPITAL STORY.

**T**HE train from Grafton, a few days since, stopped at one of the way stations to take on a couple newly married. Both were young and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of West Virginia, neither had ever been fifty miles from home; had heard of railways, steamboats, locomotives and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the afore-mentioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event of their lives,

to visit the city and see the world, particularly that portion of it known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amused and delighted, when the locomotive with the beautiful crimson cars following it came in view.

"Those your trunks?" said a baggage master.

"Wall, I sorter calcerlate them's em," said Jeems.

The trunks, a spotted hair trunk and a very old-fashioned valise, were soon in the baggage car, followed by Jeems and Lize.

"I'll be darned if railroads ain't a fine thing," said Jeems, as he seated himself on the trunk, and carefully held up the tail of his tight-waisted blue, resplendent with metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize set here by me."

"Come out of that!" said the baggage master; "you are in the wrong car!"

"The he—we are! D'ye 'spose we don't kno' what we'r 'bout? Them's our traps, and I calcerlate to stop whar they air. Keep quiet Lize, we'll have to fight our way thro' the world any how, and if that chap with a cap on wants anything, I'm his man. Don't want any yer foolin' round me."

Here the conductor interposed and explained matters, insomuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow him. What was his amazement when he surveyed the palace car into which he was ushered. His imagination had never, in its wildest flights, pictured anything half so grand. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jewhillikins! what in thunder is that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch-fork to make him move on," said a sleepy individual just behind him.

"Look here, fellow," said Jeems, "I know you think I'm a darned fool—maybe I am—but there's one thing I know, and that is, that you'll get your mouth broken if you don't keep it shut. I don't say much—" just at that moment they found themselves in profound darkness, and there was a scream almost equal to that of the locomotive, from Lize, as she threw her arms around Jeems' neck.

"I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy individual, "we are all lost, prepare to make the acquaintance of the old man in black, who tends the fire down below."

"Oh, Lord! Jeems, what will become of us? I felt skeery about gittin' on the outlandish thing at fust!"

"Keep quiet Lize—hollerin' won't help any now, if you know any prayer now's the time to say it for both of us." "What's the matter here?" said the astonished conductor, who came up just as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eton's tunnel," replied our polite conductor.

"How far do you ride?"

"Wall I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your ticket, if you please."

"Sartinly. Lize, you have one with you. Let this man see it."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule and, with a smile, handed it to our friend, the conductor, who read:

"The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited," &c.

"What is this?" said the conductor.

"Why, that's one of our weddin' tickets; that's what you asked for, hain't it?" said the somewhat astonished Jeems.

"Whaw! whaw!! whaw!!!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the conductor, as he explained to our verdant friend. He had no ticket; but readily paid his fare, and the train sped on to its destination. But wonders did not cease here. Presently our pert news-boy, Billy, entered the car, and, stepping up to Jeems, asked:

"Have a Sun, sir?"

"Wall, if I have my way about it, the fust one will be a son, sartain," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," said Billy as he hastened on to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the depot. Amid the confusion of unused to noises and the babble of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Bus, sah? bus, sah! free for the United States!" said the sable porter of our town house. "Lady take a bus, sah?"

"Wall, rather 'spose she won't from anybody but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too," said Jeems.

"Go to the Swan House, sah? Just across de street—best house in de city. Dis way, sah. Any trunks? Have e'm sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of the well-ordered establishment, the Swan House.

With the usual promptness the trunks were sent up, and our friends were soon making their toilets for dinner. Jeems had his coat off in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell in waves over her shoulders.

"What a duced pretty torsal," said Jeems, as he eyed the bell-cord; "wonder what it's for," catching hold of it. "Look, it works on thar on a sort of a thing-umbob. I'd like to have a torsal to put in my horse's head next muster day; see how it works," said he as he pulled it a second time.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room with the inquiry of "Ring, sah!"

"Ring? ring what, you black ape? If you don't quit looking at my wife and make yourself scarce I'll wring your head off!"

"Stop a minute," said Lize, "what's the man's name as keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Conley, marm."

"Well, tell his lady she needen't put any extra fixin's on our account, for we are plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin' society," said Jeems, "I'll amend that motion by saying, you can tell them, the best they have I'm able to pay for it, and don't care for expenses."

"Tee-hee! tee-hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights, until supper time, and when that was over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received for his service a new quarter. Jeems was the last in bed, and by the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did by a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, and quietness settled over the Swan House. The clerk was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Contrary

to his will, he proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed the most noticeable near the room occupied by the bride and groom; so he concluded to knock.

"Who's there?" came from the inside. "Open the door, the gas is escaping." "Gas, what gas?" said Jeems, as he opened the door. "Why, here in the room. How did you put it out?"

"Blowed it out of course."

"You played he——" Our amiable clerk nearly said a bad word, but when he remembered there was a lady in the case, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, lit the gas and proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of the burner as follows:

"You see this little thing here, well, when you want to put it out turn it this way, and when you want to make it lighter, turn it this way."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know the durned stuff was 'scapin'!" responded Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" asked the clerk.

"Pears to me I did smell sumthin'," said Jeems. "But Lize, I'll be durned if I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you that smell that way, all the time. I was just wonderin' if all men smelt that way, it pears so curious, I never slept with a man afore in all my life, and didn't know nuthin' about it," was the response of Lize, as she laid over for a nap.

The red in the clerk's face became suddenly redder as it reflected the light of the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in his eye, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left alone. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and then all was still.

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## TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, March 6, 1880.

Before leaving the Musee Cluny, I may mention two articles of Francis I., King of France, who commenced the building of the Louvre in 1541. One is his bedstead whose posts and top are exquisitely ornamented with carvings of most delicately chased work in fruits, flowers and heads of different figures. The head of the satyr is prominent, more for its repetition than its size, but not inferior in point of workmanship. The base of the two head-posts are carved pedestals, on which stand two finely-worked figures of warriors with armor, shield and spear; that portion of the top of the bedstead rests on the points of the spears. The head-board is richly carved with flowers and cupids, having a very neat crown in the center, a little more relieved than the other objects. There is also the bed—to all appearances—the same as it appeared centuries ago. It has yet the heavy bed-spread having an outside covering of many different colored silks beautifully harmonizing in composition. There is worked on this covering birds and butterflies, with threads of as many hues as the wing of a butterfly or the plumage of a tropical bird require, intermixed with fine wires of gold and silver. A small but handsome piece of tapestry makes a ceiling within.

The other article of which I speak is his cabinet, whose panels are of the most elaborate and beautiful carving in bas-relief, with very fine work, forming a border around the edges. The formation of the figures are not of the most chaste design,

but are nevertheless to be admired for their beauty of finish. The most prominent of these is the representation of Jupiter, when he took the form of a swan to visit Leda, which we find illustrated in so many paintings, sculptures, and other works of art.

The story as history, poetry and fable has given it to us, is this,—yet to mention a thing so well known seems superfluous,—I say history, because poetry is a true history not alone of our feelings and passions, but a true interpreter of nature's beauties, and is often more correct in dates and the location of places than the work whose cover is marked history. A poet is a historian, but a historian may not be a poet, on the contrary he too often writes a history of his prejudices, and in the history we learn the character of the historian. Not so with the poet. True there are some exceptions, for instance in the works of Lord Byron we see a great deal of the author's faults, if we can call them such, not as an author, but of his moral character; they are scattered throughout his writings, but his virtues are hid. He also displays a strong antipathy to everything appertaining to tyranny and oppression or usurpation of the peoples rights and liberties. But who ever could tell the character of Shakspeare from simply reading his works, we entirely lose the author in listening to the individuals he introduces. And who will deny that Moore and Burns, Ireland's and Scotland's bards, were not historians? It is true that a poet will often relate a fable, but it is done that we may better understand and bring clearer to our minds the reality which it represents. Look at the simplicity of *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*, and yet they are deep and full of meaning! But to the story of Jupiter and Leda.

Jupiter, though a God, had a great passion for Leda, who was not a goddess, but a beautiful daughter of our mother earth. He persuaded Venus to change herself into an eagle while he assumed the form of a swan, and after this metamorphosis, Jupiter, as if fearful of the tyrannical cruelty of the bird of prey, fled through the air into the arms of Leda, who willingly sheltered the trembling swan from the assaults of its superior enemy.

These wood-carvings, though very fine, are not superior to those which are in the Museum at Brussels, or the pulpit of the church of St. Gudeule, also in Brussels, or a piece of work in Antwerp representing the miraculous draft of fishes; on the contrary, if subjected to a close examination, they may be found wanting in some details.

This pulpit in the church of St. Gudeule is a remarkable work of art. It illustrates, in life-size figures, the expulsion of our first parents from the garden; scattered about are many birds and animals of different kinds and species. The whole is surmounted with a beautiful figure of the virgin in the act of piercing the serpents head. There are a great many people who do not believe either the history of our first parents no more than they do the legend of Jupiter and Leda; yet who can refrain from giving expression to their admiration while looking at such beautiful pieces of workmanship. Let the subject be what it may, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," from the divine-like intelligence of the human face to the petals of the tiniest flower; from the sublimity of the Himelays, Alps, Andes or Rockies to the quiet, soft enchantery of Killarney, or from the roaring of Niagara to the caressing music-like murmur of the humblest mountain stream. These figures are grouped so naturally: Eve is frightened, and timidly cleaves to Adam for protection, who turns to see the oncoming angel, the cause of their alarm and fear,

cleaving the air like a bird and brandishing a sword of flame, a dark frown of determination overspreading his beautiful countenance; he comes to execute the commands of his and their Creator; the slimy and deceitful serpent gloats over and exults at the success of his deception and flattery, he stops to take a last look of jealousy and hatred.

The Armory Museum in Brussels corresponds to the Cluny of Paris, but having a greater collection of arms and armor than the Cluny. It is one of those old Spanish Chateaus, half castle, half fortress, having the appearance of being built for defensive rather than offensive warfare. It brings vividly to our mind a wing of that once grim-looking prison, the Bastile. Even now with all its old pieces of ordnance, and they are many, on the inclosed ground outside its walls, some placed in battery position, looking defiant in their rust and old age; others piled in pyramidal form, and others lying on blocks; their carriages, if they ever had any, are long since gone to decay, or perhaps were shattered in actual service; all these give it the appearance of being yet a fortress rather than a museum. There are old cannons and mortars from the first uses of gunpowder to the present time.

I have mentioned this museum not alone for its similarity to the Cluny, and this similarity exists only in its contents, but for an extraordinary piece of wood-carving, that must have been most difficult to execute, which it contains. It represents the persecutions of the Christians under the Roman Emperors. It is a work of the fifteenth century, and as I was informed, taken during turbulent times from a church in the south of France. It is about twenty feet long and eight feet high, and is almost entirely relief-carving with some bas-relief. It shows the crucifixion with the head down, as was St. Paul; the caldron of boiling oil; the rack, and the different modes and instruments of torture that were used on these occasions.

Paris fell into obscurity, where it remained for many years after the reign of the Emperor Julian, but was destined to come to the front, its present undisputed position, and lead the world in the arts and sciences, schools and universities, and write on its history's pages huge, dark and ghastly blotches of blood, close beside the diffusing light of her genius.

In the old ruins of the Palace of Thermes, this was the palace of Julian built in the second century, and situated on the corner of the Boulevard St. Michael and Boulevard St. Germain, is a stone statue of Julian, about life-size. In the little garden are many strange looking old pieces of sculpture, and a tomb of a Celtic chieftain found near Paris. These ruins, with their high-vaulted ceilings, great, large arch top windows and doorways, contain a great many fragments of sculpture that once ornamented the building, tops of columns of the Roman order, huge heads, showing the human face with a grimace most diabolical and repulsive, long, painted ears, eyes deep and staring under heavy long eyebrows, no forehead, and a mouth so large that it almost met beneath the chin; others have but one eye, large, round and staring like a cyclop, and an immense mouth showing teeth like a wild boar. These heads are arranged on the ground, and seem to be watching you from the time you enter till you depart. Such are the ruins of the Palace of Thermes, dispoiled of its baths and its beauties.

Adjoining these ruins, and on the site where stood one wing of the Palace, stands a very handsome little chateau, Hotel Cluny or Musee Cluny. This museum contains some thousands of articles of curiosity and value. Here are some of the tombs of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem brought from the island of Rhoads,

old Sedan chairs that were used to a great extent in France many years ago. There are old carriages of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, once the rolling luxury of kings; they are masses of carving, displaying most elaborate workmanship of different objects: armed knights, cupids, dragons and numerous designs, mythological and historical, all richly gilded and painted. The painting on the doors and smooth panels is remarkably fine; some are landscapes, others are scenes from Homer's poems, and some scriptural. When we consider that the best painters of those times were employed on this work, we are not astonished at the correctness of drawing, beauty and harmony of color. There are also many sleighs of about the same age; true they are old, but they are beautiful. Several sets of most complicated harness of strange manufacture, yet showing a great taste in the neatness of their composition. They hang spread out on the walls giving you an opportunity to admire their silver buckles and rings, their many fine cloths, sewed to the soft morocco-like leather, with different colored silk thread.

In almost every room or hall are large and most elegant pieces of tapestry of admirable design and perfect in detail, many of them have more the appearance of paintings than works of the loom.

The old oak-carved staircase yet remains in good preservation after so many years of service. Its top leads to a long narrow gallery, where guns, pistols, swords and armor from all countries, and it seems from all ages, hang around on the walls, or are ornamentally grouped on the floor. The gun of Smalah d'Abdel Kader is amongst the rest.

In one of the rooms which open into this gallery are two glass cases. One contains the *centure de la chastite*, the other nine gold crowns of the sixth century. The largest is that of the King Goth Reccesvenths, who ascended the throne in 649 and died in 672, A. D. It is a large, heavy band of gold, about five inches wide, with square edges, and like the others, is studded with pearls and precious stones. There are long, gold chains suspended from them holding many ornaments of gold and many beautiful opals and agates. In this same room are many silver plates and vessels of Charles the XV., King of Sweden and Norway, with numerous objects carved in ivory.

In another room are some exquisitely worked vestments and rare old lace. There are many spinning wheels, some are very small and handsome, of a black polished wood-like ebony, others are beautifully carved and ornamented with ivory. What tales could this little machine of industry tell? How many a weary sigh did it hear or receive the moisture of bitter burning tears, or listen in raptures to the melody of its mistress love ditty like Goethe's *Marguerite*? How oft has it seen those dainty feet and tired fingers stop in their toil to rest, perchance to hear the outpouring of a heart of pain produced by a faithless friend, or the coldness and indifference of the world to humane feeling and suffering? How many of our sewing machines have similar tales to tell? How many a weary head have their cold metal received to rest, truly tired and wishing a longer repose to a heart and mind that have for so many years been wedded to grief, who knew no youth or sunshine and whose wages were too often frowns and insults?

These little wool-spinners are more like models. Their pretty wheels whose spokes are so delicately and tastefully turned and inlaid with ivory may be hung in a frame of gold, as a thing of beauty to be admired, and distaffs of beautiful carving, all of which goes to show the wealth and taste of their owners. For know you

these were the property of queens and ladies of noble blood—in those days a persons illegitimacy often made them noble—these pretty wheels have often been whirled by the touch of a jeweled hand that has as frequently caressed a crown. It perhaps gave employment to the mind and fingers of its mistress when tired and wearied from intrigue; or did the hum of this little machine collect the thoughts of Catherine de Medici when wishing to lay a deep and successful poisoning plot, in the gift of a glove, or the perfume of a flower? Or did it assist to clear the mind of Madame Pompadour, mistress to Louis XV., in filling her list of *lettres de cachet* directing the arrest of certain individuals to be taken to the Bastille there to remain during her pleasure. If history is true these ladies were experts at this kind of business. The king, who was *always* right, ruled the people, and the mistress ruled the king. A very fine portrait of the last named noble lady hangs in the French gallery of the Louvre.

It is during such employments that these little spinners become rather instruments of idleness than industry. Their long, slender threads of spotless snow-white wool, are in strong contrast with the dark train of thought, woven in the minds of their fair worker. How often do we see in a farm-yard the remnants of a spinning wheel thrown under an old shed, neglected and forgotten? True, it has no ivory ornaments, nor beautiful carving, nor was its owner a queen or lady of noble rank, nor did she make presents of flowers whose perfume was death, or gloves the wearing of which chilled the heart and forever stopped its beating; and yet the history of that neglected wheel would put to the blush all those dainty distaffs that are objects of admiration in the Cluny, and we may say still more, and with emphasis, that its mistress was a queen and a maiden of the true nobility, whose gift of a flower would rather brighten our life than darken it, and show us beauty in the sunshine that we thought it did not possess.

TIM FAGAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOME LIFE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivance for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire-place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming, in town as well as country, was done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those days, by the aid of which a fire could be kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night and the tinder was damp, so that it would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of some neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some one of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds; and they never complained.

## THE DRAWBRIDGE KEEPER.

BY HENRY ABBEY.

**D**RECKER, a drawbridge-keeper, opened wide  
The dangerous gate to let the vessel through;  
His little son was standing by his side,  
Above Passaic river, deep and blue,  
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,  
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,  
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;  
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,  
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath;  
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw  
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw!

Either at once down in the stream to spring  
And save his son, and let the living freight  
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling  
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate—  
Which should he do? Were you as he so tried,  
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet to him the child was full as dear  
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,  
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,  
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—  
Yet, side by side with duty stern and grim,  
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,  
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,  
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view,—  
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;  
But, as he fell back pallid with his pain,  
Across the bridge in safety shot the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast  
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;  
True greatness needs no title and no crest  
To win from men just honor and reward.  
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,  
And is inborn and common to our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity  
Is least corrupted; to be just and good  
The birthright of the lowest-born may be,  
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,  
And rich, or poor, famous or all unknown,  
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

## STEPHEN ALLEN'S POCKET PIECE.

**I**N the pocket-book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned on board the Henry Clay, was found a printed slip apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be put in every newspaper and engraved on every young man's heart:

Make few promises.  
Always speak the truth.  
Never speak evil of any one.  
Keep good company or none.  
Live up to your engagements.  
Never play at any game of chance.  
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.  
Good character is above all things else.  
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.  
Never borrow if you can possibly help it.  
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.  
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.  
When you speak to a person look him in the face.  
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.  
Live (misfortune excepted) within your income.  
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.  
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.  
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.  
Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind.  
Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.  
Your character can not be essentially injured except by your own acts.  
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.  
When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.  
Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

## TEXAS AND PACIFIC.

**T**HE most important public enterprise to-day in the State is the Texas Pacific Railway. After a long and patient waiting for a deserved government aid, which was lost to the company on account of local jealousies, the enterprising men that have the management of this great work have made arrangements for a gigantic movement to the far west. Within three years their main line will be in operation to El Paso, met by the Southern Pacific from San Francisco. This route will be preferred as the great national highway, whose burden of freight and passengers will sweep by constantly. Already the grade and bridge to Weatherford are completed, and track laying will soon commence. A gentleman of Fort Worth has contracted to put up the wire to Weatherford by May 1st. A number of Texas improvement boarding cars have arrived; iron is being delivered almost daily, only hindered by the immense carrying business this company is doing. The bridge contractors and their force have moved further west, and are laying the foundations for their extended work. Two hundred miles of new road will be operated by January 1st. We have conversed with persons who have lived in these

western counties for years, and they assure us that much of that country is superior to this, and is destined to be the most wealthy and thriving portion of the State. It is an immense factor in solving the problem of settling this great western country, to know that the Texas and Pacific road will run through the best of it. Following the completion of this line will be a heavier tide of immigration to Texas than was ever known. Villages, towns and cities will rise as if by magic on its vast prairies. Fields of grain and cotton will ripen side by side. The possibilities of this vast settlement are beyond computation; besides there will be many tap lines from the further south, east and north, which will hasten to strike this great artery of commercial life. Galveston, San Antonio, Austin, Waco and Palestine from below will make direct connection at the most practicable point; while north of us, a half-dozen roads which have reached the northern and eastern boundary line of the Indian Territory, will sweep across and tap the main line in the far west at or near El Paso, and swell the mighty traffic to the western sea.

### PATRICK HENRY'S GREATEST SPEECH.

**I** OUGHT not to leave the subject of the life of Patrick Henry without saying a few words of what was looked upon as the greatest of all his speeches. This was made at St. John's church, in the city of Richmond, and rang like the blast of a trumpet through all the colonies, summoning them to resistance.

It was now the spring of 1775, and the whole country was drifting toward revolution. What Patrick Henry had said against the Stamp Act proved like seed sown in the ground. It lay there for ten years, but at last it began to sprout, and, now, in the year 1775, it appeared above the ground. England seemed determined to make the colonies submit to her. Soldiers were sent to Boston, and as Virginia took part with Massachusetts, the Governor drove the Burgesses away from Williamsburg. To this they paid no attention however. As they could not meet there they determined to assemble in Richmond. A convention of the Virginia leaders was accordingly elected; and in March, 1775, they met to consult on the state of the country.

The old church of St. John's, in which they assembled, is still standing. It is a plain old building, crowning a hill, not far from Bloody Run, where Bacon defeated the Indians, and in sight of Powhatan, where the old Indian Emperor was visited by Captain Smith. In front is James river, winding away below the falls and green islands with their dipping foliage, and all around the ancient church are old tombstones, crumbling away in the grass.

Here the convention assembled, and it embraced some of the bravest and wisest men in Virginia. The president was Edmund Pendleton, who was celebrated for his powers of public speaking and for his ready and vigorous intellect. Thomas Jefferson said of him: "Taken in all, he was the ablest man in debate I have ever met with; and his voice was so sweet and silvery in its tones that it was delightful to hear him speak." Many other distinguished men were present, and among the rest Patrick Henry. He was looked upon by this time as the leader of the revolution in Virginia, and soon showed that he deserved the name which had been given him—the "Man of the People."

As soon as the convention took their seats, he rose and moved that Virginia, "be immediately put in a state of defence." This was coming to the heart of the

matter in a very few words. He meant that the time for discussion had passed, and the time for action come. If the Americans intended to submit, then they could go on offering petitions; but if they ment to fight England, it was time to get ready.

As had happened to him in the old House of Burgesses, his proposition met with strong opposition. There were many good patriots who still thought that peace could be made with England. They dreaded going to war and shedding blood if they could avoid it; they therefore spoke against Henry's resolution, and declared that it ought not to pass. The scene was exciting, and Henry listened in silence. When they had finished he again rose, and his face showed that he was fully aroused. His speech surpassed all others which he had ever delivered, and the whole man seemed to be on fire as his voice echoed from the old walls of the church. They must *fight!* he exclaimed; there was no longer any hope but in reliance on God and their own strong arms. It might be said that they were weak and unable to oppose England; but God would fight for them and protect them in the great struggle. They must fight, and even if they were not willing, they would be obliged to. No choice was left them.

"There is no retreat," he exclaimed, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged—their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, 'peace, peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to purchase it at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

As Patrick Henry uttered these words, with both arms raised and eyes on fire with excitement, it is said that a thrill ran through the whole assembly. They were ready to start from their seats and shout "To arms!" No further opposition was made. The voice of Henry had swept it away. His resolutions were passed by a large majority, and Virginia thus announced to the world that she was ready to fight.

All things considered, this speech was one of the greatest ever delivered, and Patrick Henry seemed to be almost a prophet. It was made in the month of March, and in April the fighting began. General Gage attacked the people in Massachusetts, and if Virginia had not been so distant the sound of his cannon might have been heard upon the wind from the North, and the "clash of resounding arms" at Lexington and Concord.

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### GOING TO CELEBRATE.

No cat could have walked into the central station more softly than did a long-waisted, low-voiced stranger about forty years old, whose hands were encased in badly-worn cotton gloves, hat brushed clear down below the nap, boots wanting new heels, and dress-coat showing a cotton edge all around. He was neither a great general, statesman or orator. He simply desired to make a few inquiries, and he softly said:

"My arrangements are such that I shall be in Detroit until after Washington's

birthday. I am a great admirer of the lamented gentleman, and always make it a point to celebrate his birthday."

"Which is patriotic and all right," said the captain of the police.

"I wanted to ask what latitude the police would allow me on such an occasion?" continued the man. "I shall certainly get drunk; but will I be permitted to tear down stoves, smash up bars, break windows and kick in doors?"

"Certainly not. The first move you make in that direction will result in your being run in."

"Would, eh? Well, I simply inquired for information. I suppose it would be doing the lamented gentleman full honor if I simply got drunk!"

"I think so."

"Very well, I don't want to seem captious in the matter, nor do I care to get into any trouble. I think I will get drunk early in the morning."

"Yes."

"And wave the American flag from the window of my boarding-house—wave it gently."

"Yes."

"And make a speech to my landlady on the goodness and greatness of the lamented gentleman—make it very gently and quietly, without any cheers or applause."

"Yes that would do."

"And then go down to the back-yard and hurrah about thrée times—not yell like a Pawnee Injun, but softly and quietly hurrah for George Washington, the father of his country."

"Well, don't disturb any one."

"No, of course not. After hurrahing I will return to my room, take another drink, read the declaration of independence, and make a speech—not a ranting, blatant oratorical effort, but a soft and mild sort of peroration, ending up with the song entitled; 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' and so forth."

"Yes, that's good."

"Then I'll take another drop and go to bed and lie there during the remainder of the day, unless the landlady insists on another speech, and I don't think she will. Now, then are my terms perfectly satisfactory?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then—adieu. A mild, gentle drink—subdued oratory—gentle waving—repressed hurrahing—harp-like peroration, and you are satisfied, I am satisfied, and the lamented gentleman has got to be satisfied or provide his own brassbands. Perfectly k'rect. Farewell.—[*Detroit Free Press.*]

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## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**THE NEAREST STAR.**—To form an idea of the immense distance the fixed stars are from our system, let some measure with which all are familiar be employed. The velocity of an express train running at 40 miles an hour on a railroad which represents 960 miles per day of 24 hours, and 350,300 miles a year. At this rate we should arrive at the moon in 305 days, and 250 years to reach the sun. But to arrive at the nearest fixed star of the first magnitude it would require 175,000,000

years, and the stars of the tenth magnitude seen by telescopes, 1,750,000,000 years. This is but the beginning of the infinite abyss filled with suns, and nebulae, and worlds of which the largest telescopes only indicate the existence.

**THE HUMAN EYE.—ITS ADAPTABILITY TO GREAT CHANGES.**—We are all agreed in preferring the light of day to any other. In spite of the extreme variations which take place in its intensity, and some times in its coloring, we seldom think of modifying it or softening it for healthy eyes, except when they are exposed to entirely unaccustomed conditions. The eye is capable of accomodating itself to most astonishing changes in the brightness of light. The light of the sun is about a million times more intense than that of the full moon, yet the eye can distinguish the objects by the light of a star. The changes in the diameter of the pupil contribute only in a small degree to the faculty of adaptation, for, between the extreme dilation and contraction of the iris, the sensitive surface does not vary in a greater proportion than that of one to a hundred. The power resides chiefly in the retina, the sensibility of which is blunted in daylight and intensified in darkness. In consequence of this remarkable aptitude, the eye is the reverse of a good photometric apparatus. Enormous changes in the intensity of light pass unperceived by it, and we are able to attend to our occupation undisturbed by the fluctuations which are constantly taking place. Still, we must not demand of our organs the maximum of adaptation of which they are susceptible. If we read a book with the sun shining directly upon it, even if we do not injure the eyesight, we will disarrange the rate of adaptation, so that we will not be able for some time to see in a demi-obscurity. On the other hand, if we stay long in the dark, we may increase the sensibility of the retina so that a sudden return to daylight will be painful. Bearing these facts in mind, we should keep the direct rays of the sun out from workshops and school-rooms, where the place of each person is fixed, and should not make our bedrooms too dark, lest the eye be worried by sudden changes. On a similar principle, we should flood with diffused light the rooms in which numerous workmen are to be gathered, some of whom must be far from the windows. With a good light, or one which is equivalent to several million candles a yard off, we use in reading only a fraction of the cornea, and the contraction of the pupil has the effect of greatly diminishing the diameter of the circles of diffusion, which are liable to produce in the retina faults of vision. Under these conditions a badly-formed eye may perform good service, and is subject to only a moderate degree of fatigue. The brilliancy of the light may vary greatly without our losing the benefit of the clearness which an extreme contraction of the pupil assures.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

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**BRIDGET.** "Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady to carry in the street, Nora?" *Cook.* "Sure, thin, some prefers a three-volume book; but I prefers a roll of music meself—quite careless and aisy like."

"Do you know a good way of curing hams?" asked a man of his neighbor. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "but the trouble with me is, I have no way of pro-curing them."

AN old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

JIM.—“Tell me, Laura, why that sadness? tell me why that look of care? Why has fled that look of gladness that thy face was wont to wear?”

“GOOD-BY, sweetheart,” were his last words to the beautiful girl who hung over the front gate and pouted her sweet red lips to be kissed; and then, as he walked down the street he soliloquized: “If I had all the money I have squandered on oysters and ice-cream and buggy rides for that girl, I could buy me an overcoat now;” and “whew!” he said, as the wind whistled around the corner, “I’m going to need it pretty soon, too.”

THE TEXAS COW-BOY.—His hair was long, yellow and straight, or at least not curled. He rode into San Antonio on a pony. His boots were spangled with stars and his Mexican hat was heavy with the double toquilla that girdled it, and the horn of his saddle had on it a metal-rimmed plate big enough for a ballet girl to dance on. When he had taken about twenty drinks his soul waxed warm within him, and he remounted his pony for a ride. At the corner of Alamo and Commerce streets he halted and uttered a yell that made all the glasses and bottles in the saloons for a block around rattle. “I am a Texican,” he said, when he had settled down in his stirrups, after the yell; “I am a prairie wolf with steel horns on my hide; I was raised on mesquite beans boiled in mustang blood, and my first shirt was rawhide. My father was born on a sandbar, and sucked a cow whale, and my mother was a Navajo squaw; I can outride a monkey, out-swim a fish, out-jump a kangaroo, out-cuss a bee-bitten parson, and I can shoot out the eye of a baby flea.” Having finished the foregoing oration, the cow-boy dug spurs into his pony’s flanks and disappeared in the direction of the railway depot.

#### THE PATTERN OF THE SHINGLE.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WHEN the angry passion gathering in my mother’s face I see,  
And she leads me in the bedroom—gently lays me on her knee;  
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,  
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tingle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,  
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,  
And a thousand bees and hornets ’neath my coat-tails seem to swarm  
As I listen to the patter of the shingle—oh! so warm!

In a splutter comes my father, who I supposed had gone,  
To survey the situation and to bid her lay it on;  
To see her bending o’er me as I listen to the strain  
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,  
I say: “Strike gently, mother, or you’ll split my Sunday pants.”  
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,  
And says: “I had not thought of that—my son, just take them off.”

Holy Moses! and the angels, cast your pitying glances down;  
And thou, O family doctor, put a good soft poultice on!  
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly commingle  
If I ever say another word when mother holds the shingle.

## Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

### SOMETHING PERSONAL.

We wish to speak a few words in confidence to the members of our Order, and especially to such of our patrons as may chance to be indebted to us. We feel quite sure that if they once understand how important it is for us to meet promptly the demands made upon us, and the absolute folly of our attempting to publish a magazine in the interests of the Brotherhood and laboring men generally, or any other interest, without money with which to pay for our paper, press-work, and other incidental requisites, they will respond without delay to this call for help.

We believe in a majority of cases the failure to send in moneys due results more from carelessness than from inability to pay or disinclination. The amount to each man is small, but in the aggregate it is everything to us. We are earnestly striving to do all the good we can, and the care and labor which must of necessity be expended on a work of this kind we cheerfully devote to it, only our brothers should kindly remember that we, too, must live, and that it is for them as much as for ourselves that the Magazine is published.

We are striving to make it worth all and more than is asked for it, and it is known that its publication is a benefit either directly or indirectly to the whole Order. We can not, dare not, defer from month to month a settlement with those who furnish us material for the Magazine, and if we were to tell you how sorely we have been pressed at times, and how much we have sacrificed to make this work effective, you would certainly admit the justice of our demands. The amount outstanding is not great to be sure, but it is sufficient to place us beyond annoyance if we could command it.

It is our desire to continue to improve the Magazine, and the more extended its circulation becomes, and the larger the number of its paying subscribers, the more can we hope to accomplish for all our people. The question of self does not enter into the subject except as we are responsible for the settlement of expenses incurred in the publication, and we could and would say, knowing what we do, that if any of you were in the place we occupy you would be helping on the cause of Labor in an important manner. We can not afford to be without representation in the world. All other orders and societies recognize the immense value of having an advocate in the shape of a journal or magazine of some sort, and our chances of success are heightened and strengthened by this means. Aside from the practical good of it, every subscriber receives the equivalent of his dollar in a year's time in the reading matter given independent of the main object of the Magazine. That is estimating its actual worth at an extremely low valuation, but we have no desire to raise the price, believing that if each man will do his duty, there will be a sufficient income to keep it on the highway of a healthful existence.

We know that this is a delicate matter to speak about, but there are some situations in life when it becomes our duty to tell our friends the troubles which assail us, and we know then that they will not wittingly do anything to increase these

troubles. We rely with the utmost confidence on the honor of every subscriber, and hope there will not be an instance where we will yet learn that our confidence has been misplaced, or that a fireman will have proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him.

Our mission as a body is to build up the Order now so favorably established, and make it a living potential influence on the side of right. The benefits arising from such an organization are mutual. It is to every man's interest in the Brotherhood to contribute his share to the general fund, and in serving the interests of the whole Brotherhood we are serving ourselves.

Please do not ignore this modest dun. We have put it in the least offensive language we can command, and if you feel that we are wrong, please write and tell us so, but do not neglect to send in a year's subscription for the Magazine, as that will show us you are disposed to be forgiving.

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### MENTAL CULTURE IN OUR ORDER.

It is a fact worthy of serious consideration by the Brotherhood, individually and collectively, that we do not spend enough of passing time in cultivating a love of literary and scientific knowledge. Too much time is spent in developing the muscular and physical man, while the mental faculties are neglected, or filled with pernicious ideas, and thus exert a demoralizing influence, not only on the brother himself, but on society in general. The laboring men of the present day devote too many hours to manual labor and too few to mental culture. It has become the rule with laboring men to permit ministers and politicians to do their thinking for them, to formulate their religious convictions, and mold their political opinions, too often supporting bad men and evil measures because of their ignorance of the true science of government, the true principles of political economy.

As a result of this manifest indifference on the part of the wealth producers of the land we find organized and incorporated capital enjoying all the privileges and immunities that the government can bestow with her power and patronage, while the true sons of toil, the real supporters of the government are burdened with loads almost unbearable, and granted no favors as a reward for their honest devotion and loyalty to their country. Every member of our Order should make this a personal matter, and begin to teach and preach the necessity and advantages that will accrue from educated and intelligently directed labor. All organizations in the world of a brotherly or beneficiary character have their literature, teaching the membership the benefits of their respective orders, together with other useful literary reading. Yet in all such organizations there are none in existence who give their members as great benefits, and as good literary food for so little expense as does the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen." Our Magazine for 100 cents is the cheapest lodge literature now published, notwithstanding which, it has so far received a very poor comparative support. There are twenty-four lodges in our Order whose subscription to the Magazine does not exceed *ten* copies.

We are proud of our Order, proud of our book, and proud of the grand success and progress we have made in six short years; but our cheeks mantle with the blush of shame when we scan our subscription list and see the feeble support given to our Magazine. We have worked hard, expended all the means supplied, and individual funds besides, to make the book worthy your confidence and support.

We feel that in the book work, our efforts have been a success, while we have failed to awaken in the minds of the Brotherhood that enthusiasm for our cause and its noble work that should induce them to spread its teachings by increasing our subscription list.

The success of our cause, and the making of our Magazine one of the first literary periodicals of the day, is a work to which we have devoted our life and energies. It is a personal matter with every brother, (you are just as much, or should be, interested in our success as your editor,) and we make to you, each and all, this one more and final appeal to come to our relief, take more interest in literature, cultivate a love for it, and then our work will grow as it has never grown in the past, and our book will be all that the fondest heart could ask.

### THE FASTEST ENGINE.

*The Intention to Run Ninety Miles in Ninety Consecutive Minutes.*

The Baldwin locomotive works have just turned out a remarkable specimen of work intended for a remarkable purpose. It is a passenger engine constructed for the Reading road, to be run over the Bound Brook route between this city and New York, in which service it is expected to eclipse anything of the kind going. It has been built chiefly for speed, and, if the expectations of the contracting parties are carried out, the time between this city and New York over the above route will be lessened about a half an hour. The distance from Philadelphia to New York is ninety miles, and the fast trains over both the Pennsylvania and Bound Brook roads have been making it in about two hours. The Reading people are aiming to make the distance in one hour and a half, and with this object in view they some time ago contracted with the Baldwin company to build them an engine that would perform that work, or, in other words, accomplish ninety miles in ninety consecutive minutes. The new engine has the largest pair of driving wheels, perhaps, of any passenger locomotive in this country, the wheels being six and a half feet in diameter. The ordinary driving wheel of passenger engines has a diameter of from five to five and a half feet. The new engine is different in other respects, also having but one pair of driving wheels, instead of two additional smaller ones, as is the usual custom. It is also much heavier than the regular passenger engine; its weight is about 84,000 pounds, while the ordinary engine weighs from 70,000 to 75,000 pounds. It is expected to make the entire distance to New York without stopping to take water. That this may be done it is supplied with a tank of about twice the capacity of engines in general. It will hold four thousand gallons of water. The capacity of the ordinary passenger engine is from two thousand to two thousand five hundred gallons. The new engine, which was taken out of the works a few days ago, and is now at Reading, will be put to use on the Bound Brook route within a week or ten days. Should the attempt to thus lessen the time between Philadelphia and New York prove successful other engines will be built and put regularly on the road.—[*Philadelphia Times*.]

We do not deny the right to experiment on mile a minute, yet hundreds of first class runners will ridicule the above after twenty-five years of experience. Let some one tell us how they get water into the boiler though tank capacity is sufficient, and how much raise check-valve has?

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 31, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* Upon running over the books and noticing the delinquents, I thought I would examine into their past circumstances, and see why they had allowed themselves to become in arrears. Here is one instance. We will call him Charley Brown, a fine, young fellow, who is one of these "happy-go-easy-kind," with hardly a thought for the morrow. He has a mother and two young sisters dependent on him for support. He steps in the office and receives his money, some \$45, starts home, and meets several friends, asks them to take a "smile." They step up to the bar and here is a few more friends, and according to that purely American custom, they must all "take something," which they all do, of course. He is a "deuced clevah fellah, I do declare," "Ah! devilish clevah, good fellah," and sundry other encomiums he receives, while liberally dispensing his hard earnings.

He mentally observes that he did not calculate to "buy the bar," but they are good fellows, "nothing mean about me." "What 'll ye all take, boys?" "Little brown jug" of course. He starts out, buys a ticket in gift distribution, gives a dollar to some donation paper, twenty-five cents for cigars, lays a dollar down for keno, chance on a watch fifty cents, then takes in the theater, and his day book shows the following entries:

DR.		CR.	
To 10 Drinks.....	\$1 00	By Cash.....	\$45.00
" 1 Ticket Gift Dist.....	2 00	" Expenses.....	11.50
" Donation.....	1 00		
" 5 Cigars.....	25	Balance on hand.....	\$33.50
" Keno.....	1 00		
" 1 Chance on Watch.....	50		
" 2 Theater Tickets.....	1 50	A little slip of paper in this book which	
" 1 Sundries.....	25	reads:	
" "Old Score".....	4 00	Three Months Dues.....	\$1.50
Total.....	\$11.50		

Sum total of this "corn-juice" experiment.

*Scene shifted.* Home—Pay-day. A pleasant looking face at the door looks up and down the street, goes in with a disappointed air, and remarks: "I wonder where Charley can be? Now this nice bit of steak is all cold! Then here is the last can of his favorite fruit, and such a good cup of tea! Why don't he come?" There sits his empty chair and slippers placed there by his little pet sister, a nice fire in his room, prepared by his thoughtful mother. His other sister fallen asleep over the slate and hard problem, awaiting his assistance for a solution. Later his anxious mother goes to the door, then retires with a deep sigh and heavy heart. Two o'clock A. M. Charley arrives. He thinks there never was so many chairs in the house before, and throws muddy boots on the nice carpet, throws himself in bed, arises next morning with fever, and head, oh! "so big"—too sick to work, misses his trip, eats his meal without a thought of thanks to his mother and sisters. His mother says: "Charley, rent is due to-day; grocers, butchers, bakers and milk man must be paid to-day; just comes to \$39.00 this month, and Sis must have a pair of shoes to go to school in, and you need some new shirts, and your boots repaired, and if you could spare it, I would like to have some six-cent calico

for myself." He goes down in his pocket, with an uneasy feeling, and finds \$33.00 and some change, hands the roll to his mother, and leaves the house. His mother puts off the shoes, shirts, calico, and pays part of some bills and balances the monthly account about \$6.00 in debt.

*Scene changes.* B. of L. F. Lodge—Financial Secretary reads off the name of Charley Brown, as three months in arrears. W. M. arises and says: "Brother Brown, have you anything to say, why you should not be expelled for non-payment of your dues?" Brown arises, with "a-hem! W. Master, a-hem! ah! you all know my circumstances; I have a widowed mother and two sisters to support, and, brothers, I gave my mother every cent I had just before I left home, and then we had not enough to pay current expenses. Why, I could not even pay brother Snyder there that dollar I borrowed last week. I ask you to hold me until payday, and I will pay up. Of course, I will not be entitled to sick benefits, nor the insurance, but just hold me until then." A good-hearted brother arises and says: "W. M., our principal object being benevolence and assistance to the needy, I therefore make the motion that brother Brown have thirty days to pay up in." It is granted.

*Scene third.* Brother B. is on his engine, rushing through the darkness, lightning flashing, rain descending in sheets. The creek full to overflowing; bridge is gone! A crash and all is over!

*Scene fourth.* Lodge in session.—The Master informs the brothers that brother B. being a suspended member he can not order the treasurer to furnish the necessary fund to bury the body. I know of no way to raise the amount, except as individuals, therefore I subscribe \$2.00; brothers, give what you can. A collection is taken up to inter the remains. The bereaved family have nothing upon which to subsist, and are thrown upon the charities of the cold world; their only support is gone. They not understanding the case, are with their friends loud in the denunciations of the Brotherhood; they spread the news around. And thus the "B of L. F" is blamed and condemned for their leniency, and failing to expel that man when he made those pitiful excuses for his non-payment of dues.

*Scene fifth.* A Hovel!—There on that pile of straw lies the mortal remains of that fond mother, who was all that was beautiful, good, motherly; the being who had suffered agonies untold to bring into the world this erring, thoughtless son, that he might be a shining light and an honor to his family; the support and defender of the author of his being when she should become aged, or possibly prematurely old, from the unceasing devotion to him, administering to his wants while tossing upon a bed of sickness, or training and educating him to be a man among men. Now look at the return for all these sacrifices she has made! Oh, you careless, foolish, selfish man! why will you neglect those whom you hold most dear—denying this trifle. Never! never neglect this, not on your account, but theirs. Think for a moment what a return for the outlay. You might work for five years upon your present salary, and not lay up this amount, when by paying seven dollars you deposit in bank, immediately, "five hundred dollars," and increasing all the time. Think what a terrible sorrow and ruin you could have saved that household from!

When you raise that glass to your lips, ask yourself is this not a nail in the coffin of those dear ones depending upon me for support? Have I made a suitable provision for them? Have I my dues paid to prevent the canceling of my life

and disability policy? Brothers, look this thing square in the face! Do not say, you forgot it; if you do, then you are liable to forget your *obligation*, and consequently you are not a fit man to keep in any institution. Are you generous? If so, you should then remember that charity begins at home. Then let this be your first consideration and discharge this debt *first*, for it is a debt of gratitude, for all their sacrifices and for your welfare.

Now a word to these over-sensitive individuals, who attend once in a while, and find fault with all that has been done and think Tom, Dick and Harry are running the lodge, etc., and say: "Tom is too fresh," "Dick thinks he is a great man and knows too much," yet acknowledges that he is an earnest worker. Another says: "That Harry is always shooting off his mouth." Well, does he talk sense? If so, you want a few more of that kind to make your meetings interesting and instructive. Why, you poor "chronic grumblers" you should be satisfied that these men do your work for you, keep everything moving without asking you to exert yourself in the least. You should encourage them; but, no, "dog in the manger like," you do not come and do the work yourself, but find fault with those who do, thus discouraging others, injuring the cause, and actually ruining a good working lodge to satisfy some trifling petty grievance of your own, never thinking of your family's interest, or the hundreds of others dispersed around who are all looking forward to our "B. of L. F." as a solace and comfort in the event of misfortune overtaking them. Let no man, nor no one's personal interests enter the lodge and come between it and those you hold most dear. If you have a bad man among you, do not stay away on his account, but come forward and confront him, bring him to trial, and if proven guilty, cast him out, thus saving the lodge, and not condemn all the good men in it by staying away for one bad man.

Petty animosities should never be countenanced, and should they creep in, just inquire into the motive that originated them, and I am safe to say that they have all arisen on some frivolous pretext of some extremely sensitive brother. Then let all pull together and carry out those grand aims, which are the fundamental principles of this our institution, "benevolence, charity," assist the needy, nurse the sick and afflicted, lend a helping hand to those out of a position, obtain employment for them, if worthy. Under no circumstances recommend a man unless he is worthy. Much depends upon your judgment. We are all interested in the actions of any brother that may in the least affect the good name of the institution.

I suppose some will object to this, as not being hardly the kind of letter for the public. Well, they can all "take it home" to other institutions. I know it to be the case, and most of you can see a faint resemblance in this picture. I say if there is anything detrimental to our Order, try and correct it, if possible bring it to the notice of the erring brother, and it may save one. If it does, I will feel well repaid for these years of labor in the advancement of this, our cause of right and justice,

Yours fraternally,

F. B. A., P. G. M.

*Editor Magazine:* Buffalo Lodge No. 12 is composed at present of fifty-two members, and they are as good men as can be found on any road: morally, socially, and as firemen. Our lodge was never in a better condition than at present. Five weeks since we added one new member to our roll, and this week, Friday, April 2d, two more good firemen will become members of our noble Order, besides we have about a dozen more on the anxious seats to be added as soon as they have fired the

required length of time. We have quite a number of good members, who formerly were members of the old Hornellsville lodge, and several more of them have said they wished to join our lodge and intend to soon.

Several of our brothers have been promoted to the right side within the past six months, (whose names have been mentioned in the Magazine.) They are meeting with good success, and are proving themselves competent to fill the responsible position of engineer. No. 12 has some as good workers for the benefit of the Brotherhood as can be found in any lodge in the Order, and they are doing their utmost to increase its ranks with good men, who are willing to live up to our motto of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and give to our officers a class of firemen who will be faithful and industrious, and when promotion comes to them they will be found reliable and competent to take charge of the lives and property entrusted to their care.

Yours fraternally, No. 12.

### FLASK, BOTTLE AND DEMIJOHN.

*To the Editors of the Firemen's Magazine :*

There has in all ages and climes been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. By consulting that holy book, the bible, we find Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, take to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the conqueror, was vanquished.

Strong drink ! Does it not jingle the burglar's key ? Does it not whet the assassin's knife ? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol ? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick room ? and the minister, with his tongue thick, into the pulpit ? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch ? Hang not your head or shut your eyes until you have seen it. We must get sight of the monster before we can shoot him. I will begin at our National and State capitals. Only recently a Senator from one of our Eastern States rises up with tongue so thick, and with utterance so nonsensical that he was led into the ante-room. He was a good Republican. Also one of our Middle States has a Representative who very rarely appears in his seat, for the reason that he is so great an inebriate that he can neither walk nor ride. He is a good Democrat. As God looks down on our State and National Legislatures, he holds us responsible. We cast the votes. We lift up the legislators. Will the time never come when this Nation shall rise up higher than partisanship, and cast its suffrage for sober men ? The fact is the two millions of dollars, which the liquor dealers raised for the purpose of swaying State and National legislation, has done its work, and the Nation is debauched. Higher than legislatures, or the congress of the United States, is the whisky ring.

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on Sunday. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on the Sabbath. The shoe store is closed ; severe penalties will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window shutters of the grog shop. Our laws shall confer particular honors upon the rum traffickers. All other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing, and hardware, and lumber and coal, take off their hats to the rum seller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But swing out your signs, ye traffickers in the peace of families, and in the souls of immortal men ! Let the corks fly and the beer foam, and the rum go

tearing down the half consumed throat of the inebriate. God does not see, does he? Judgment will never come, will it? Oh, the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariffs. If every gallon of whisky made, if every flask of wine produced should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung out of the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the altars of the christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses: The first is bright as home can be. The father comes home at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulations, and sympathy and laughter; music in the parlor; fine pictures on the walls; costly books on the stand; well clad household; plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff; wife's furs at the pawnbroker's shop; clock gone; daughter's jewelry sold to get flour; carpets gone off the floor; daughters in faded and patched dresses; wife sewing for the stores; little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck a blow in anger; deep shadows of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings; little children hide; daughters turn pale; wife holds her breath; blundering steps in the hall; door opens. Fiend brandishing his fist cries out, "What are you doing here?"

Do you call this house the second? No, it is house the first; rum transformed it; rum imbruted the man; rum sold the shawl; rum tore up the carpets; rum shook its fist; rum desolated the hearth; rum changed that paradise into a hell.

Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink. If this course was proclaimed about the comparatively harmless drinks of olden times, what condemnation must rest upon those who tempt their neighbors with intoxicating drinks? Pure liquors, pure destruction! Nearly all the genuine champagne made is taken by wealthy, and what they themselves think to be the leaders of society. While what the middle class get is horrible swill. But perhaps we have not utterly gone astray, I may speak to one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right, and say to your companions and friends: "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others; have nothing to do with strong drink."

I will not carry the subject farther this time, but at some future day will try and show the readers of the Magazine the effects strong drink has had upon some of our railroad men.

Signed,

COLD WATER, Buffalo Lodge, No. 12.

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ATCHINSON, KANSAS, March, 1880.

*Brother Sayre:* Last month I wrote a few lines on the subject of co-operation, I want to try this time a few lines about our Magazine. I ask every member of the fraternity, do you take the Magazine? If not, why? Magazine agents find it a difficulty for even their own members to say freely, that they will take the Magazine. Some will say, "I can not see how I can just now, my exchequer is so low." Others will say, "I find my earnings, which are so low, just sufficient." Yes, but my dear brother ask yourself, how many games less of billiards, pin pool, or faro, would soon pay for the Magazine which you are fully expected to take. If we have to expect our grand officers to do every thing and we do nothing, let

us be frank and mention this to them. If we want a good Magazine we must help it along, and no brother can convince me that he can not pay one dollar per year for the Magazine. Excuse me if I speak frankly, but it is always what I do in our lodge room and I must do the same here.

By taking the Magazine we are self supporting what I would call our own library. With the membership we have, if each and every one would work, we would find it in a prosperous condition. It wants that patronage of the individual members of the fraternity, for their own, and the general benefit of the Order. The consequence of this abstention from not reading our Magazine, acts very unfavorably upon the membership at large, and has a bad effect, if that thing is possible, on the general community. Comparatively few are so far posted in the principles of the fraternity, as to be enabled to talk intelligibly with an outsider, and to expound them in a true and effective manner, giving the seeker of light and truth, clear and vivid impressions as to what our fraternity is, or what it intends to do, and by what instrumentalities it proposes to do this; and the candid inquirer is very often, perhaps it should be said usually, given an erroneous exposition of the matter. The man who has been favorably impressed on the subject of our organization, by an incompetent member may thus be convinced that our fraternity is of no value, merely because he has sought information from such a member. Thus the ignorant member not only loses the valuable knowledge which he might and ought to acquire, by reading our By-Laws and Magazine, but his influence is against the fraternity which he professes to love, in that he grossly misrepresents it to his neighbor. Then I say again, much of this ignorance could be dispelled by a good circulation of our By-Laws and Magazine. It is a thing of a substantial character and should be taken by each and every member.

I am glad to say Lodge 31 is doing favorably, each and every member, although we are a new lodge. We feel willing to work for our fraternity. Please inform brother Stevens, we are growing with good men, and that he has the best wishes of every member of 31, for success wherever he may go.

Yours truly,

VERIX.

## QUERIES.

WHY did Brother Crutchfield see fit to secure a new boarding house while residing in Paris, Kentucky?

Answer to T. H. S. Disconnect your engine on the left-hand side, and use your right-hand pump. W. P. T.

Answer to T. H. S. in April number.

If an engine has knocked out the front cylinder-head, and the left-hand pump bursted, and you have no injector, can the engine be fixed up so as to complete the trip?

Draw the right-hand piston, and cover your steam ports so as to allow no steam to escape into your cylinder. Work the left-hand engine, and allow the right pump to work by leaving the main rod connected to work the crosshead, and if the left cylinder head breaks, work the right engine. If this is not correct, let us hear from some of the other brothers. A. M., No. 38.

## SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

A. N. RUSSELL of No. 89 has taken a final withdrawal card.

BROTHER Hediger of No. 37 promoted to right hand side; hold on tight, George.

BROTHER Willard asks if a *young* boy, sixty days old, can join the Order. Well, hardly ever, brother W., but wish you well.

BROTHER H. P. Lewis of Kenton Lodge is known as the champion ticket seller, having sold two hundred and fifty tickets to No. 41's entertainment.

BROTHER Chas. Wheat of No. 88 has rendered valuable services in assisting brother Watts in soliciting for the Magazine, for which he has our sincere thanks.

WE note the following promotions: Lodge No. 27, brothers Munn, Tindall, Wagg, Brarit and Fitzgerald, also brothers Dill and Burns of No. 70. Again we find R. L. Wilder of No. 55, holding the throttle, also brother Diffly. In No. 88, brothers Kraus, Hutchins, Warner, Huggins, Wertsheimer, Grosbeck, and Lethbridge have been promoted to the right side.

G. E. HOWELL was reported expelled in No. 4. We cheerfully correct the statement as he is a brother in good standing of 34.

CORRECTION.—On page 61, February number of Magazine in article on expulsion, should read: "No 67, instead of 69."

GRAND Instructor Stevens has returned from an extensive tour through the South, visiting Lodges Nos. 41, 23, 55, 100, 79, 45, 21 and 13, also organizing a Lodge in Atlanta, Georgia. He represents all in a flourishing condition.

MARRIED.—On the 25th of March, at the residence of the bride's mother at Missouri Valley, Boone, Iowa, John D. Russell and Miss Cora Andrews.

### E. V. DEBS.

Below our brethren will find an extract from *The Express* of Terre Haute. Brother Debs, as we all know, is city clerk, and inclined to literary work and bears his part honorably in the city, not only as a good citizen, a good brotherhood man and a bright and genial gentleman, but as one who in the near future will make his mark in whatever position he may be called to fill:

"Mr. Eugene V. Debs read an essay on "Hard Work, versus Genius." Mr. Debs took the side of the plaintiff in this case, and by the introduction of such witnesses as Michael Angelo, Milton, Franklin and Cicero, proved "beyond a reasonable doubt" that "Hard Work" deserveth all praise, whereas "Genius" is a nonentity, The production of Mr. Debs was by far the finest of the evening."

### SMITH—LOWE.

"The marriage bells are ringing" this time to announce the happy union of brother James Smith, of Vigo Lodge, No 16, and Miss Frank Lowe, a most exemplary and amiable young lady of this city. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Morgan, shortly after 8 o'clock, Tuesday evening, March 23, and was attended by a limited number of relatives and friends. Rev. C. R. Henderson officiated as clergyman, and after pronouncing the happy couple man and wife, the doors were opened, and the guests were ushered into a room

containing tables which certainly were "heavily laden," with such cakes, ice-creams, and other delicacies as make us wish for "a thousand tongues."

After supper the company was entertained with vocal and instrumental music by Miss Morgan, of Brazil, Miss Westfall, Miss Bennett, Prof. Edward Raidy and others. Altogether it was one of the most pleasant weddings we have ever attended. At 1:30 o'clock the young couple took the east bound train for Xenia, Ohio, the home of Mr. Smith's parents, where they will spend their honey-moon, after which they will return here to make this their future residence. They start out on life's journey under the most favorable auspices. Both are widely known and have hosts of friends who wish "that every moment of their lives will be jeweled with a joy."

TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 27, 1880.

### RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Excelsior lodge No. 11, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held January 31, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Master to remove from our midst our most worthy brother, Peter C. Everitt, who died January 29, of typhoid fever therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will and guided by the power of love we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved parents and relations, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow and affliction.

*Resolved*, That in the death of brother Everitt, the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

*Resolved*, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents of our deceased brother.

*Resolved*, That the forgoing resolutions be published in the *Easton Daily Argus* and in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

E. E. TEEL,  
J. S. GORGAS,  
WM. W. GOURLING, } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Cedar Valley Lodge, No. 30, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, brother L. C. Chase, Recording Secretary of our lodge, having removed from our city to the city of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, thereby making it impossible for him to attend the duties of his office, and

WHEREAS, In accepting his resignation, we lose a most capable and efficient officer and faithful worker; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this lodge be tendered brother Chase for his untiring zeal in the faithful performance of his duties, and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our Magazine for publication, and also be spread on the minutes of this lodge.

J. E. BRIGGS,  
JOHN GRAVES,  
E. STEARNS. } Committee.

At a regular meeting held by the members of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, B. of L. F., on Sunday, April 4, 1880, the following resolutions of sympathy and respect were passed :

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with brother M. S. Laughlin and family in the loss of their beloved son, and earnestly pray that he who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless may enable them to bear with humble patience and christian fortitude their sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

CLEVELAND, O., April 4, 1880.

T. H. SHEPPARD,  
J. L. CLARK,  
S. S. CARD. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge, No. 4, B. of L. F., held April 11, 1880, the following was unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-wise ruler of the universe to remove from time to eternity the wife of our worthy brother, Thomas Nicholson, and

WHEREAS, We wish to place upon record this testimonial of regard and sympathy for our worthy brother in his affliction; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we tender to brother Nicholson our sincere sympathy, and hope that he may be sustained in his afflictions while in a strange land, by the hand of Him who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our sorrowing brother, and a copy be sent to the B. of L. F. Magazine for publication.

THOS. S. TAYLOR,  
S. H. QUACKENBUSH,  
W. H. MAXWELL. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, By the removal of our worthy and much esteemed brother, J. M. Dodge, to San Diego, California, No. 47 has met with a severe loss, and

WHEREAS, Brother Dodge was a charter member of this lodge, and a Grand Officer in 1878-79, an earnest worker, a noble and faithful brother, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the thanks and well wishes of No. 47 are due and are hereby tendered him for the able and prompt manner in which he performed his duties.

*Resolved*, That the principles of right and justice as taught by him may be ever fresh in our memories and guide us in all our dealings.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy transmitted to brother J. M. Dodge and published in the Magazine.

CHICAGO, April 6, 1880.

M. GEPPER,  
T. P. MURPHY,  
F. E. PARKER. } Committee.

### BLACK LIST.

No. 45. A. A. Cochran, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75. R. Gove and S. Simpson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 82. C. A. Sumner and E. L. Day, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 100. Allen Strother, expelled for defrauding the lodge of money; W. S. Marquis and John Wilkerson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZKART	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WIPPEN	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. K. ARCKER	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block,	Indianapolis, Ind.

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER	Chicago, Ill.
OLF THOMPSON	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY	Topeka, Kas.
P. H. SULLIVAN	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KRITH	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
- |                                 |                  |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| T. S. Taylor (Box 1315)         | Master           |
| J. F. Hoffman (Box 501)         | Rec. Sec'y       |
| Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286)        | Fin. Sec'y       |
| Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes, | Magazine Agents. |
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| A. Jenkinson    | Master         |
| T. Wooley       | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. E. Miles     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Jas. Farnsworth | Magazine Agent |
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| A. J. Gabard | Master         |
| L. M. Phipps | Rec. Sec'y     |
| Thos. Ackley | Fin. Sec'y     |
| E. G. Snyder | Magazine Agent |

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
- |                               |                |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| F. W. Arnold                  | Master         |
| (Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)  |                |
| W. K. Redmond                 | Rec. Sec'y     |
| (City Water Works.)           |                |
| C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.) | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Jno. McClure                  | Magazine Agent |
| (160 south High street.)      |                |
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.
- |                                 |                |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.   | Master         |
| T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. | Rec. Sec'y     |
| T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| T. H. Sheppard                  | Magazine Agent |
| No. 6 Fruit st.                 |                |
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| J. S. Gorgas  | Master         |
| P. C. Everitt | Rec. Sec'y     |
| H. Lott       | Fin. Sec'y     |
| D. Gorgas     | Magazine Agent |
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
- |                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st. | Master         |
| A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.  | Rec. Sec'y     |
| C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.  | Fin. Sec'y     |
| I. H. Crossman               | Magazine Agent |
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.
- |                                |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.) | Master         |
| W. N. Sayre                    | Rec. Sec'y     |
| Jos. Zahms                     | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Peter Staff                    | Magazine Agent |
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
- |                                |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office | Master         |
| E. V. Debs, do                 | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.  | Fin. Sec'y     |
| W. P. Saunders                 | Magazine Agent |
| No. 825 North Ninth street.    |                |
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| T. A. Galloway         | Master              |
| (East St. Louis, Ill.) |                     |
| C. A. Cripps           | Rec. and Fin. Sec'y |
| F. B. Wheeler          | Magazine Agent      |
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Wm. Underhill | Master         |
| J. S. Holm    | Rec. Sec'y     |
| R. Von Harten | Fin. Sec'y     |
| Wm. McBride   | Magazine Agent |
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Wm. Stevenson | Master         |
| H. Obenhouse  | Rec. Sec'y     |
| J. A. Hayes   | Fin. Sec'y     |
| W. J. Edy     | Magazine Agent |

22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
C. Hahn.....Rec. Sec'y  
care Benders drug store.  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. Honnaker, 441 E. Green st.....Mag. Agt
25. **CONNECTING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
R. S. Pike.....Master  
Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn.....Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois.....Master  
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, Waterloo, Iowa.....Fin. Sec'y  
O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
J. I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons.....Magazine Agent
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith.....Master  
Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith.....Master  
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hinchliff.....Master  
H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hinchliff.....Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
Angus Menish.....Master  
Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.  
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master  
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y  
(C. and A. engine house.)  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
42. **KENNESAW LODGE**, Atlanta, Ga.  
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. M. Webb do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn.....Master  
F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger.....
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Ryan (10x box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master  
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y  
Cor. State and 47th st.  
W. R. Parker, 4703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. Ross ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Crowley, do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
 Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Master  
 Wm. Tangman ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. R. Goheen ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. .... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) ..... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st ..... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pope, 42 Clyde st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, 12 High st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, 325 Adelaide st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Scott, 325 Adelaide st. .... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. Maclow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 L. H. Archer, No. 4 Hudson st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
 W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. W. Stoddard ..... Magazine Agent  
 149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McGarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley ..... Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan ..... Master  
 John Young ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn. Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Jno. Schardt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Evatt ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 I. Thompson ..... Mag. Ag't

82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,  
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second  
sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday  
evenings of each month.  
Arthur Sandy.....Master  
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
Sheldon T. Browne.....Fin. Sec'y  
1807 Sixth street, south.  
H. Clark and Jas. Mathews.....Mag. Ag't's
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.  
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each  
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-  
tween Douglas and Farnham.  
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master  
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y  
U. P. Engine House.  
W. Loury.....Magazine Agent  
U. P. Engine House.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets  
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
Jno. Burns.....Master  
Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.  
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d  
Mondays of each month.  
T. J. Kellett.....Master  
J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y  
B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets  
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at  
7:30 P. M.  
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.  
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every  
Thursday evening.  
Harry Watts.....Master  
A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y  
Harry Watts.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at  
5:20 P. M.  
J. A. Ressegnie.....Master  
J. F. F. Hale.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y  
Ole Thompson.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and  
Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
C. C. Walker.....Master  
J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Perrin.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.  
Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednes-  
day, at Kings Hall, Missouri street,  
between 17th and 18th.  
D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
Geo. A. Aldrich.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
226 16th street.  
F. A. Griggs, 212 Shotwell st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
D. Garrett.....Master  
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet.  
2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday  
of each month, at 2 P. M.  
W. H. Bennett.....Master  
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y  
Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in  
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-  
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30  
P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master  
Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. E. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.  
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.  
Hall on Preston street, between Linden  
ave. and Eutaw street.  
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master  
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th  
Fridays of each month.  
Wm. Hughes.....Master  
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. Hughes.....Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah  
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M.  
at City Hall.  
Robert Sims.....Master  
M. Myers.....Rec. Sec'y  
Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,  
at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky.  
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of  
L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
C. O. Dixon.....Master  
J. W. Lee.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Weller.....Fin. Sec'y  
A. Bingleben.....Mag. Ag't

THE  
Locomotive Firemen's  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 4.

JUNE, 1880.

No. 6.

Selected for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY GEORGE W. CUTTER.



BRARNFESS me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands  
As the tempest scorns a chain.  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boasts of human might,  
And the pride of human power.  
  
When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze;  
When I marked the workman faintly reel,  
With the toil he daily bore,  
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar;  
  
When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the carrier dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love,  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car.  
  
Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;  
They invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast  
And laughed in my iron strength.  
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,  
The mountains steep decline;  
Time—space—have yielded to my power—  
The world—the world is mine!  
The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,  
Or those where his beams decline!  
The giant streams of the queenly west,  
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,  
To hear my strength rejoice,  
And the monsters of the briny deep,  
Cower, trembling at my voice.  
I carry the wealth and the lords of earth,  
The thoughts of the God-like mind;  
The wind lags after my flying forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
My tireless arm doth play,  
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day.  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
From the hidden cave below,  
And I make the fountains granite cup  
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel  
Where my arms of strength are made.  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—  
I carry, I spin, I weave,  
And all my doings I put into print  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"  
And soon I intend man may "go and play,"  
While I manage the world by myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

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THE flying machine can not successfully wrestle with currents; and the same may be said of the small boy; the currants happened to be green.

WANTED, a salve for lips that will so deaden the sound of a kiss that the old folks can't hear it in the next room.

## CHASED BY GREASERS.

AN INCIDENT ON THE RIO GRANDE.

BY BLUE JACKET.

"YES, I've had a number of narrow escapes during my career," remarked the lieutenant, as he puffed lazily at his cigar, "and I think my last adventure may tend to interest you. It was a pretty tight squeeze, and at one time I thought sure I should lose the number of my mess, but 'touch and go' is a good pilot you know, and here I am to-day, as good as ever. I will give you the details, if you care to listen."

It was the occasion of a dinner party, given on board the vessel to which the lieutenant was attached. His immediate friends were on either side of him, and it is needless to state that the officer's proposition for an after-dinner yarn was eagerly accepted.

"Some of you remember—it is not so long ago—when I received orders to join the gun-boat fitted out especially to patrol the Rio Grande, with a view of protecting the interests of our citizens on the Mexican frontier.

"I never did like the race—all of their characteristics are repugnant to our broad and enlightened ideas of civilization. They are priest-ridden, superstitious, ignorant, bigoted, dirty, treacherous, addicted to gambling, lying and throat-cutting; and, gentlemen, I might continue the list to an infinite degree, were I not well assured that you thoroughly understand the characteristics which in general predominate with the Greasers.

"It was anything but pleasure paddling backward and forward in that confounded river, with clouds of miasma rising every morning, heat sufficient to scorch the boots off your feet, and no amusement to break up the drear monotony which had become well nigh insupportable. One day followed another with the same dull routine; there was no society, no one to visit, and it was the earnest wish of all hands that we might either have a brush with the yellow-bellies, or else receive orders for more active and congenial duty.

"Finally, tempted by the clouds of wild duck, plover and other birds infesting the reedy shores and lagoons, I resolved to have a day's sport. The opportunity was a good one, the engineers having blowed down the boiler for a general overhaul.

"Accompanied by a young midshipman, Harry Murdock by name, with our double-barreled guns in the stern sheets, we took possession of the dingy, a light, fleet-pulling and sailing boat, and at early daylight shoved off from the Sombrero's side.

"The early mists of morning were slowly rolling up as we pulled in shore. The current was running swiftly against us; wild detours had to be made to avoid rocks, sand bars, and shoals which abounded on every side. Leaving the river we proceeded leisurely up a tributary, which was entirely new ground for both of us. The waters, contracted by the narrow channel, rushed furiously along, casting showers of spray in the air, compelling us to exercise our utmost skill to avoid the dangers which beset us on all sides. I was wet, tired and exhausted with the long fatiguing pull, and only too gladly acceded to my companion's suggestion to tie the boat up to a tall, overhanging trunk of a tree, and try land tracks for a while.

"The ground was sticky and treacherous like the natives. Wild serge grass

grew in detached masses, with here and there a clump of Spanish bayonet, and bunches of coars rushes, all growing luxuriously in the wet, soggy ground.

"We had a fine run of sport, bagging more game than we could carry, and the sun was well up before we thought of returning to the boat, where we had left a lunch, put up by the ward-room steward. We had, as well, wandered a considerable distance inland, which fact was forced most disagreeably and forcibly upon me when I ascended a slight eminence to obtain a better view of the surrounding country.

"A party of most vicious looking scoundrels, swarthy and bearded like pirates, mounted upon wiry mustangs, galloping directly toward us, their arms and accoutrements glancing brightly in the rays of the sun, met my vision.

"There was no mistaking their errand, and if the slightest doubt had existed, it was soon dissipated when the party urged their steeds into a round gallop, at the same time unslinging the carbines, which were strapped to their backs. With a ferocious yell they came swooping down upon us, and I, hastily summoning Harry to follow in my wake, struck for the old trunk of the tree which marked the spot where we had disembarked.

"Clinging to our guns, while game bags and contents were tossed aside, we sought the hardest and driest ground, until a point was reached, as nearly as we could judge, that was abreast of the tree, which was hidden from us by the tall serge grass. The dry earth was left behind, and with a plunge we went ankle deep into the mud and ooze, three miles of which intervened between us and the river. In the rear a dozed well armed men were urging their horses along at a furious gait, and gentlemen, if ever I felt scared in my life it was when I cast a furtive glance over my shoulder, taking in the whole situation.

"There was one point in our favor, we had the advantage of a good start, and as the Greasers reined up their snorting mustangs for a moment on the edge of the marsh, we were steadily ploughing our way through the mud and water, while showers of vile compound flew high above our heads with every plunge. We were beyond the range of their rifles, they having tried their caliber, the balls expending themselves far astern, harmlessly in the mud. Then, with a simultaneous yell, they came on, the animals plunging furiously as they sank deeply into the adhesive mud of the morass.

"Their object was murder and plunder. The opportunity was too good to be thrown away. There was no one to interfere, no one to witness their deeds of violence, and in that mass of tangled weeds, grass, mud and mire, no one would discover our hacked and disfigured bodies.

"The rapid crack of the carbines resounded continually in our ears, and as the horses gained upon us, the balls began to whistle uncomfortably close. But it is a hard matter for a mounted man to hit a fleeing fugitive, so I had but slight misgivings on that score. It only served to accelerate our pace, while the cattle bandit wasted their ammunition in hopes, I presume, that luck would favor them by winging one of us with a stray shot.

"We had got fully over two-thirds of the distance, with chances in our favor, when with a groan, a burst of agony, the plucky little middy fell at my feet. I thought at first he had been struck by a stray bullet, but such was not the case. He was exhausted, beat entirely out, and pressing his hands on his side to repress the pain, his white face met mine with an expression I shall never forget.

"Go on," he gasped with an effort; "leave me behind, there is a chance for you, and one victim is sufficient. I can go no further."

"Get your breath my lad; keep your gun dry, and 'never say die while there's a shot in the locker.' Two Yanhees are a match for a dozen Greasers every day. Can you manage your piece? Good! then take careful aim, let them have one barrel, and reserve the other."

"A storm of bullets pattered around us, ploughing up the mud in every direction, but the horses from their unruly movements, saved our lives. We remained unhurt, while our fire was delivered full in the faces of the bilious cut-throats, and three of them dropped from their saddles well peppered with duck shot, while the remainder ducked on the off side, like a Comanche brave, swerving from their course; and seizing the opportunity, I dashed forward, catching the bridle of a mustang, whose former rider lay floundering in the mire, and the next instant I had swung myself into the saddle.

"Harry, who had in a measure recovered his wind and strength, had followed my example, effecting his capture without trouble; then followed by the remainder of the gang at a respectful distance, we continued the retreat to the bank of the tributary stream in good order, keeping up a running fight, and replying shot for shot.

"The old trunk of the tree loomed up grim and defiant, a beacon of hope to us though, and already we could make out the dingy bobbing up and down in the swiftly running waters of the creek. A dark bank of clouds was rapidly rising and spreading over the heavens, while the distant mutter of thunder gave warning of the near approach of a severe squall.

"The decisive moment for embarking had come, and hastily ramming home a charge in the empty barrel of my gun, I turned suddenly, charging at full speed upon the astonished Mexicans, and yelling at the top of my voice, closely followed by Harry.

"Delivering our fire in rapid succession, and taking advantage of the smoke and confusion, we dismounted, made a bold push for the dingy, and the next instant I had sent the light shallop whirling out into the stream. The breeze was strong and fair, coming in gusts from the midst of the frowning storm cloud, and stepping the mast, I hauled aft the sheet, taking the helm, while Harry, pale and panting, laid down in the bottom of the boat by my direction.

"A wild, unearthly shout came ringing out in the fitful breeze, and glancing astern, to my dismay, I beheld a long, weatherly boat filled with natives, who were in close communication with the gang ashore. They were soon made to understand the true state of affairs, as with a yell of vengeance the oars were manned on either side, and with the foam boiling and bubbling about the bows, they gave chase with an earnestness that meant business. But I was on my native element again, my confidence was renewed, I felt more at home, and with every moment Harry was recovering his vitality. He reloaded the guns, keeping an eye on the horsemen, who, balked of their prey, galloped along the bank, howling and yelling like so many fiends, but wisely keeping out of harm's way. They had received a sufficient dose, their ardor had been dampened, and while they burned for revenge, and itched to test the keenness of their knives on our throats, they were willing their friends should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them.

"The dingy, with sail almost submerged, was flying through the water at a rapid pace, but the fleet boat astern urged on by the united strength of fifteen men gained perceptibly upon our sail boat.

"I was compelled to watch the boat, the channel, and the strong squalls of wind, and with tiller in one hand, and sheet in the other, my mind was fully occupied. A mistake, an accident, no matter how insignificant, and our lives would pay the forfeit. Showers of spray, with an occasional miniature sea, would fly over the boat as we dashed through the whirling, eddying foam, and Harry would have to lay aside his double-barrel at intervals to bail out the flying craft.

"An occasional volley from the land party would whistle and zip about our ears, and before a return shot could be given them the cowardly skunks would retreat under cover of the bank lined with grass, to the intense disgust of the middy. I had been hit in the arm, not seriously, but the pain was excessive, and my temper was by no means improved by the fact. The sails of the dingy were perforated with holes, and an ugly splinter was apparent in the slender mast, but there was no time or opportunity to repair damages.

"The channel now took an abrupt turn to the right, and I knew we were but a short distance from the Rio Grande. The creek was white with foam, and rifts of spray were dashing high above the sunken rocks.

"'Look out,' muttered Harry, 'the boat astern is within range, and they have leveled their cursed escopets.

"The report of the firearms was lost in a rattling peal of thunder, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning. A squall of wind and rain swept over us, compelling me to let fly the sheet, and in an instant the canvas, torn and tattered, was streaming out to leeward, the sails useless and ruined—for our use, at least.

"We were now in a species of rapids, where the torrent boiled along at a furious speed. There was no occasion for canvas to accelerate our pace, and the waters, lashed to fury, roared and mingled with the crash of thunder, and the sharp hissing of the descending rain.

"The smooth sides of granite rocks were on either side, half concealed by flying foam and blinding spray, and the face of my companion turned a shade paler in the devilish glare of the lightning as he noted the peril we were in. But we had escaped the death which surely awaited us astern. A quick glance over my shoulder assured me of that fact. The Mexicans, appalled by the wild appearance of the channel, had ceased their efforts, and were lying on their oars, virtually giving up the race, without venturing to follow us into what certainly looked like sure destruction.

"We were both compelled to crouch in the bottom of the boat, which tossed and tumbled violently on the surging swells with the buoyancy of a cork. The rebounding foam blinded my eyes as the dingy rose on the crest of a roller, and whirling half round, coming within an ace of broaching to, we glided forth from the narrow creek in safety, riding, half filled with water, on the broader bosom of the muddy Rio Grande.

"The spars of the Sombrero loomed up through the murky atmosphere, swaying to and fro as the squalls swept through the taut rigging, and I can assure you she never looked lovelier to my eyes than when we paddled alongside and gazed at the protruding muzzles of her nine-inch guns.

"Our enemies had long since disappeared. I never beheld them again, and somehow after that it never appeared half so monotonous on deck of the old craft, and it is needless to state that I was effectually cured of all desire to again indulge in a day's sport on the Rio Grande. My injured arm healed rapidly, leaving a slight scar as a memento of the day's sport."

## MOVING TRAINS BY TELEGRAPH.

THE system of moving trains by telegraph is a necessity on all single lines of railroad; we say a necessity, because the demand of the American people for speed, even at the expense of safety, has forced this "system" upon the management of American railroads.

The "Train-dispatcher" is stationed at a central point on the road, is usually a telegraph operator, and watches closely the progress of all trains, which is reported to him by the operators from all telegraph stations. When any train, through an accident to itself or other trains, is in danger of being delayed, he at once proceeds to "help" it by suspending the rules of the schedule, which fixes the passing points of all trains and letting it pass opposing trains at such points as will necessitate the least delay—a proceeding the advantage of which will readily occur to any one, but in the execution of which an amount of risk is sometimes run that would make the hair of interested parties stand on end were they to know of it. The *modus operandi* is about as follows: The dispatcher calls up the operator at the regular passing point of the two trains and gives him an order to hold the delayed train for orders, and then, on the assumption that this is done, proceeds to give the opposing train the right to proceed to beyond this regular meeting point, regardless of the delayed train, and run to another point, nearer to the coming train. Another favorite way of "helping" trains is to give one train the right to use a specified amount of another train's time between certain points. In this case the order given a train would be about as follows: "To Conductor and Engineer of Train No. 10: You may use twenty-five minutes of No. 5 train's time between Cincinnati and Glendale."

These simple examples illustrate only two of the hundreds of combinations that are used to accomplish the purpose, but in all of them the one fact is found, that their successful execution involves a blind dependence upon the faithfulness and intelligence of poor, weak humanity, to an extent that is well calculated to cause the thinking man to pause and reflect. The amount of responsibility attached to the office of train-dispatcher can not well be estimated. To illustrate, we know of a certain piece of track in Ohio, not fifty miles long, where it has repeatedly occurred, that there have been fifty trains in motion at one time, and almost all of them running under telegraphic orders, one man governing the movements of all, and keeping them out of each others way.

Many a man has won a place in history as a brilliant strategist, with a head not cool enough to grasp this situation. Many of the qualities needed on a successful battlefield must be possessed in a high degree by the train-dispatcher. To see carefully prepared combinations demolished without a moments warning, and be able to form new ones on the spur of the instant, amid distracting confusion, the possession of a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of all the machinery employed, to know every grade and side-track on the road, to know how far each train man and telegraph operator may be depended upon, are some of the minor qualifications necessary in a successful dispatcher; in fact, a better subject than he could not be found in deciding how long the human mind will stand up under a constant strain of all the faculties to their utmost extent.

The intimate presence of danger lends a sort of fascination to train service that is hard to resist. For instance, a heavily-loaded freight train consisting of four

or five sections—that is, four or five different trains, but all running on one time, and considered as one train, will start out on a trip. They will get permission from the dispatcher to run as fast as they can turn their wheels, and are given a specified time by which they must make a certain point to get out of the way of a passenger train. Away they go, shaking the earth with their thunder, running probably a quarter of a mile apart, until the haven of safety is reached, when they all push into the long siding, crowding against each other to make room; and scarcely is the last caboose in and switch turned before the express train rushes by with a whirl which is suggestive of what might have been had there been a miscalculation of half a minute.

This calls attention to the fact that an exceedingly accurate system of maintaining a standard of time is a necessity. A variation of three minutes of time has caused the loss of dozens of lives and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property. The Pennsylvania Company's lines have probably the most complete arrangement for accomplishing this object there is in existence. At four o'clock each day every telegraph office on their lines is put in connection with the Observatory clock in Allegheny City, and the pendulum of that clock moves every telegraph instrument on their lines, clicking the moment that four o'clock comes with an unerring certainty that enables every train man to know just how many seconds his time-piece is out.

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### TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, 1880.

It is said that the history of Paris and Rome is the most bloody of any of the great cities in the world. France suffered greatly from the barbarities and atrocities made terrible by the Norman incursions from the eighth to the thirteenth century, and I here may take the liberty of introducing a short but interesting chapter of her history from Guizot, at a period when the world was considered barbarous and uncivilized.

France, or Gaul as it was anciently called, was inhabited by a fierce war-like nation, the Gauls; war was their element. Under one of their chiefs, Brennus, and about the fifth century, they overran Italy and laid siege to Rome, which they took. Previous to the Gauls entrance to the city the Romans shut themselves up in a strongly fortified citadel, situated on one of the hills of Rome, and left the Gauls to amuse themselves in the empty streets. One of the Gauls found a passage by which he could, with great peril and much difficulty, scale the walls of the citadel. Choosing a dark night he with a number of his countrymen ascended this passage, but on arriving at the top they disturbed some geese from their slumber who became frightened, flew about, and made such a noise as to alarm the Roman guard and thus defeated the success of the daring undertaking, and so the goose became a sacred bird of Rome. However the besieged Romans began to feel the want of provisions, and after some debate amongst themselves opened negotiations with the Gauls to whom they offered a certain quantity of gold on condition that they (the Gauls) should leave the city, which was agreed upon. The gold was placed in the scales, and when balanced, Brennus drew his huge, heavy sword, and throwing it in the scales exclaimed: "Woe to the vanquished."

We may say Brennus was a barbarian, yet Germany made a like demand on France in 1871, and undoubtedly France would have acted in a similar manner

towards Germany had victory crowned her arms. Russia with the same cry swept over Poland, and it is England's doctrine not alone to the Irish, Zulus, Afghans, or whatever people they rob of their liberty under pretence of so-called christianity or civilization, and even to her own citizens at home, accumulated wealth, taught by the English aristocracy, adds that "might is right," and so the working classes of the world are branded accordingly, and wherever we find accumulations of wealth there we also find most abject poverty.

Many years ago when the crowned heads of Europe were discussing in what manner Poland should be divided amongst them, we find this passage published in the *Edinburgh Review* of that date, comparing Ireland and Poland: "They both possessed an ingenious, accomplished and gallant gentry, who gave a refined exterior to the community, while in both the body of the people, amidst all the bounty of nature, presented a general scene of disorder and beggary, with this extraordinary difference, however, that the policy of Great Britain in Ireland discovered the art of lowering the Irish peasants, though enjoying the legal rights of freemen, to as abject a state of ignorance, vice and wretchedness, as the boors of Poland who had no pretence to any privilege, but were bound to the soil and abandoned by the law to the pleasures of their masters." It looks absurd to say they were slaves "enjoying the legal rights of freemen," but have we not all the same rights to *justice*, legal or illegal, for it seems to me justice would come first and the legality of the thing after. It appears that everything which is legal is opposed to justice; the sooner we reverse it the better, and make things that tend to right and justice be legal.

It is a common thing to hear of two European nations plunge their people into war, the cause which is considered sufficient, we are told is offended honor. To examine this cause we find the truth to be some personal enmity existing between the crowned-heads who are ambitious to display their military prowess at the expense of the people, or to occupy the minds of their subjects with the glisten of arms and shouts of glory, that they may not look into the hollow shallowness of a corrupt and dissipated court. "Kings make war because the people are not wise." If these kings should fight their own battles history would have a different tale to tell. A so-called christian prince volunteers his services to a foreign nation, and that nation an enemy to his own country. Why? That he may assist in driving the naked savages from their huts, and compel them to live under the christianizing influence of English nobility. But unfortunately—unfortunately for who I wonder?—he lost his princely life in the very act of robbing a savage of his home, and his sad fate is mourned by the world.

We find these lines in the first English tragedy written in 1551:

"Murders and violent thefts in private men  
Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach,  
Yet no offense, and decked with glorious name  
Of noble conquests in the hands of kings."

TIM FAGAN.

**EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.**—It is stated in the *National Car-BUILDER* that a locomotive on the Pennsylvania Railroad made recently the fastest run on record. It was ordered from the round-house to the scene of an accident, and ran sixty miles in forty-five minutes and eight seconds. This is at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and is a very remarkable performance.

## FRED'S SPECULATION.

MRS. GORHAM put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table on her blooming daughters, and two tall, handsome sons, said in a doleful tone :

"Your aunt Zabina is coming to the city, and has invited herself here."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of disgust.

"She will come here in the train that arrives at four o'clock this afternoon. Will, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I have promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the Park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said, bravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of Aunt Zabina."

"Nonsense!" said his mother, "you have not seen her for fourteen years. "I never went near the detestable farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Zabina's kindness when we were there, of her doughnuts and cookies, and bowls of milk and red strawberries in them."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucille, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home and fry doughnuts. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and is there anything surprising in her looking for a welcome amongst her brother's children?"

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been—"Fred is so odd—just like his father."

But she only said :

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a great source of satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that her children were all like herself, "true Greers, every one of them excepting Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the plebeian blood of Gorham *pere* was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was of a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded, did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham," was proud to the core with the true pride that knows no false shame, that he was noble in disposition, handsome, in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing, she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Will's; he had no fashionable affectations, and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all.

But outside of the home, where great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated. When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give him every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business and took a position in a counting house as book keeper, thus becoming self-supporting, although his mother declared that no Greer had ever been in trade. That the money she lived on was made in soap boiling, the fashionable lady ignored entirely. Darling Will had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared,

and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting that his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle.

Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she was proud and rather cold in manner, was only rather an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham. Lucille, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner.

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt and straight-forward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And the secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself closely away from any suspicion of fortune-hunting; that only drooped and mourned, thinking of the heiress. At four o'clock Fred was at the depot in a carriage, waiting for Aunt Zabina. What a little old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint, black silk bonnet and large figured shawl. But Fred knew her kindly old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was ten years old.

"You are Aunt Zabina!" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the bright, handsome, manly face, and then caught a quick gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "Why, how like you be to your dear pa."

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you've growed? Is your ma here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred surely confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the bandbox, the "pictur" paper bought on the cars, the great, bungling cotton umbrella, and put them all into the carriage, without one smile of ridicule. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself with hot coffee and oysters before starting for the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long, tiresome journey, and fully sympathized with the—

"Ruination of every mortal stitch that I've got on, dear, in the horrid dust and smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house, and wide farm in the far west where Aunt Zabina lived.

"You see," she told him, "I made up my mind if the ten acre lot done well this year, I would come to New York once before I died. I've lotted to come 'fore now, dear, but something or nuther allus hindered. Dear! dear! You've all growed up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot o' babies last time poor John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older than I am."

"Yes; I remember! Well, deary, I'm glad John's wife raised such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children and young folks."

But a chill fell on the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand I think she would have returned to the depot by the same carriage she came in, she felt so wounded and sore.

"Got one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train right afore all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver dollar into the hand of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorting the old lady to her room.

It was not often the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shams and acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother, but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheek of even those worldly women.

It was not a very busy season, and finding that Aunt Zabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the members of the family, Fred asked for a week's holiday, appointing himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance; but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairy-maid, and a "city neck tie" for Bob, the ploughman, were purchased; gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself; and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid a promised visit to the western farm.

He drove Aunt Zabina to Central Park, and enjoyed her delight over the new enterprise of the city fathers. He took her to see all the sights. Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they thought the "queer old lady is some rich relation. Gorham is very attentive," and had delighted Aunt Zabina by their deferential attention. Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone.

She had heard of Aunt Zabina through the disgusted comments of Lucille, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm out west, with a house on it as big as a bird cage," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she usually gave her admirers.

A little lump came into Fred's throat; then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk and heavy velvet to the little, countrified, old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was jovial and very talkative. As they came down the steps Miss Caldwell said:

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us; but I shall be pleased if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and you will call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Aunt Zabina comfortable in her carriage, and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended that he should be.

"He is the very best of men," she thought and I'll give him one day of rest. Bless the dear old soul she has just such blue eyes as my poor dear old grandmother."

Then she won Aunt Zabina's confidence, and found that she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go into the black leather trunk, and that she did not like to worry Fred about. She told her of the express conveniences, and drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all impositions, till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed.

Then she drove to her own home and brought her to the room where grandmother was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman right welcome.

In the evening that followed, Fred's heart was touched and warmed, till scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret, and knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Zabina stayed two weeks, and then left for home, to the intense relief of the Gormans, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected in fashionable circles that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Aunt Zabina's tiny farmhouse, and even Fred didn't know it till he came too, after she was gone, and had his share of the pleasure of hearing such loving commendations of the one he loved.

He wore the neck-tie and made himself so much at home that Aunt Zabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both here, and then lose you," she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered to her, which consoled her a little.

"But, alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady, and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips and the blue eyes closed forever. But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham."—the forty acre farm and the tiny farmhouse. It was apparently no very great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at the many old-fashioned treasures she found hidden away, though she touched all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Aunt Zabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy flourishing city around the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederick Gorham lives in Fifth Avenue, and handles immense sums of money, the rents of stately buildings in the Western city.

"Made his money, sir, by Western speculations," you will be told if you are inquiring as to his source of income. "A fortunate purchaser of ground before the city was thought of."

But I, who know, tell you that the only speculation he made was, in the kindness of his heart, extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he owned was Aunt Zabina's farm.—[*Lowell Mass. Mail.*]

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### A TOWN LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

The city of Wabash, Ind., makes the proud boast of being the first city in the world to adopt the electric light for street illumination, and its trial seems to have proved, in a double sense, a brilliant success. The common council of this place, a few weeks ago, entered into negotiations with the Brush Electric Light Company of Cleveland, O., for one of their dynamo-electric generating machines of a guaranteed capacity of four lights of over 3000-candle power each. These four lamps are suspended from the end of two cross-bars bolted about half-way up an iron flag-staff that rises from the dome of the court house. The court house itself stands on a rise of ground that, with the height of the dome, gives the light an elevation of about 200 feet above the city. The generating engine of eight-horse

power is located in the cellar of the building. The contract was that the lights should illuminate a circle one mile in diameter, as light at the farthest point as it would be with a gas-lamp of usual street size every hundred feet. The trial showed this requirement to be more than fulfilled, as it was light enough at much more than that distance to tell the time on a watch or read coarse print. Over ten thousand people witnessed the test. Every alley and backyard receives the light. A careful computation shows that to light the town equally as well by gas would require three lamps to every square, which would take over 500 for the same area. These electric lamps consist simply of two carbon pencils about half an inch in diameter, arranged so that the current passes through all four and then returns to the machine. Each lamp has two sets of these carbons, so arranged that if one set gets out of order the other lights automatically. The entire apparatus furnished by the Brush Electric Light Company—lamps, wires and generating machines—cost \$1800. The cost of running the lamps when in actual operation is a cent and a half per hour, making the entire cost of illuminating the city, exclusive of wages of engineer and fuel, fifteen cents per night of ten hours. The engineer and fuel, and entire expense of lighting the town is estimated at \$750 per year, while sixty-five gas-lamps, which would only make darkness visible in the same area, would cost \$1100 per year.

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## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

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### RUNNING RAILWAYS BY ELECTRICITY—EDISON'S LATEST NOTION.

A correspondent has recently interviewed Edison, the inventor, and the following is part of the reported conversation :

Mr. Edison said: "I have been very much impressed, lately, with the economy of running railroads by electricity. In fact I do not doubt that, in a few years, most of the small railroads of the land, especially in new and sparsely settled regions, will be thus operated."

"How is that?" asked one of the party; "have a galvanic battery on the engine, instead of steam."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Edison, "it needs no power on the locomotive except what it receives from the track."

"From the track!" shouted two or three together.

"Yes," he said, "the track is insulated on tar, rubber, or something, then electricity is pumped into it, so to speak, from fifteen-horse power engines, say ten miles apart, along the side of the track. The rails are full of electricity, which mounts the train through the wheels, goes to the engine and propels the driving-wheels, escaping again to the rails. I have no doubt I can drive a train twenty-five miles an hour over an uneven country, without grading the road bed at all. And this is one of the beauties of the system. The road will go up and down all elevations, like an ordinary highway; there will be no tunnels or heavy cuts or fillings. You see the train would stick to the rails like a tack to a magnet; it couldn't get off very well unless the whole track should turn over. The electrical force would give a tremendous traction; the wheels would grasp the track like an iron hand, and climb up a steep hill as a boy would climb a ladder, the only

difficulty being that when going up a rise of 1,000 feet to the mile, it would go proportionately slower than on level ground."

"What will such a road cost?"

"I estimate that it will cost about one-fourth as much as the average narrow gauge railroads. It is calculated, as I said, especially for new countries that need roads but can not afford them—the great wheat ranges of the west and the immense ranches of California and the whole mining region. Why, just see! The train wouldn't need either conductor, engineer, or brakemen, unless there were passengers aboard. It could be run by electricity from either terminus. If you want to stop the train at any given spot, let the electricity be cut off from that section, and she stops. Reverse the current, and a train might be brought up all standing within fifty feet. Wouldn't that be a nice way to send trains of wheat from the Red river to Duluth?—just shoot them on the track and let them go. However, it might be necessary to have a guard aboard."

"The rails don't always touch each other end to end," somebody suggested.

"That would have to be provided against by connecting them with copper wire."

"And wouldn't the rain carry off the electricity?"

"It would weaken it, but iron can now be cheaply made water proof. But don't make the mistake of attributing this idea primarily to me. In Berlin Prof. Siemens has already built a little road on this pattern, and has organized a great company to construct a system of roads. I have devised an important improvement on his method, and I believe my generator will deliver 25 more per cent. of electricity than his; besides which, the road is especially adapted to our long ranges and sparse population, and not to Europe."

"Why don't you go ahead and build such a road?"

"I haven't time, just now," he said. "I must first get the electric light on the market; however, they are naturally a part of the same system and belong together. You see the train could be lighted by the same machine that turned the wheels."—[*Railway Age*.

IS THERE A CENTRAL SUN?—Madler announced his belief that Alcyne, the chief star of the Pleiades (the Seven Sisters), was the central star of the universe, which led men to think that the stellar system, like the solar system, revolves around a center. The only evidence Madler had for this operation was the drift of the stars of the constellation Taurus in one direction. This has since been proved to be no evidence, as similar drifts have been observed in other directions. Mr. Richard N. Proctor now comes forward with his opinion that the whole theory of a central sun is a myth, and not supported by any known astronomical fact.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Professor Groneman, of Gottingen, has propounded a theory of the aurora borealis resting on the presence of masses of iron-dust in the polar regions. Polar snow has been found to contain particles of iron, evidently precipitated from the atmosphere, and it is Groneman's supposition that these masses or particles describe a path round the sun, and when the earth crosses it particles are attracted by it, and more especially by its poles. Being carried swiftly through the atmosphere, they ignite by friction against it, and so become luminous, as is the case with meteorites. Nordenskjöld has found metallic iron, cobalt and phosphorus in snow north of Spitzbergen.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Color-blindness was never more strongly developed than in the man who takes a brown silk umbrella instead of a green gingham.

Professor Huxley says it is just as safe to marry on a three weeks' courtship as to wait longer. Each side will conceal all faults as much as possible anyhow.

"A bee-sting is only one-fourth of an inch long." A very insignificant thing, apparently, but it leaves a warm impression about two feet deep. There is nothing stingy about the sensation caused by a bee-sting, although it may be took that way.

"Before I give you an answer," said Aramantha to her lover, who had just proposed for her hand, "I have a secret to impart." "What is it, dearest?" he asked, pressing his arm around her yielding waist. She blushed and stammered, "My teeth are false." "No matter," he cried, heroically. "I'll marry you in spite of your teeth."

"Pray my good man," said a judge to an Irishman who was a witness in a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, then, plase your lordship," answered Pat, "sure I sees Phelim atop o' the wall! 'Paddy,' says he, 'What?' says I. 'Here,' says he. 'Where,' says I. 'Whist says he. 'Hush!' says I; and that's all, plase your worship!"

"No jintleman wud conthradict anither," said Pat Maloney, yesterday, in an interrogative style. "Certainly not, Pat; why?" "Bekase, I wuz makin' a spache to the byes in the third ward this afternoon, and I had thim in a foine state of frenzy over the intillect of Oireland, an' sez' I, 'Emmett, an O'Connell, an' Wash-shington wuz Oirishmen.' An' a man in the crowd, sez he, 'that's a mistake, Mr. Maloney.'" "He had you there, Pat." "No, zur; no, zur; for sez I to him, says I, 'no jintlemen wud conthradict anither, an' he couldn't say a word to it.—[*Oil City Derrick.*]

An English sexton and parish clerk, was once lettering a grave-stone in the church yard, when the village physician happened by. "Why, Peter," said the doctor, pointing to the half-cut inscription, you have spelt it wrong." Have I, doctor?" answered Peter sharply. "Well, well, pass it over, doctor—pass it over. I've covered up monny a blot o' yours."

A Scotch commoner once asked Sheridan how he got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to avoid his own Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt, any such thing. The house listens to you now, because they don't understand you, but, if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure!"

A skeptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about miracles and Balaam's ass, finally said, "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass!"

THERE are four things that look very awkward in a woman, viz: to see her undertaking to whistle—to throw a stone at a hog—to smoke a cigar, and climb a garden fence.

## THE LITTLE INDICATOR.

[Upon the adoption by many railroads of speed indicators on their freight cabooses, Mr. Charles H. McGinnis, flagman on the Fitchburg road, thus throws his soul into rhyme on the subject.]

They've got a new invention. and I tell you it is great,  
They use it on the Railroad to gauge the time on freight;  
It has a pencil for its hand, and marks down on a card,  
When you get to a station, and when you leave the yard,  
And if you try to beat it, you'll find it is no use,  
When they have the Indicator in the little short caboose.

*Chorus.—*

The Indicator is funny, I tell you it is queer,  
It tells them when you leave the train to get a glass of beer,  
It tells them when you slide the wheels, and when the train breaks loose,  
This little Indicator in the little short caboose.

It is the little time card that tells them very plain,  
When you take a side track for to meet some other train,  
And if you get belated, or stalled upon some grade,  
It tells them when it happened, and what delay you made,  
And then when you get home at last, you've got a good excuse,  
In the little Indicator in the little short caboose.

*Chorus.—*

A fifteen mile an hour gait is all they do allow,  
And if you should run faster, there is bound to be a row,  
They will call you to the office and ask you right away,  
How it was you run so fast, and what you have to say?  
O, you cannot tell them nothing, for they've got you in a noose,  
On the little Indicator in the little short caboose.

*Chorus.*

## HE WANTED SOMETHING "FRISKY."

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into a livery stable and called for a saddle horse—"something that will prance about lively, and wake a fellow out of his lethargy? I used to ride the trick mule in a circus, an' I reckon I can back anything that wears hair."

They brought him out a calico-colored beast, with a vicious eye, and he mounted it and dashed off.

Before he had gone two blocks, the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence, and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed, and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn mower.

They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons came in and reduced his dislocations, and plastered him up with raw beef.

A few weeks later, he called at the stable, and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb-bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the haymow and gallop around a little where it was soft and wouldn't hurt him.

## Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

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### OUR OBJECTS.

Dear reader, did you ever stop to think what a grand organization ours is, and what a noble object it has in view? Next to the life of a soldier, in campaign duty, the life of a railroad man is the most uncertain. Insurance companies recognize this fact, and it is almost next to impossible for one of our craft to obtain a life insurance. If he does, the rates are so high that he cannot afford to pay them. In some insurance companies it works a forfeiture of the policy, for the insured to engage in railroad work. To meet this great injustice, our Brotherhood was formed. We propose to pay to the families of disabled or dead members a sufficient sum of money to keep the wolf from the door. As our lodges increase this sum will enlarge, and our ambition is to establish a death claim as large and as certain as those of our richest insurance companies. Not only is this our object, but we want to bind the firemen of the United States and Canada in one great union of sympathy. We desire to see our motto, Sobriety, Benevolence and Industry, become the actuating principles of all our craft. We are not banded together for a nefarious purpose, but for the grandest purposes that actuate right thinking men.

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### STEAM.

About 1731 there was born a man who among other singular gifts was supposed to possess the gift of prophecy. Of course that man was mortal, and in 1802 he died, but before dying he wrote:

"Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar,  
Drag the slow barge, and wheel the rapid car,  
And, on wide-spreading wing, suspended bear  
The flying chariot through the fields of air."

This sounds like true prophecy, and in those early days few people dreamed of its literal fulfillment. To-day, however, we see the "slow barge" flying swiftly from pole to pole, carrying from one hemisphere to the other, tidings of love, hope, joy and happiness, and tearful, sad and hopeless words of sorrow. The "wheel, the rapid car," of course, plainly fortells our magnificent system of railroads, embracing as it does, the Pullman sleeping and restaurant cars, with all the ease and comfort they yield the weary tourist. The "flying chariot through the field of air," has not yet found its fulfillment, but who knows how soon the fact may be accomplished, and the slow railway coach be abandoned, and like winged seraphs we poor earth-bound mortals be permitted to soar above this dull, smoking, working world, and go flying from joy to joy in the bright, glorious world above us, on the "flying chariots through the fields of air."

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S. M. STEVENS will leave Indianapolis about the first of June on a tour of inspection among the lodges located on the line of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad.

It was our good fortune during a recent visit among our friends in the South to meet many noble, great-hearted men; men that are an honor to their callings and to their country. We do not care as a general rule to speak of individuals, but feel it to be a pleasant duty to speak of our impressions upon meeting Mr. John H. Flynn, master-mechanic of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, at Atlanta, Georgia, whom we found to be a capable and efficient officer, and a most estimable gentleman in all the relations of life. Everything pertaining to his department is in the most perfect order, and his fifty locomotives, doing duty on 138 miles of road, are models of neatness and in perfect repair, and run with the greatest skill and economy. His reports show his standing as first and foremost in a large list of master-mechanics. The employes have the greatest regard for him and cheerfully carry out his instructions in every respect. Whenever practicable, and whenever merited, his men are promptly promoted, thus encouraging good men to exert themselves to the utmost to merit and receive his approbation in well-earned promotion.

We wish to thank those lodges that have been so prompt in making their returns on the four claims which we found necessary to issue all at one time. We trust that such action on their part will not go unnoticed by a generous public. But should the world's people forget to reward a duty so nobly done we know who will not: the widow and the fatherless, and the poor relatives who have taken a last sad look at the upturned face of their dead protector and friend.

**ST. BRIDGET'S FAIR.**—The above fair, which has been extremely well attended during the week, closed last Saturday night. Fully sixteen hundred people entered the hall that night, most of whom were railroad men, who proved their devotion to their respective master-mechanics. The beautiful silver service for the most popular master-mechanic was won by Thomas Walsh, of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern railroad, after one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed in Memphis. When the polls closed the vote stood; Thomas Walsh, 1746; H. M. Purford, Memphis and Charleston road, 1096; George Hassenger, Mississippi and Tennessee road, 303.—[From the Memphis, (Tenn.) *Appeal*.

Such devotion on the part of the employees of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern railroad, is proof of the high esteem in which they hold their superior. Mr. Walsh is a thorough master-mechanic, a kind hearted gentleman who watches carefully the welfare of those under him, as well as the interests of the corporation in whose employ he has been for a long time.

BOSTON, MASS., May 10th, 1880.

*W. N. Sayre, Dear Sir and Brother:* I write you for information regarding the honorary degree in our order. Has there ever been such a degree established? If so, when and where? Please answer through the Magazine, as many of the brothers are interested in this important question.

No, sir; there is no such degree, nor never was, and until such time as one is established by a convention of delegates, no person or brother can become an honorary member of the Order.

W. N. SAYRE.

## *Correspondence.*

### SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

I am often amused at the natives and their ways in the daily avocations of life. A large ship has lately arrived here from America and the natives are unloading her. They go down into her hold and bring up a block of ice at a time, and then slide it over the gangway into a lighter or large boat. I will here explain about these boats. All ships lie in the river close to the shore. There are no wharves in these foreign ports, and the unloading and loading is all done by carrying the goods back and forth in these lighters, and it is a very slow and tedious job and it takes a long time to load a ship here. This work is all done by natives and they shirk all they can, and only work when a watchman looks after them. As soon as his back is turned they will drop down anywhere and go to sleep, and as a consequence everything stops and hours are lost in this way; they can not be trusted to work alone. This is the reason why large ships are detained so long in these foreign ports. It always takes from six weeks to two months to load a ship.

After the ice gets into the boat, it is pushed ashore, and there a gang of native men take the ice to the vaults at the ice house. They each take a large block of it on their heads and run to the ice house. They are entirely naked and the ice water drips onto their backs and shoulders as they run, and the ice diminishes about one half by the time it is stored in the vaults. These are in the center of a large stone building, the walls of which are two feet thick, and between the outer and inner wall is a large cavity, which is filled with hay, sawdust, etc., and the ice will keep here for years. It takes several ship loads to fill them. The superintendent of these vaults lives in a house built on top of them, and he has a very sightly home, one can see all about the city and up and down the river. I never could help laughing at this queer way of unloading and storing ice, and do not wonder these men are troubled with rheumatism.

A contractor is putting up a large four story building on the strand road. All the bricks for it are carried in little round baskets made of bamboo. They pile them up in them in the form of a small pyramid, and all this drudgery is done by women. They run up and down crazy ladders, also made of bamboo; they have long side pieces of the thick parts of the tree, and the rounds also of bamboo are tied onto the side pieces with rope yarn.

These poor women carry every brick for this building from the foundation to the roof. The men lay the bricks and build the walls, and have huge umbrellas to work under, yet the women have to do all their work in the hottest sun. It used to arouse my ire to see such goings on. These women here are small and slight, and most of them are only fifteen or sixteen years of age. I always wanted to give these lazy men a good piece of my mind, but it would not have done any good as they are used to seeing women do the drudgery, and then again these lower castes are stupid and hardly above the brute creation. Then these men work as hard again as they need, to do the simplest things. They do everything in the old-fashioned ways their fathers and father's fathers did before them, and these ways must have been in vogue in Moses' day. There is a race of them called Coolies,

who do all kinds of hard work, and these men carry everything on their heads. I saw a party of four of them moving a piano. They had it on their heads, and each one had hold of a leg to keep it steady. As usual they were making a great rumpus, shouting and gesticulating as they went along, and a stranger might have supposed they were moving the world. They always have to shout and gesticulate whenever they do anything. These men will carry enough hay on their heads to make a good-sized hay-cock. They also move furniture and cases of merchandise, loads of boards, etc., in the same way.

When a gentleman wishes to change his residence and remove to another house, he engages two hundred coolies and they will move all his furniture and goods to the new house. Then his own servant will arrange the things, and by night he can sleep and dine in his new habitation, and by the second day everything will be in order. They move the furniture from one room at a time, and so take the articles in rooms that are used the most and re-arrange them in the new house, and they are quite expert about it.

All this is done in the midst of great outcry and gesticulations of the most furious sort, and one not used to such proceedings would think a grand row was going on. These people can never do anything without a great noise and hubbub, even to moving a table or a set of cane chairs, it is all done in this great confusion, but one soon gets used to it, as you do to a great many other things in this strange country. Even when they are talking to each other about the common events of life, they yell at the top of their voices, and gesticulate and shake their hands at each other in the wildest way as if they had suddenly gone insane. It is quite laughable after one gets used to their ways.

Every morning a native barber comes to shave me. I generally sit in a large arm chair while he performs the operation; sometimes he shaves me whilst I am lying in bed or on a lounge. He is a nice barber and is also a very good-natured fellow and always has a smile on his face. He wears white robes and loose pyjamas or trousers and a turban on his head, and is very neat and clean about his person and always makes a good appearance. He carries his kit in his sash or cummerband he wears around his waist, and he shaves me and cuts my hair for four rupees or two dollars a month. He has two of us to shave here and several other gentlemen in the neighborhood, so he makes a pretty fair living for a Hindoo. Another native comes every other day and cleans all our bird cages and for this he has two rupees a month. He also has several places about here and he makes a good thing of it.

I see many queer things in my rides about the city and country. One evening I noticed an immense cactus in bloom, in a hedge row, growing around a compound. It had a very lovely flower and I also saw a lot of large cocoa palms. These had large clusters of green fruit on them hanging down from the top of the tree. These green nuts are very nice. The meat in them is about the consistency of thick cream and can be eaten with a tea-spoon; the Hindoos are very fond of it.

I also saw an old disused car of juggernaut, standing by the wayside. It was all tumbling to pieces; it had an old fat god on it. He was made of clay and stuffed with straw and was all cracking into pieces in the hot sun. Another idol near it was standing in a grove of nettles. I thought to myself "how the mighty are fallen."

To be continued.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 20, 1880.

*Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*—Dear Sir: As I was rambling to-day my mind reverted from the scenes that surround me in this fair land to other scenes of men and their doings in other parts of the world. My surroundings brought to my mind the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and the grand work which is being accomplished by them through the instrumentality of their benevolent and philanthropic organization.

Many pictures, some sad and painful, and some bright and joyous presented themselves to my mind, and I could but think of many homes that are being constantly desolated by the sudden and untimely death of the bread-winner of the family; leaving a home inadequately provided for, and thrusting upon the cold charity of the world those too feeble, or too young, to battle for their daily bread.

Imagine if you can the desolation and utterly hopeless struggles of some tender loving sister upon whom this burden may fall. See her; large-hearted, noble, loving and true as as she goes toiling from day to day; devoted, self-sacrificing and brave in the discharge of a duty she can not, if she would, avoid. With all her thoughts for others she patiently goes forth each day to her toil, and when her allotted tasks are completed see her, with feeble steps, faded and worn garments and attenuated form, hurrying to her poor and humble garret, painfully thinking of the pittance that she carries away from the shop of her miserly employer, and knowing full well how small an amount of food can be procured for the dear ones for whom she is coining her life-blood. See how pale and wan her pinched features are as they are partially revealed by the flickering light of the corner lamp, as she wearily drags her aching, tired limbs through the snow drift, and shelters as best she may, her shivering form with her scanty shawl, as the wind and sleet drift cruelly and bitterly against her.

Who may read the soul of the poor fainting girl as she encounters all the trials and difficulties that surround her in her holy mission of caring for those left dependent upon her for their support and comfort. Who can tell of all the tears shed, the heart-aches, the lonely hours, the weary limbs, the despairing cries of anguish that are hers, as the dark days come and go, and she still is left to struggle on in her duty towards the mother, and the little brothers and sisters, that sit by the cheerless fireside of her joyless home.

Doubtless the witnessing of some such scenes as the one portrayed, led the great generous-hearted, sympathetic men of your Order, engaged in a most dangerous and hazardous calling, to inaugurate and perfect the present system of benefits that has been adopted by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Seeing, as they undoubtedly did, the great need of such an organization they went earnestly to work, and by steady, persevering effort have built up an institution of which any class of men might well feel proud, and I do not wonder at the rapid strides made in the grand and noble work. I feel assured that the day is near at hand when all free-thinking, self-respecting, Locomotive Firemen will embrace the Order, and place themselves within the bounds of its benefits and good influences.

In my wanderings from place to place, I learn much which is of great interest to me regarding the Brotherhood. I will relate here one case in particular which came to my notice. A member of the organization had been killed while in discharge of his duty as fireman. While the life blood was flowing through his veins, showing health, strength and vigorous youth, fifty years might have passed, and

left him a strong, hearty, old man, but for the fatal washout which sent the doomed engine to destruction, and the poor fireman, where he lay, writhing in the agonies of death, with none to hear his cries for help. The engineer met the same sad fate. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. With the death of the fireman a poor woman was left without a husband and three small children without a father. They were in want; they asked for help, but relief came not until your noble Brotherhood came forward to fulfill its pledge made to the brother who went down with the wreck. It was their aid that kept hunger from the door of this little home. And now every night there goes up from this humble fireside a fervent prayer to heaven, asking the All-wise ruler to shower his blessings upon the members of your fraternity.

I conclude by asking the same God to bless you that watches over the widow and fatherless children.

A TRAMP.

HOG SKIN FALLS, Cod River Creek, Red River Co., Texas.

*W. N. Sayre, Esq.*: Not seeing anything of late from old No. 70, I thought a few items would look well in the Magazine. We all have been anxiously waiting for a visit from our Grand Instructor, S. M. Stevens. We see by the Magazine that he is pretty much on the go, but it seems as if he can not find his way to Texas. I am sure we would try and use him well, and I think his presence here would give a little life to the boys, for old No. 70 has not had the pleasure of seeing any of her grand officers since it was organized. I hope by the time that brother Stevens gets here that we will have our new regalias.

I am happy to say that several of our boys have been promoted from the left to the right side, and are doing well and giving good satisfaction. We have a good lodge here, numbering somewhere about forty members, all good workers in the cause. Our lodge is in good running order.

The T. & P. R. R. are getting some ten new engines, two of them have already arrived, and others on the way. Everything is alive here. Business is good here and the boys are making good time. We have about six coal burners on the road now, and the talk is that they intend to burn coal as fast as the engines will stand it. They are building on the main line from Ft. Worth west as fast as they get material.

On May 5th, train No. 31 on the Trans-Continental Division was thrown from the track about six miles west of Clarksville, on Flip-up Hill, caused by the heat expanding the rails, nearly costing the lives of engineer, fireman and mail agents. Chas. Steiner being scalded about the head, face, neck and both hands, and several bad bruises. Brother Tea Chapple, scalded both legs from knee down, right hand, and left side of face and head, and Col. Towns two ribs broken and bruised about the body. They were taken from the scene of the accident over to a farm house where we fell in with an old-time railroad man who had retired from the rail and gone farming, where everything was done to ease the pain of the sufferers, and I am happy to say that under good treatment they are progressing as favorable as can be expected.

There is something curious in regard to Flip-up Hill. There has been six wrecks there in about four years, and all within three hundred yards of each other, and the track is in good condition. Some say, it is haunted; they say that some years ago there was a party of emigrants got murdered there on the hill, and the

murderers in trying to escape with their plunder were drowned in fording the creek. Others claim that an old man buried his money somewhere there and is dead now and the company's line must run close by it. They can all figure it up as they want to, but you can all bet that the boys will keep a sharp look out for all "funny business" on Flip-up Hill hereafter. BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

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### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

A MODEL Lodge—No. 52.

WM. CUNNINGHAM withdrawn from No. 23, to join 79.

JOHN WALSH withdrawn from No. 46, to join No. 50.

A. N. RUSSELL has taken a final withdrawal card from No. 89.

BROTHER Robert Wilder of Lodge No. 55, is running a switch engine at Argenta, Arkansas.

A POPULAR man—John Keogh passenger engineer on the south end of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

LOUISVILLE Lodge is in excellent condition, and numbers among its members some hard workers in the cause.

BROTHER Brewer of No. 74 and Brother Shober of No. 10, paid us a friendly visit while journeying westward.

PAST Grand Master F. B. Alley, has charge of the stationary engine at the Short Line Shops, Louisville, Ky.

BROTHER Ted Chappell of No. 70, is fast recovering from a severe scald received some time since. Ted has lots of nerve.

BROTHER Gould of Evenston, Wyoming Territory, has just returned from an extensive trip through the south and south-west.

BROTHER W. S. Barrows of Lodge No. 50, has been granted a furlough to enjoy a pleasure trip to San Francisco. Pleasant journey and safe return is our sincere wish.

CHAS. POPE of No. 67, our esteemed brother, has taken unto himself one of Toronto's fair daughters, Miss Patterson. Charlie, we wish you and lady all the joy this world affords.

BROTHER Lute Ingersoll of No. 43, has been promoted to the position of night foreman of the K. C. St. Joe & C. B. Railway at St. Joe, and is giving entire satisfaction which we are pleased to learn.

WE feel that no apology is necessary for publishing the poem "Song of Steam," by Capt. George W. Cutter. It is classed by all who appreciate true poetry as among the first and best written of its class.

REPORTS from the new Lodge at Atlanta, Ga., are of the most encouraging nature. Brother Thomas Shivers, the Master, writes that they have nearly doubled in membership since the Lodge was instituted.

CUMBERLAND Lodge No. 79 has been transferred from Edgefield, Tenn., across the river to Nashville, and starts off with seventeen names on the charter, with Brother Ira Thompson, an earnest worker, at its head.

BROTHER Woods of No. 86 reports his Lodge in a flourishing condition.

WM. IRWIN of No. 5, is requested to correspond with his Financial Secretary.

THE members at Toronto, Ontario, are working faithfully in behalf of the Magazine and the Order generally.

JOHN M. RAYMOND, one of our old contributors, a lawyer of Salem, Mass., is a member of the governor's council in the old Bay State.

BROTHER E. B. Hines of No. 84 is a very faithful member; through his earnest work Missouri River Lodge is becoming one of our best.

BROTHER Cline of No. 90, who is at present located at Wadsworth, Nev., is putting forth his best endeavors to establish a lodge at that place.

BOSTON Lodge comes out in bran new regalia. No. 57 is one of our largest lodges, and we are glad to note their prosperous condition.

INSTRUCTOR Stevens reports Lodge No. 55 in a prosperous condition. The members attend meetings regular, and pay their dues promptly.

THE prospects are bright for the establishment of a lodge in the District of Columbia. The firemen at the National Capital ought to sustain a fine lodge.

IT gives us pleasure to note the healthy condition of No. 70, due without doubt to the wise policy of the members, in selecting their very best members to fill the different offices in the lodge.

BROTHER John Clark of No. 55, says that his young son, Jacob F. Clark, has already applied for his first degree in the Order, age not stated—weight eleven pounds.

BROTHERS Alex. Cronin and Buchanan of No. 55, are pleasantly located for the summer at Clarksville, Tenn. They have charge of the engine and pile driver on bridge repairs.

BROTHER Thomas Nichols, who was injured very badly at Haydensville, Ky. last winter, is able to walk without the aid of crutches, and will soon be able to resume his place on the road.

BROTHER Menish, Master of No. 38, writes that his lodge is doing earnest work to promote the cause. He also states that the prospects for new lodges at other points in the Dominion are flattering.

WE are pained to learn of the severe illness of brother George Partington and his little boy. We hope that their recovery may be speedy. Brother Partington is one of the pillars of Capital Lodge.

BROTHERS Danforth, Stoddard and Dodge, members of Bay State Lodge No. 73 Worcester, Mass., are about to leave that city to try their luck in the west. They have the good wishes of all for their success.

BROTHERS Charles Mooney and Adam Bingleben of Orange Grove Lodge No. 97, Los Angeles, California, are at present employed on the Louisville & Great Southern Railroad. They are doing good work among the members of Lodge No. 100.

LODGE No. 100, at Bowling Green, Ky., is increasing very fast, and will at no distant day be numbered among our best lodges. The members find in Mr. Adair their Master Mechanic, a warm friend. Quite a large number of the firemen have been promoted since the Lodge was organized.

Brother John C. Adams of No. 57, has attained the honorable position of locomotive engineer, and we feel confident that he will prove as worthy and trusty a man as his company could place in that position.

BROTHER Thomas Rodgers of East St. Louis, Ills., is entitled to great credit for the zeal he has shown in re-establishing the order at that place. Such earnestness on the part of members should not pass unnoticed.

BROTHER William Tibbitts has been promoted to the position of engineer on the Eastern Railroad. His many friends in Boston Lodge, of which he is a member, will be glad to learn of his elevation. We wish him much success.

WE are pained to learn that Brother Robert Tobin of No. 46, was badly injured on Monday, May 10th. While passing back upon his train he was struck by a coal chute and his hip crushed, and he was otherwise injured so as to render his condition critical. He has our sincere sympathy in his affliction.

### THE MOUNT VESUVIUS RAILWAY.

The American double iron rope system has been adopted by the constructors of the railway up Mount Vesuvius. There are two lines of rails, each provided with a carriage divided into two compartments, and capable of holding six persons. While one carriage goes up the other comes down, thus establishing a counterpoise which considerably economizes the steam of the stationary traction engine. The incline is very steep, commencing at 40°, increasing to 63°, and continuing at 50° to the summit. Every possible precaution has been taken against accident, and the railway itself is protected from possible flows of lava by an enormous wall. The ascent will be made in eight or ten minutes.

### QUERIES.

*W. N. Sayre: Dear Sir*—If you will allow an ex-fireman to answer T. H. S. in April number, I shall be pleased to do so. Take off steam chest, cover and block front port, by that means he only loses one exhaust; it will not be necessary to set out any cars.

EX-FIREMAN.

*W. N. Sayre: Dear Sir*—In answer to my questions in Vol. 4, No. 2, "what causes the fire to flash back into the cab, etc. I would say, since I see no one has answered, that I believe it to be caused in some engines, by the netting becoming clogged with matter from the fire-box, cylinders and boiler. In others, by the cone being too low in the stack or too large, so as to interrupt the free passage of the steam and heated gases. The latter will cause the fire to flash but slightly every time she exhausts. In some engines the fire will flash slightly on account of the petticoat pipe being too high. When such is the case she will flash every time she exhausts, and especially when working steam full stroke, simply because the volume of steam to be got rid of is greater than when cut back, and some of the steam escaping under the place of the petticoat repulses the gases, thus causing the fire to flash. The first named cause is the most to be dreaded, from the fact that it does not allow the gases to escape from the fire-box, smoke-arch or stack; making, as it were, the fire-box a gas oven; the flues, arch and stack a gasometer. Now, since the fire is well choked and stack well clogged, we have all the material for a first class fourth of July celebration, the only addition wanting is the oxygen

or air which the fireman will soon supply, by opening the door and allowing fresh air to rush in, which instantly ignites the gases, and exploding causes a stream of burning gas to flash back a long distance into the cab. We have been there, and had our eye brows trimmed; no more, thank you. The remedy for such engines is obvious. Burn out the netting, raise the cone or put in a smaller one; lower the petticoat pipe as experience may dictate.

At what point of the stroke is expansion the greatest?

Ans. At the point where the piston has arrived the instant she commences to exhaust, or just as she lets go her steam.

Why is it that some engines will fill their boilers with water, while cooling off in the round-house? The lazy cocks and tank valves being left open, and water in the tank.

Yours very truly,

JUDSON PRATT, Cleveland, Ohio.

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of condolence were passed on the death of Miss F. M. Johnson, daughter of our esteemed brother William Johnson, whose sudden illness ending so sadly, reminds us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the universe, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst the daughter of our worthy and respected brother, in so sudden a manner as to cause us to clearly see our total dependence upon his benevolence and mercy for daily life; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, do sincerely sympathize with our brother in his sad bereavement, and that the breach made in his family, is mourned by the members of this lodge.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the above proceedings be presented to brother Johnson, and also be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 25th,

W. J. WHEELER, }  
E. HARVEY, } Committee.  
F. DUPELL.

At a regular meeting of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were passed and adopted,

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our most worthy brother, J. F. Diehl, on the evening of April 29th, 1880, after a short sickness of one week. This burden coming as it does, so sudden and unexpected, shows us that we should be prepared at any time to be called away, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow in humble submission to his divine will and guidance, and by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and relatives, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow, and a sincere regard for their future welfare.

*Resolved*, That in the death of brother J. F. Diehl, the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member, and Buffalo Lodge No. 12 a trustworthy officer, filling as he did the office of treasurer with honor to himself and his lodge, always being in

his seat in the lodge every meeting night, and ready to assist in anything that was for the good of the Order.

*Resolved*, That we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother, and be spread upon the minutes of this lodge, also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 30th.

CHAS. W. PIPER, }  
W. R. MUNCELL, } Committee.  
R. B. WILLIAMS. }

MAGAZINE.—We are in daily receipt of letters from members who are contesting for the Magazine prize, asking how they stand, how many more subscribers they will have to procure before they will be sure of the watch. We will say to them frankly, that we have no favorites in this struggle. Our duty lies in publishing the Magazine and forwarding the same to the subscribers, which duty we try to perform to the best of our ability. We will say, however, that the contest is very close, and the member who wins has got to work.

W. N. SAYRE.

### GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

THE charter of Nos. 56 and 39 are hereby declared void. Cause, non-payment of death claims as per constitution. If there are any members of either lodge who desire to retain their membership in the Order they can do so by corresponding with the Grand Secretary. Let this be a warning to three other lodges we now have under investigation.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

### BLACK LIST.

- No. 5. W. Tully and Dan. Logan, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 12. Jno. Bradley and J. Tierney, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 16. John Clarey, expelled for defrauding members of the lodge.
- No. 20. F. D. Bailey and Wm. Chambers, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 23. Jas. H. Smith, expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding lodge of \$104.80. Willis D. Muttall, John Shallcross, J. M. Steele, John McMannaman, Thomas Keyer, John Cormany, Frank Mesch, Thomas Nichols, Wm. Hefferman, M. Noonan, Thomas Weatherford, J. P. Myers, John O'Donnell and Wm. Holly, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 30. J. H. Buckely and M. J. Stearns, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 36. F. Carpenter, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.
- No. 45. A. A. Cochran, expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.
- No. 55. P. J. Diffly, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 72. L. Archer, S. Hammell, W. Giddings and Jno. Worts, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 75. R. Grove and S. Simpson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 84. Chas. R. Campbell and Jno. Lee, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 86. W. J. Naismith, expelled for non-payment of dues and contempt of the Brotherhood.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*electd at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.	
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZKART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard.
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. K ARCEB.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block, Indiana-	
polis, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. J. Gabard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent

- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, Pioneer Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 8th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Darling.....Magazine Agent  
No. 26 Pelton avenue.
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.  
S. M. Stevens.....Master  
W. N. Sayre.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. Zahms.....Fin. Sec'y  
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office.....Master  
E. V. Debs, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
- OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway.....Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
- STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
Wm. Underhill.....Master  
J. S. Holm.....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Von Harten.....Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
- INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
C. Hahn.....Rec. Sec'y  
care Benders drug store.  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st... Fin. Sec'y  
F. Honnaker, 441 E. Green st... Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
R. S. Pike.....Master  
Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn.....Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois.....Master  
Jno. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, 427 S. Third st.....Fin. Sec'y  
O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
J. I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. BORDER LODGE, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons.....Magazine Agent
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith.....Master  
Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith.....Master  
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hincheliff.....Master  
H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st... Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. NEW HOPE, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. AVON, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
Angus Menish.....Master  
Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st... Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y  
(C. and A. engine house.)  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st... Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at I. O. O. F. Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st... Mag. Ag't
42. KENNESAW LODGE, Atlanta, Ga.  
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
H. C. Dunlap do do Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Thrash do do Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. M. Webb do do Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
44. F. W. ARNOLD LODGE, at East St. Louis, Ill.  
J. B. Machin.....Master  
S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Ag't
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn.....Master  
F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger.....
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcom, 809 S. 12th st.....Master  
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y  
A. D. Hensley.....Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Ag't
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave... Mag. Ag't

50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. .... Master  
 W. Field ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. State and 47th st.  
 W. R. Parker, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Cor. State & 47th st.  
 W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st. .... Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Laing ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Crowley, do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
 Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass ..... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) ..... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st ..... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pope, 42 Clyde st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, 12 High st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, 325 Adelaide st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Scott, 325 Adelaide st. .... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. Maclow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith, ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
 W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Howey ..... Magazine Agent  
 48 Salem street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McGarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3909 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley ..... Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan ..... Master  
 John Young ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar Street, at 9:30 a. m.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Jno. Schardt ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Evatt ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 I. Thompson ..... Mag. Ag't

82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,  
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second  
sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday  
evenings of each month.  
Arthur Sandy.....Master  
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
Sheldon T. Browne.....Fin. Sec'y  
1807 Sixth street, south.  
H. Clark and Jas. Mathews.....Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.  
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each  
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-  
tween Douglas and Farnham.  
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master  
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y  
U. P. Engine House.  
W. Loury.....Magazine Agent  
U. P. Engine House.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets  
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
Jno. Burns.....Master  
Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.  
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d  
Mondays of each month.  
T. J. Kellett.....Master  
J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y  
B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets  
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at  
7:30 P. M.  
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.  
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every  
Thursday evening.  
Harry Watts.....Master  
A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y  
Harry Watts.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at  
5:20 P. M.  
J. A. Resseguie.....Master  
J. F. Hale.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. A. Resseguie.....Fin. Sec'y  
Ole Thompson.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and  
Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
C. C. Walker.....Master  
J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Perrin.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.  
Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednes-  
day, at Kings Hall, Missouri street,  
between 17th and 18th.  
D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
Geo. A. Aldrich.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
F. A. Griggs, 212 Shotwell st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
D. Garrett.....Master  
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet.  
2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday  
of each month, at 2 P. M.  
W. H. Bennett.....Master  
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y  
Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in  
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-  
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30  
P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master  
Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. B. Murphy, 132 N. Union st.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.  
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.  
Hall on Preston street, between Linden  
ave. and Eutaw street.  
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master  
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th  
Fridays of each month.  
Wm. Hughes.....Master  
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. Hughes.....Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah  
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M.  
at City Hall.  
Robert Sims.....Master  
F. R. Britten.....Rec. Sec'y  
Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,  
at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky.  
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of  
L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
C. O. Dixon.....Master  
J. W. Lee.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Weller.....Fin. Sec'y  
A. Bigleben.....Mag. Ag't

THE  
Locomotive Firemen's  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 4.

JULY, 1880.

No. 7.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE ENGINE.



INTO the gloom of the deep, dark night,  
With panting breath, and a startled scream,  
Swift as a bird in sudden flight  
Darts this creature of steel and steam.  
Awful dangers are lurking nigh,  
Rocks and chasms are near the track,  
But straight by the light of its great white eye,  
It speeds through the shadows dense and black.  
Terrible thoughts and fierce desires  
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,  
Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires  
Coupled ever with might and power.  
It hates, as a wild horse hates the rein,  
The narrow track by vale and hill,  
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain  
And longs to follow its own wild will.  
Oh, what am I but an engine, shod  
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God,  
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,  
Guided alone by the soul's white light.  
Often and often my heart tires  
And hates its way with a bitter hate,  
And longs to follow its own desires  
And leave the end to the hand of fate.  
O! ponderous engine of steel and steam!  
O! human engine of flesh and bone!  
Follow the white lights certain beam,  
There lies safety, and there alone.  
The narrow track of fearless truth,  
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,  
Oh, passionate heart of restless youth  
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

BUFFALO, July 1, 1880.

C. W. P.

## THE NORTH POLE.

WHAT GOOD WOULD COME FROM THE DISCOVERY OF IT.

SOME people have asked, says a Washington letter, what good can result from finding the North Pole? The late Professor Henry is on record as saying the magnitude of the earth requires more observations in this direction than have been made; that we can not complete our knowledge of the tides of the ocean or of the winds of the globe, without finding the Pole; besides that the whole field of natural history will be enriched by it, especially botany, geology and mineralogy. The facts about the effects of extreme cold on animal and vegetable life can not be but interesting. As professor Henry said, it will lead not only to enlarge the sphere of mental pleasure of man, but will promote the application of science to the arts of life. Professor M. F. Maury puts it in this way:

"Within this polar area the tides have their cradle, and the whales their nursery. There the winds complete their circuit, and the currents of the sea their round, in the wonderful system of oceanic circulation; there the aurora is lighted up and the trembling needle brought to rest; and there, too, in the mazes of that mystic circle, terrestrial forces of occult power, and of vast influence upon the well-being of man, are continually at work. It is a circle of mysteries, and the desire to enter it, to explore the untrodden wastes and secret chambers, and to study its physical aspects, has grown to a longing."

There is an unknown area of 1,131,000 square miles of the surface of the globe that is now a blank. We can not tell whether this area is land or water. This question, among others, these explorations will determine. For what we will learn about "the nursery of whales" we will be repaid all it costs to carry this work to completion. Captain Howgate will probably manage to be on hand in five or six years, as the work is nearing completion. He is enthusiastic and confident of success.

## THAT BOY.

"I HOPE nothing will happen to that boy," the cross passenger remarked anxiously, as we were speeding northward from London. The boy in question was about seven years old. He was entertaining the passengers by running up and down the aisle, shouting like a Comanche Indian. He would run to the rear door, kick the panels, and shout, "Ho!" Then he would run to the forward door, kick it and yell, "Hay! When this performance began to grow maddening with monotony, the boy would lend it a little variety by pausing to look into some passenger's face while at the same time he would strike at him and shriek, "I'll kill you!" It was very interesting, and we all loved the infant. Now and then his mother would say, "Sammy, Sammy, dear, you mustn't strike the gentleman; perhaps the gentleman doesn't like it." And then the gentleman would lie like a Trojan and say, "Oh yes, he didn't mind it; he liked little boys." And so we were all worried and nervous, for fear the child might get hurt. We fairly grew with anxiety. He stopped at my seat, snatched the lap tablet out of my hands and roared, "Gimmy that pencil!" and when his mother said, "Why, Sammy, I am afraid you disturb the gentelman," Sammy yelled, "I'll kill him!"

I was so anxious about him that I watched him all the way down the aisle to see if he wouldn't fall and break his neck. So we all sat and watched him with concern written all over our faces. The boy snatched an apple away from the fat passenger, kicked the cross passenger's valise, made faces at the sad passenger and hit the man on the wood-box twice with a stick. Once, and only once he made an offer to slap the woman who talks bass, but she glanced down at him with a croak that made his hair stand on end, and he avoided her during the rest of the trip. At last, just as he was rushing up to the forward door to kick it, the impetuous brakeman banged it open to announce the station. He cracked that boy on the head with the brazen knob, and the boy acted very much as he would have acted had he been shot with a catapult, and it took all the ice-water in the cooler to cool off his head, and the boy was effectually quieted down. And it was really pleasant to see the worried look of anxious concern pass off the passengers' faces, after the brakeman dropped the boy. The cross passenger's grim face relaxed like a May morning, the fat passenger winked at the man on the wood-box, who was still rubbing his knuckles with an air of tender interest, the sad passenger hummed a merry little air, and the woman who talks bass gave a cheerful croak that was interpreted to mean laughter. Four passengers, whose names I could not learn, gave the astonished brakeman fifty cents apiece. The boy, with his head swathed up in wet handkerchiefs remained comparatively quiet.—[*Burlington Hawkeye*.]

### FOOD FOR THE BEARS.

**T**HE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" sitting just in front of them.

"Hush."

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moment's silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Dont ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedge hog," said the baldheaded man, "If you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—[*Little Rock Gazette*.]

### A FIREMAN'S STORY.

"A FRIGHTFUL face!" Wal, yes, yer correct;  
 That man on the engine thar  
 Don't back the handsomest countenance—  
 Every inch of it sportin' a scar;  
 But I tell you, pard, thar ain't money enough  
 Piled up in the National Banks  
 To buy that face, nor a single scar—  
 (No, I never indulges. Thanks.)

"Yes, Jim is an old time engineer,  
 An' a better one never war knowed!  
 Bin a runnin' yar since the fust machine  
 War put on the Quincy road;  
 An' thar ain't a galoot that pulls a plug  
 From Maine to the jumpin-off place,  
 That knows more about the big iron hoss  
 Than him with the battered up face.

"Git hurt in a mash up?" No, 'twar done  
In sort o' legitimate way;  
He got it trying to save a gal  
Up yar on the road last May.  
I heven't much time fur to spin you the yarn,  
For we pull out at two-twenty-five—  
Just wait till I climb up an' toss in some coal,  
So's to keep old "90" alive—

"Jim war pullin' the Burlin'ton passenger then,  
Left Quincy a half an hour late,  
An' war skinnin' along purty lively, so's not  
To lay out No. 21 freight.  
The '90' war more than 'hoopin' 'em up  
An' a quiverin' in every nerve!  
When all to once Jim yelled 'Merciful God!'  
As she shoved her sharp nose 'round a curve.

"I jumped to his side o' the cab, an' ahead  
'Bout two hundred paces or so  
Stood a gal on the track, her hands raised aloft  
An' her face jist as white as the snow,  
It seems she was so paralyzed with the fright  
That she couldn't move for'ard or back,  
An' when Jim pulled the whistle she fainted an' fell  
Right down in a heap on the track!

'T'll never forgit till the day o' my death  
The look that cum over Jim's face;  
He throw'd the old lever cla'r back like a shot  
So's to slacken the '90s' wild pace.  
Then let on the air brakes as quick as a flash  
An' out through the window he fled,  
An' skinned 'long the runnin' board cla'r in front,  
An' lay on the pilot ahead.

"Then jist as we reached where the poor creetur lay,  
He grabbed a tight hold of her arm,  
An' raised her right up so's to throw her one side  
Out o' reach of danger an' harm.  
But some how he slipped an' fell with his head  
On the rail as he throw'd the young lass,  
An' the pilot in strikin' him, ground up his face  
In a frightful and horrible mass!

"As soon as we stopped I backed up the train  
To that spot where the poor fellow lay,  
An' thar sot the gal with his head in her lap  
An' wipin' the warm blood away.  
The tears rolled in torrents right down from her eyes,  
While she sobbed like her heart war all broke—

I tell you, my friend, such a sight as that ar'  
 Would move the tough heart of an oak!

"We put Jim aboard an' run back to town,  
 Whar for week arter week the boy lay  
 A hoverin' right in the shadder o' death,  
 An' that gal by his bed every day.  
 But nursin' an' doctorin' brought him around—  
 Kinder snatched him right outen the grave—  
 His face ain't so han'son as 'twar', but his heart  
 Remains just as noble an' brave.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Of course thar's a sequel—as story books say—  
 He fell dead in love, did this Jim;  
 But he hadn't the heart to ax her to have  
 Sich a batter'd up rooster as him.  
 She know'd how he felt, an' last New Year's day  
 War the fust o' leap year, you know,  
 So she jist cornered Jim an' proposed on the spot  
 An' you bet he didn't say no.

"He's building a house up thar on the hill,  
 An' has laid up a snug pile o' cash,  
 The weddin's to be on the first o' next May—  
 Jist a year from the day o' the mash—  
 The gal says he risked his dear life to save hers,  
 An' she'll jist turn the tables about  
 An' give him the life that he saved—that's the bell,  
 Good day, sir, we're goin' to pull out."

[*Modern Argo.*

## TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, 1880.

A few days of interesting study and instruction can be gained by a visit to the Hotel des Invalides or Musee d' Artillerie. This immense inclosure of so many buildings with their large courts, long galleries and corridors, contains not alone the magnificent tomb of Napoleon I., with its marble floors, columns and figures, but properly speaking, is a distinct building from the others, having a separate entrance. This, the tomb building, is a beautiful structure of many colored marbles, surmounted with a huge dome, whose gilded roof flashes in the sunlight and is one of the many conspicuous and historic objects to be seen from the venerable towers of Notre Dame. Occupying the first floor of the long building, on one side of the large square is the Museum, containing all kinds of arms and instruments of warfare ever used in the three branches of the army, infantry, cavalry and artillery, from ages long since buried in the past to the most improved weapons and methods of the present time. The building forming the other three sides of the square is the home for the soldiers of France, who have grown old and infirm in her service, or who have been disabled in defending her interests at home

or abroad. There are a number of the sisters of charity who attend to the sick or to those needing their assistance. On the walls of the large court are fresco paintings of the history of France, commencing with the subjugation of the Gauls by the Romans.

Adjoining the temple of marble, which holds the tomb of Napoleon, is a very plain, and yet handsome, little chapel, from the back of whose altar is the entrance to the tomb. Within this little chapel hangs a great number of flags and banners, representing almost every nation in Europe, sharing the dust with the standards of Arabia and Persia, the Musselmen of Egypt and Algerians of Africa; trophies of a conqueror whose intellect astonished and awed the world, and whose ambition brought it misery and wretchedness.

"The land marks of the seas of gore he shed,  
The realms he wasted and the hearts he broke."

The flags of Austria, Italy and the German States are there together with the torn and bloody remnants of Austerlitz, keeping company with the mementoes of the Pyramids, Arcolo and Lodi; close to these, and prominently, hangs the English Union Jack, relics of famous Fontenoy that Davis has so eloquently sung in his poem:

"And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Were not those exiles then fresh, vehement and true."

Comparatively few of these flags can be recognized, so jagged, torn and stained are they; some have scarcely sufficient to cover the staff, a staff that was once gaudily painted and ornamented with a glittering spear-head, from which hung tassels of gold, and heavy folds of soft silk, playing wantonly in the breeze, at the head of a brilliant army, who looked forward to it with beating hearts, and whose every fiber and nerve thrilled with eagerness for glory.

It was on a Sunday afternoon when I entered this little chapel, just in time to be present at benediction, and while listening to the quiet music of the vespers, I thought of the misery, the tears and heartaches, the mothers weeping, the wife's sorrow, and the orphan's gloomy future, that had been caused to place these riddled and blood-stained rags, that I see hanging above my head, as offerings to decorate a house of the Deity. Oh! christianity, what a slander to thy civilizing influence!

Of the two temples, one dedicated to the worship of God, the other raised to honor the memory of an ambitious conqueror. One taught "peace on earth and good will to men," the other practiced the reverse and saturated his path of *glory* with the blood of millions, like Byron's Semiramis:—

—"leaving to the ravens  
And wolves and men, the fiercer of the three,  
His myriads of fond subjects. Is this glory?  
Then let me live in ignominy forever."

Of these two temples, one a temple and one a tomb, that which is built to cover the ashes of the destroyer is far superior in beauty, finish, magnificence and expense, to that which receives the homage and adoration of the creatures to their Creator.

In front of the Musée d' Artillerie is a garden, protected by a deep fosse, over which looks many old and heavy pieces of ordinance; some are thirteen or fourteen feet long, having strange devices upon them, are huge looking monsters

whose mouths once belched forth fire and grape-shot; others have a large snake coiled about them, and in his jaws receives the vent. A few of these are of the French manufacture, but the greater part were captured from different nations. We see, as we go on, a great many of these old cannons in the courts; amongst the rest is a wooden cannon taken from the Chinese. It seems to be of one piece of wood, having about a four inch bore and bound with heavy bands of iron.

Within the Museum is a very strange and interesting collection. The first place we enter is a long hall having life size figures of warriors ranged along the sides; some are mounted, others on foot, all dressed in costume and carrying the arms and armor of the time and country they represent. Commencing in the ninth century under Charlemagne and ending in the sixteenth. In another apartment we see the mounted knights completely incased in steel, which are beautifully ornamented with gracefully chased figures or raised groups of warriors in battle scenes; the greatest part of the horses are also covered. The spurs of some of these knights are eight or nine inches long, and the rollers about six inches in diameter.

This armor, these battle-axes and spears, are the original weapons of war which were used in those ages; a great many have all the appearance of seeing active service, which they doubtless have. In another apartment we see every description of fire-arms, guns with barrels about fifteen feet long. It was a puzzle to think how, or in what manner they could be used, for certainly one man could not manage them. In a very neat glass case are the pistols of Napoleon I., and close beside them in the same case is a pair, once the property of the Dey of Egypt. The latter has beautiful ivory carved handles, studded with precious stones, and the handsomely engraved barrels are bound with bands of gold. The former are comparatively plain, but attract more attention for the reason of once hanging to the pommel of the saddle of the greatest military genius that France, or, perhaps the world, ever produced. There is also his sword and saddle, together with the heavy curved sabre, saddle and spurs, of his cavalry general, Murat, who, it is said, was a thunderbolt in the hands of Napoleon, which he dashed amidst his enemies at a time and place when they least expected or desired it. There is in another case the dainty little gunbow of Marie Antoinette, remarkable for nothing that I could see, except that it had been used by that unfortunate princess whose fair head dropped beneath the guillotine during the first revolution.

The last of these large rooms which I visited, and there are many that I have not mentioned, containing thousands of curious and beautiful articles, has figures which are dressed as the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, the New Zealanders, the Zulus, and other tribes of Central Africa; the uncivilized dwellers of the island of Madagascar, off the coast of Africa; the barbarous tribes of Patagonia, and the surf-bathers of the Sandwich islands; the Laplanders and other nations of the extreme North, with their large snow shoes and swift traveling reindeer, and lastly the warlike Sioux and Cheyennes in full paint and feathers, having their large knives in their belts, arrows and bows slung from their back, feet covered with the familiar looking moccasins, ornamented with many colored beads, and in their grasp the keen-edged tomahawks. Their appearance brought to my mind the first time I saw Red Cloud, that famous Sioux chief who gathered 3000 warriors in the Wind River valley in 1867, and swept his native plains of every white face that roamed or hunted on its broad breast, and ended his campaign that winter

with the Phil Kearney massacre. It was a few months previous to this that I, with a small scouting party, happened to meet him on his way to Fort Laramie. He had a picked body-guard of two hundred warriors, all well mounted on the nimble, graceful, and hardy little Indian pony. Their different colored blankets thrown loosely about them, after the fashion of the Roman toga, waved and tossed in the wind as did the tall feathers from their heads; their long spears and rifles reflected the sun's rays in a thousand flashes, and their little steeds were prancing, it seemed, rejoicing in their freedom. They were like a body of chosen knights—as indeed they were—of the middle ages who were escorting their lord to his castle, preparatory to a tournament of arms, or returning from a hunting expedition. Red Cloud rode at their head; he was a chief in mien and carriage, from the single eagle feather that was fastened in his long black hair to the flash of his small dark eyes. Like Hiawatha's Mishe-Nahma King of fishes:

“Painted was he with his war paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable;”  
Fleeting o'er the prairie like a midnight vision.

TIM FAGAN.

## THE TRAGEDY IN QUEEN'S SQUARE.

I AWOKE with a start, as a small shower of pebbles struck my bedroom window. To rub my eyes, look at my watch (which stood at 4 a. m.), and realize that some one was trying, and had at last succeeded, in waking me, was the work of a few moments.

Getting out of bed, I threw up the window.

It was a fine summer's morning—such an one as makes even big over-crowded London look cheerful and bright.

On the pavement below a police constable was standing, with an official-looking letter in his hand.

“Throw it up,” said I; and leaning out of the window, I deftly caught the packet.

On breaking the seal, I read: “Memorandum from Chief Inspector Thornton to Detective Simpson. 23d July, 3.30 a. m. A report just brought in that Mr. Emanuel Jones, of No.— Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, has been murdered during the night. You will at once investigate the matter, and report in the usual manner.”

“So,” thought I, as I hurriedly dressed myself, “poor old Jones, the money lender, has gone to his last account! I wonder who will come in for the hoards of money that he is said to have ground out of many a poor wretch?”

Finishing my toilet, I hastened into the street, and hailing the first hansom I saw, jumped into it, and was soon at Queen's Square.

In answer to my knock, the door was opened, not by the sort of janitor one would expect to see in a stronghold of usury, but by a fair young girl of some eighteen years.

There were visible signs of emotion on the pale young face—and no wonder, for the poor girl informed me that her name was Amelia Jones, and that her uncle, Emanuel Jones, who had been murdered, was the only relative she had.

I asked leave to see the room where the fearful deed had been committed, and Miss Jones having explained the locality, I at once made my way up to it.

As I opened the door, a large chamber, comfortably furnished, presented itself to my view. On a four-post bedstead in the middle of the room lay a something with a sheet. My instinct told me that, a few short hours ago, that covered over something had been a living, moving body, with like passions, hopes, and fears as myself.

I turned down the sheet, and a ghastly spectacle presented itself. The convulsed look of the features showed that the death-struggle had been long and severe.

I was glad to leave such a horrible and sickening sight.

At the foot of the stairs I met Miss Jones.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "for intruding on you at such a time as this, but I must ask you a few necessary questions."

She expressed her willingness to answer any questions in her power.

"But first I must tell you," she said, "the breakfast parlor window at the back of the house was found open this morning."

We at once went into that room. I found the ledge, or sill, outside the window, was about six feet from the ground—certainly not too high to prevent an active man from climbing in.

But I could find nothing to guide me, and on examining the wall under the window I could find no trace or scratch such as would naturally be made by a person climbing in at a window that height from the ground, although I went out in the garden to look.

I must say that this somewhat puzzled me. But on passing round to the side-door to gain readmittance to the house, for the first time I observed the ash-heap, and one of the first objects that caught my eye was the top of a boot sticking out.

I immediately uncovered a clumsy pair of old boots from the *debris*. The size seemed to correspond with marks I had noticed on the flower-bed, and on placing them upon the impression, I found they fitted exactly.

"Ah—ah!" I thought. "Some one has tried to play a very deep game."

My impression was that the crime was committed by some one from within, not from without the house.

I re-entered the place, and asked Miss Jones to try and remember who had been in the house the day before.

The poor girl answered me as well as her grief would permit her.

"No one; only myself and the servant, Jane."

"Pardon me," I said; "I was not aware there was a servant in the house."

"Oh, there is not one now!" she answered. "Jane was so terrified when we discovered the crime, that she said she could not stay in a house where such a dreadful act had been committed—she knew it would kill her. And when she left, in my hurry and excitement, I stupidly forgot to ask her destination."

"But have you never," I asked, "heard her speak of her friends?"

"No," explained Miss Jones; "I have been away from home for the last four years, until a fortnight ago, when I returned from Madam Verney's school at Montpelier Terrace, Brighton. But," she added, "I will try and find the address of Jane's last employer. I dare say it is in my poor uncle's desk."

As I was following Miss Jones into the drawing room for that purpose, the post-man's knock sounded at the door, and a letter was thrust through the letter box, and fell on the mat.

It was addressed to "Miss Alice Graham," in a pointed French handwriting, and I saw at a glance that it bore the Brighton postmark.

"Miss Graham!" I said, handing the letter to Miss Jones; "the postman surely must have made a mistake.

"Oh, no," she replied, taking the letter from me; "Alice Graham is a school friend of mine. In fact," she added, "the best friend I had during the four years that I was away from home. On my return she came with me for a short visit, but went back to Madam Verney's quite a week ago. She has no friends living in England—poor girl! I dare say she will be glad to get a letter. I will send it on to her by the evening post."

At this moment there was another knock at the door, and no one but Miss Jones and myself being in the house, of course, I opened it, and admitted Mr. Francis, the junior partner in the firm of Messrs. Francis and Hill, the eminent solicitors.

He greeted me kindly.

"I am glad to see that you have the charge of this case, Mr. Simpson," he said, with a pleasant smile. "I hope we shall bring the miscreants who committed this awful crime to justice."

On meeting Miss Jones, Mr. Francis expressed to her the sorrow he felt on learning of his client's untimely death.

"It must be quite four years since we met, Miss Jones," he said. "You young ladies, you see, spring up so rapidly, that an old foggy like myself can hardly recognize you when you have been absent a short time."

After a little further conversation with Miss Jones, Mr. Francis asked my assistance in looking through the deceased gentleman's papers.

The will was evidently the object of Mr. Francis' search, and when he had satisfied himself of the existence of such a document, he proposed that the remaining papers should be left undisturbed until after the inquest.

Wishing Mr. Francis a good morning, I left the house, and made my way to Bow Street Police Court, there to obtain a warrant for the arrest of the servant, Jane.

After procuring the warrant, I lost no time in hurrying to Scotland Yard to leave the search for the servant in the hands of a brother officer, whilst I started for Brighton to see Miss Graham.

Five o'clock that evening found me in Brighton, and after driving to the "Old Ship Hotel," and securing a bed, I at once started for Montpelier Terrace.

I found the house I was in search of situated in the middle of a row of formal-looking dwellings, all more or less scholastic in their appearance.

A shining brass plate indicated the seminary kept by Madame Verney.

On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a trim-looking servant maid, of whom I inquired if Madame Verney was within.

"No; Madame had gone out to tea, and it might be nine or ten o'clock," the servant volunteered, "before she returned."

Taking out my card-case, I penciled a line, asking if I might call on Madame the following morning, and stating where I was staying.

On my return to the "Old Ship," I found a comfortable dinner awaiting me, after discussing which I adjourned to the smoking-room, and made myself cozy over a cigar and a glass of hot whisky-and-water.

It was about ten o'clock when a waiter entered and handed me a note. It proved to be from Madame Verney, asking me to call on her at half-past nine o'clock the following morning.

Something in the handwriting seemed strangely familiar to me.

Where, within the last few days, had I seen that thoroughly French-looking orthography? Surely I thought, it is the same handwriting in which the envelope addressed to Miss Graham, in Queen's Square, was written.

Strange, if Miss Graham returned to Madame Verney's a week ago, that this lady should send a letter to her in London. Here was a fresh mystery, in what was already beginning to be a most complicated affair.

Half-past nine o'clock the following morning found me at Madame Verney's, and the door being opened, I was shown into a neatly furnished drawing room.

The picture that most attracted my attention was a large and well executed photograph of Miss Amelia Jones. It was certainly a most life-like and speaking likeness of that young lady, even to the dress she appeared in when I parted with her in the ill-fated house of her late uncle.

There was one difference, however—the hair was brushed back off the forehead, instead of being cut in the fashionable "fringe," which, in Miss Jones' case, was so becoming.

On closely examining the picture, I was surprised to notice that a large scar extended across the forehead, disfiguring the somewhat striking looking face.

Curious, I thought, that I should not have noticed this when conversing with the young lady.

Whilst thus meditating, the door of the room opened, and Madame Verney, an elderly lady, with a very French manner and accent, entered.

She greeted me civilly, and requested to know how she could serve me.

I detailed to her the sad events of the last few hours, and explained to her my object in soliciting an interview with Miss Graham.

What was my surprise when Madame Verney informed me that Miss Graham was no longer with her; in fact, had not returned since she left to pay Miss Jones a visit. Indeed that morning she had received a letter from Miss Graham, informing her that she had accepted a situation as governess in the family of a Colonel Andrews, and was to sail, without loss of time, from Liverpool for New York.

"I am not so grieved as I should have been some few months back," continued Madame, "as I dare say it is all for Alice Grayham's good. Though a dear, good, lovable girl, she had, I fear, formed an attachment for a worthless scamp, Monsieur Marcon, who was, for some time, our visiting drawing-master. See that is Monsieur Marcon's photograph on the right of the mantel-piece."

I need not inform the reader that I took in every detail of that handsome, though evil-looking face.

"By the by, madame," I said, "what a capital likeness you have of Miss Jones."

Madame Verney smilingly replied, "That is not Miss Jones' picture; it is the photograph of the subject of our conversation—Miss Graham. There is a most wonderful resemblance between the two young ladies; and had not Amelia always worn her hair in a 'fringe' over her forehead, and Alice Graham, on the contrary, brushed hers smoothly back, I think sometimes myself I should have been puzzled to tell them apart. That dreadful scar you see across Miss Graham's forehead," continued Madame, "was received in a shipwreck when she was quite a child. She has been under my charge many years, so you will easily understand," added the kind old lady, "how averse I was to her attachment for Monsieur Marcon."

Thanking Madame Verney for the information she had so kindly afforded me, I took my leave.

On returning to town the same afternoon, and driving to Queen's Square, I found I was just in time to give my evidence at the inquest, which was then proceeding. I determined to make another search in and around the house, in case there might be some clue or other which by chance I had overlooked.

I explained to Miss Jones my idea, and she kindly volunteered to accompany me.

We examined carefully all the rooms in the front of the house, but could discover nothing.

It was as we approached the end of a passage on the top story, Miss Jones said, in a somewhat relieved tone, "Well, sir, I think we have finished our work."

"Yes," I replied; "I think we have. Oh, by the by, there is one more room, is there not?"

"Only the old lumber room," answered Miss Jones. "The key is lost, and it has never been opened for years."

"Has not been opened for years, Miss Jones?" said I, looking with surprise on her frightened, pale face. "Then I think we had better force the door."

"You shall not enter that room; I will kill you first!" she hissed through her clinched teeth.

Hastily placing the candle on the floor, I caught her wrists—not a moment too soon, for, as I seized her, a small but sharp dagger dropped from her grasp.

Her strength seemed supernatural as we struggled.

At last I could feel her hold getting weaker, and with one final trial for mastery, she gave in, and fell back, apparently unconscious.

In falling, her hair was blown off her forehead, and revealed to my startled gaze a deep scar running across it from one temple to the other.

"Miss Graham, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed, a fearful thought taking possession of my mind.

I quickly secured the prostrate girl with handcuffs, and, making a dash, burst open the door of the lumber room.

What a spectacle met my gaze!

In a corner of the room, on the bare boards, lay huddled up, with only the light covering of a night-dress, a figure that might have been the skeleton of the girl in the adjoining room. I raised the emaciated figure in my arms.

"Who are you, my poor girl?" I inquired.

She replied, in an almost inaudible whisper, "Amelia Jones, the niece of Emanuel Jones, who has been cruelly murdered by Alice Graham and Marcon; I witnessed the act. They have tried to starve me to death."

The exertion of even this short conversation proved too much for her.

The unhappy girl laid back, and fainted in my arms.

I carried her to the nearest bed, and at once ran down the stairs for the purpose of procuring a surgeon and some restoratives, as well as a constable to take charge of my prisoner.

I had reached the dining room door, and had just time to step back into that room, when I heard a latch-key fitted into the lock of the front door, and a gentleman, whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as Monsieur Marcon, entered.

"Monsieur Marcon, I believe?" I said, going up to him. "I arrest you on a charge of willful murder!"

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than Marcon made a rush at me. For some minutes we struggled silently.

Suddenly I thought of the small staff I always carried in my pocket. Disengaging my hand quickly, I drew it, and struck my adversary with full force on the head, when he instantly released his hold, and throwing up his arms, fell insensible on the floor.

I soon obtained assistance.

Miss Jones quickly recovered under kind care and skillful treatment, and appeared as the principal witness against the two prisoners.

At the trial, Marcon was sentenced to death, the sentence being duly carried into effect.

Alice Graham never recovered her reason, but is at this moment in confinement as a criminal and a dangerous lunatic.

Strenuous efforts were made to trace the servant, but nothing certain was heard of her.

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

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A RARE fossil bird, the *Archaeopteryx*, of which but three specimens are known to exist, has just been secured for the Berlin University at an expense of nearly \$20,000.

IN a late medical work, which has excited much attention and criticism, Dr. Declat, of Paris, argues that all diseases are due to the development of invisible parasites, either in or upon the body.

AID TO MUSIC COMPOSERS.—An electrical arrangement for automatically recording the notes played upon a piano was recently described to the Paris Physical Society by MM. Leclere and Vincent.

SALMON in English waters are found to be largely affected by a fungus which has resulted fatally to many of the fish. A recent investigation showed the chief cause of the disease to be overcrowding, and an extension of the season for catching was recommended.

ACCORDING to Dr. Frankland, the persistence of London fogs is due to the fact that the minute vesicles of water forming the fog become covered with a thin oily coating from the smoke of coal, thus preventing evaporation even in a comparatively dry state of the atmosphere.

ATTEMPTS at submarine photography have been made with some degree of success. One negative, secured at a depth of several fathoms beneath the surface of the water, showed several boulders covered with sea-weeds, an old anchor, and the mooring cables of three yachts.

AN interesting experiment in nerve grafting has been performed by a Bucharest physician. He removed a portion of the sciatic nerve of a fowl and replaced it by a similar portion of the sciatic nerve of a rabbit. The ends soon united, and the fowl's leg completely recovered its power.

THE inoculation of cattle as a preventive of pleuro-pneumonia, which was first tried in Australia, has been introduced on a large scale into Edinburgh, Scotland. During the past three years, about five thousand cattle have been inoculated in the neighborhood of that city, reducing the mortality from seventy-five to about five per cent.

A CURIOUS and interesting application of magnetism has just been observed. By writing upon a thin plate of hardened steel with a magnetized iron style, a tolerably permanent magnetism is communicated to the parts of the plate covered by the writing. If iron filings are then brushed over the plate they will adhere to the magnetized portion, rendering the writing visible.

THE quantity of vapor present in the air about us during the hot days of summer has a very considerable influence upon our physical comfort. In a dry atmosphere evaporation from our bodies takes place very rapidly, and, a large amount of heat being conducted away by the exhaled moisture, an agreeable sensation of coolness is maintained at a temperature which would seem oppressively hot in an atmosphere already surcharged with moist vapor.

CHEMICAL science has recently succeeded in extracting the coloring matter from human hair. Three coloring pigments are found—yellow, red and black—the various shades being produced by mixture. It appears that in pure golden hair there is only the yellow pigment; in red hair the red is mixed with more or less yellow; while in dark hair the black is always mixed with yellow and red—even the blackest hair containing as much red pigment as the very reddest—the lighter colors being overpowered by the black.

AIR MOTORS.—An English journal "thinks that the secret of private locomotion has been solved, and that the man who can not afford to keep horses can replace them by a tame air-pump in his stable." This means that a Colonel Beaumont, late Member of Parliament for South Durham, has adapted compressed air to drive a locomotive at Woolwich Arsenal. Ten and a half tons have hauled a load of twenty-two tons a distance of eleven miles, and a lighter load of twelve tons twenty miles, with one charge of air. The machine is noiseless, resembling a large tank on wheels, with levers and handles on top, where the driver is placed. The air is stored in a reservoir under a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch, which, after running three miles, is reduced to about eight hundred and twenty pounds.

A HORSE dashes past a series of cameras at full speed, and in the brief interval of a single bound, Mr. E. J. Maybridge secures a dozen or more photographs of the animal in successive stages of the leap, each picture recording a different position of the body. To represent the living animal upon a screen by means of these views, Mr. Maybridge has now perfected an instrument which he calls the zoogyroscope. It is a circular glass having upon it a series of the instantaneous photographs, which, being successively illuminated by an oxhydrogen lantern as the glass is revolved, show a single continuous but ever-changing picture. The effect is magical. The separate postures rapidly following each other produce upon the screen the perfect semblance of a fast receding horse, every motion, even to the shake of the head or whisk of the tail, being faithful to life. Moving men and various animals besides the horse have been shown in like manner.

WHEN the rustic youth—says Dr. Andrew Wilson—loitering along some lane, comes to a standstill to contemplate with awe and wonder the spectacle of a mass of the familiar "hair-eels" or "hair-worms" wriggling about in a pool, he plods on his way fully convinced that he has just witnessed the results of the transformation of some horse hairs into living creatures. And the theory of such transformation is often accepted by persons of considerable culture. The hair-worms certainly present the appearance of long, delicate black hairs which move about with great

rapidity amid the mud of pools and ditches. These worms, in the early stages of their existence, inhabit the bodies of insects, and may be found coiled up within the grasshopper, which thus gives shelter to a guest exceeding many times the length of the body of its host. Sooner or later the hair-worm, or *Gardius*, leaves the body of the insect and lays its eggs in water. From each egg a minute creature armed with hooks is produced, and this young hair-worm burrows into the body of some insect, there to repeat the history of its parent. Such is the authentic life of the hair-worm.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

"Alas! this fatal gift of booty!" as the man said who was arrested for receiving stolen goods.

When a woman is making bread, she may perhaps be said to be in the very flour of her usefulness.

A Chicago man wants the thief who stole his well bucket and rope to come back and take the well, as it is of no use to him now.

A little stealing is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is a noble art; 'tis mean to rob a henroost of a hen, but stealing thousands make us gentlemen.

"Do you ever have malaria here?" said a lady to an illiterate hotel man. "Yes," said he, "we'll have it to-day, for I've got the best French cook in the city."

Hands have they, yet feel not—clocks. Legs have they, yet walk not—tables. Eyes have they, yet see not—needles. Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs.

When a man reaches the top of a stair and attempts to make one more step higher the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

"Don't you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married."

One evening a little girl, whose mince pie had been badly nibbled by mice, heard a mouse squealing in the wall, and said: "Ah! mousey, you eat too much mince before you went to bed!"

Yet another warning. Joseph Bates, of Vermont, falls dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife. Nay, cut it out and pin it to the wood-shed door.

A subscriber asks us, "what is good for warts on horses?" We don't know. We never owned but one pair of horses—a wood-horse and a clothes-horse—and they were never troubled with warts.

"My brethren," said Swist, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

An honest Hibernian, while going along the road, was thus addressed by a friend: "Hello, Pat, you've got on the wrong side of your stocking. 'I know that,' says Pat; 'there's a hole on the other side.'"

## THE SIGNAL-MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

**H**ALLOA! Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furling round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but, instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, and so steep in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out; which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent, to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and stepping out upon the level of the railroad and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark, sallow man, with a dark, beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way, only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sun-

light ever found its way to this spot, and it had an earthy deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice, "don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind, as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), "Yes."

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes, I am sure I may."

His manner cleared like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labor—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here,—if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him, when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and

at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir" from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth, as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face towards the little bell when it did NOT ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him, "you almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than, "very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry, 'Halloa! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect—"

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on.

"I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?"

"By all means, sir."

"Good night, then, and here's my hand."

"Good night, sir, and here's mine."

With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence: "For God's sake clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry, 'Halloa! Below there!'" I started up, looked from that door, and saw this some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again, 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'what's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes.

I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel?" said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again, faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways, 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways, 'all well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires!"

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:—

"Within six hours after the appearance, the memorable accident on this line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress the mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added, (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common-sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at that door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this." Once more, I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

To be continued.

## Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

### AN EXCITING RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

"The north-bound short train on the Iron Mountain, which leaves Taylor street at 11:39 a. m., daily, met with quite a mishap yesterday. There are several switches along the road from the Work House to Lesperance street, and below and north of the Arsenal a number of refrigerator cars, owned by several down-town brewers, are constantly occupying the side tracks. This necessitates keeping the main track clear for the short and through trains. Yesterday morning, by the negligence of one of the switchmen, the switch immediately above the north wall of the Arsenal was displaced. The short train travels at great speed between Elwood and Lesperance street depot, and was going yesterday morning in the usual manner. Before the engineer noticed that the proper connection was not made with the main track, the locomotive shot ahead like a flash, and ran off the track. On either side of the track at this point there is a steep embankment, and, despite the efforts of the engineer, John Hays, who promptly reversed his engine when he perceived the great danger, the iron horse plunged diagonally across the road-bed and tipped over on its side. Hays and his fireman—Henry Miller—jumped off and saved themselves, escaping without a scratch. The front coach, which is a baggage and smoking car combined, was drawn off the track until the front truck rested on the ground."—[*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*]

The engineer Hays and his fireman, Miller, referred to above, are both esteemed members of No. 21, and we rejoice to see that they "quit themselves like men," in the sudden emergency, when danger of loss of life, not only to themselves, but to so many others was so great, and by prompt and energetic action saved themselves and all concerned from a sudden and terrible death.

It is well for those engaged in any great undertaking to occasionally pause and review the ground they have gone over, and see what progress has been made, in order that they may know how to shape their acts for the future. In making such a retrospect of the events in our organization for the past six months, we have every reason for congratulation and satisfaction at what has been done, and ground for bright hopes and grand expectations for the welfare of the Brotherhood in the future.

Within the time named there has been organized twelve new subordinate lodges, with unusually large numbers of charter members, while from every side come words of cheer, and large additional numbers are flocking to the halls of old lodges. Never since our organization has the Order been in a more prosperous condition, and never was there a brighter outlook for the future. On every hand there appears a healthy, substantial growth, with an increasing and earnest zeal on the part of the officers and members, to enlarge and strengthen each lodge by energetic, persevering and constant efforts to make their men better workers, better men in every sense of the word, and more worthy of the confidence and respect of their employers and the esteem and kind regard of their fellow laborers.

While we regard with proud satisfaction the successes of the past, we would exhort our brethren to abate not one jot or tittle in their ardor, but, if possible, bring still more earnestness and zeal into the hearts of every member, and let the future prove by its successes how dear to all our hearts are the principles and teachings of our dearly loved Order.

Our future must be grand and glorious if we perform our duty. There are scores of good men applying for admission to our ranks, through the lodges already successfully working all over our land and in the Canadian borders, and there are numerous applications for charters for new lodges, coming from the east and the west. Each letter received shows an increase in the desire to become identified with us, on the part of "good men, tried and true." Let us welcome them with hearty greetings, and teach the world by our deeds, that we are doing good work in the cause of progress, and the elevation of men to better and higher aims in life, doing all in our power to make honest toil honorable and desirable.

Our organizer starts for the Pacific Coast in a few days, for the purpose of organizing several new lodges, in prominent and desirable places along the different routes, that have been anxiously waiting for the time when he could reach them, and we are anticipating good results from his labors, among the enginemen of the great west. We confidently expect the next six months will show a large increase in membership, zeal and substantial prosperity for our Order.

It is always with pleasure we write words of commendation and encouragement to our brethren, and it is peculiarly pleasing to us when we can refer to the good work done by members, in building up and sustaining their lodges. We have been highly gratified in witnessing the efforts of Bluff City Lodge, No. 55, at Memphis. While they do not show great numbers, they show great deeds. In a very short time they have more than doubled in membership, and have promptly met and paid every demand upon them for dues and claims, and made extra assessments to be used as a fund for future demands, should the necessity arise to relieve the distressed and afflicted in the coming season. When we take into consideration the trials and difficulties No. 55 has encountered and overcome, during the trying days of the yellow scourge, we can but admire their firmness, and feel proud of the wisdom and praiseworthy forethought exercised by them, in thus fortifying themselves in their days of prosperity and health, for the scenes that may occur in the near future. While we are proud of such men, we earnestly hope no harm may come to them this season, or ever.

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THE *Alliance*, a new candidate for public favor, has been placed upon our desk, and we find it what it purports to be, "instructive, newsy and independent." It is issued weekly by the "Railway Printing Company and Advertising Bureau," and gives promise of being a useful and valuable addition to the numerous publications of our city, and we bespeak for it a liberal patronage on the part of railroad men, who desire a neat, well conducted, readable paper.

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They have had a very sad affair at West Point. A lady at Cozzens's told her mamma that all the cadets wear white pants; whereupon a man said, "So do their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts;" and he had to be shot through the heart.

## *Correspondence.*

### SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

I also saw a paddy or rice field. The rice grows in long rows, and the plants come up very thickly and are then transplanted. The edges of the field are banked up, each bank being four feet high, and are flooded with water, as rice grows in water. At first a stranger would suppose he saw a field of corn growing, as the rice blades are of a glossy, bright, vivid green color. In the center of each field is built a small hut; this is set up out of the water on piles. It is built of bamboo mats, and looks like a large bee hive. In this men are stationed with long poles to drive away the crows and other birds who are fond of eating the green plants.

To-day on my way to the linseed godowns, I passed by a burning ghaut, where they burn the bodies of dead Hindoos. I saw a long row of stone buildings each containing a small cell or room. These cells are used for persons to die in. When a Hindoo is near death these people take him to one of these cells, and then they stuff his mouth and nostrils with mud from the banks of this sacred river and leave him to die alone. These natives are heartless wretches and have no more feeling than a stick of wood has. If a man is rich his body is burned, if he is poor a lighted candle is put in his mouth to light him on his way, and then his body is thrown into the river and left to float away on the tide. This ghaut was surrounded by vultures, kites, crows, and other large birds of prey, and was disgusting and loathsome in the extreme. I could not pass it without a shudder, and was glad to get by it as quickly as I could.

The linseed godown is an immense stone storehouse, where the seed is stored when it comes down from the up country, and is cleansed here. As usual, this screening was done by women. They had little baskets made of coarse bamboo, shaped like a shovel, and they shook the seed about in them and so sifting the dirt out of it. It made a suffocating dust, and I do not see how the poor creatures stood it, as they did in such a heat, as it was a very hot day. I saw several poor little naked babies lying asleep on the heaps of linseed, and how I pitied them.

Near by was a large shed built of bamboo and covered with mats or huskus, tatics, and here were great stout men at work sewing gummy cloth bags. One fellow worked like a trooper, and they were all sitting on the clay floor and having a glorious time. The hut was quite cool, and I thought they ought to change places with the poor women in that hot storehouse and wanted to tell them so. I did say to one fellow the men do all the hard work in my country, and that he ought to go into the godown and let the women do the sewing. He opened his great round eyes and gazed at me in astonishment and then said, "Sahib, don't understand."

Everything in this strange country seems hinderside before, and it is impossible to try to make things any different. A native carpenter does most of his work on the ground. Instead of using a bench his plane is fastened to a board, and he planes pieces of wood by pushing them back and forth over it instead of taking the plane in his hand, and consequently it takes him a long time to accomplish anything. Then they stop and sleep every chance they get. They all seem to have plenty to

eat and that is all they care for. I have often seen these natives lying asleep on their charpots or bedsteads set out in the sun at their stair doors. They cover themselves up head and all, with a piece of cotton cloth, and lay and sleep in this way hours at a time in the hot sun, and they will squat down anywhere against a wall in rooms and sleep just like a lot of old cats.

In an archway just beyond our office a Hindoo has a little stand, and sells betel nut cakes, called pawns. He has a set of little clay pots in a frame; one pot has lime in it, another salt, others have coriander seeds and betel nuts cracked up. He has a pile of plantain leaves cut in strips. First he lays a strip of the leaf on a board in front of him, then on this he puts a spoonful of lime, a spoonful of seeds and one of betel nut. He rolls the whole thing up together, gives it a dexterous twist and makes a small cake. This he dips into water, sets it upon his stand, and then makes another and so on till he has a dozen or so, and then he takes a rest till he has sold out. He gets about two pice apiece for them. These little cakes are really quite refreshing and all the Hindoos eat them. One always sees them with the red saliva from the nut, running down the corners of their mouths, and they are always scented with it. Then they generally anoint their bodies with cocoanut oil once or twice a day, and this, with the betel, makes them disagreeable neighbors, if one happens to get in a crowd of them in a hot day.

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LOUISVILLE, KY., 1880.

*Editor Magazine—Dear Sir:* It is with regret we ask permission to occupy a portion of your Magazine with matters that are sufficiently unsavory, and to make public facts that we feel should be confined to the lodge room, but necessity compells us to appeal to our brethren in this public manner.

Although No. 23 has been ably represented in the Magazine of late, we feel the correspondent has been too lenient, and has avoided personalities. Now this is all well enough as a rule, but there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue, and feeling too deeply agrieved to remain quiet any longer, we hope you will permit us to plainly and truthfully speak of some of the acts of former members of No. 23, in order that lodges and corporations of whom they may seek employment, or individuals, may be on their guard in giving aid, or in any manner giving countenance to those who have proven themselves so wholly unfit to receive favors or support, from honorable and just men or bodies.

Quite recently we forwarded to the Grand Lodge, a list of fifteen names of expelled members, and to prevent a wrong impression, we desire to make an explanation. A portion of those expelled were deceived by the misrepresentations of one James H. Smith, a round-house machinist, in the employ of the L. & N. and Great Southern Railway, under the supervision of Mr. John Slusser, round-house foreman, a gentleman who would not, had he known the facts, countenanced such a person, nor would the superior officers of that company.

This man Smith was treasurer of No. 23, up to the August election, 1879, when he was succeeded by another member. At the expiration of his (Smith's) term, he was ordered to turn over all moneys, books and papers to his successor, in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Order.

His report made out and signed by himself, forwarded to the Grand Lodge, showed a balance of \$104.80 in his possession, and he positively refused to deliver the same to his successor, duly elected and qualified, or to a committee appointed

by the lodge, acting under an order signed by the Master and Recording Secretary, and also an order from the Grand Lodge.

In his resistance and disobedience to the order of the Subordinate and Grand Lodges, he was aided and encouraged by one John E. Shallcross, a machinist working with him, and together they engaged in the disreputable business of robbing the lodge of the funds raised for the relief of widows and orphans, and the sick and distressed of the lodge. These funds were placed in the hands of Smith without even requiring bond from him, thinking it would be impossible that men could become such vile and perjured wretches, as to rob those whom they should hold most dear. Especially were these men thought to be above suspicion as both claimed to be members of higher orders. Their conduct is almost enough to destroy all faith in human nature. An attempt was made to compromise the matter, offering strong inducements for them to settle with the lodge, and act like men, but they have utterly refused to do so.

Under these circumstances we feel that Louisville Lodge No. 23, would be acting unjustly towards its law-abiding, honest members, and also to the public, to let these men defy and rob the lodge, and flaunt the money at us and say, "let's see you get it." These fifteen men owe the lodge \$124.00, which added to the \$104.80 makes the sum of \$228.80 they (directly and indirectly) fraudulently withhold from the order of the B. of L. F. In addition to this they have failed to pay the Editor \$30 for Magazines furnished them.

These facts are furnished for publication in self-defence, and we hope those who have been deceived by these two men, may see where this wrong is, and be ready to do right, when they see the true state of affairs. No. 23 is ready to reinstate all good men, (for there are some good ones), and we hope all who have listened to the bad counsel of those who have poisoned their minds, and endeavored by their advice to discourage good men from joining our order, and have most anxiously tried to cover up their sinful and disreputable course, will come back and comply with the requirements of the lodge, leaving those who have done so much wrong, to their own evil course. We have cast them out from among us, as unworthy of the association of honorable, right-thinking men.

We desire the support of the intelligent and honest people of our land in this, our undertaking, to assist us in elevating and bettering the condition morally, financially and socially, of enginemen, making them more useful to their families, to society and more dutiful to their God. Holding ourselves responsible for the correctness of these statements,

We subscribe our names,

CHAS. E. MILLER,  
GEO. BUXE.

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LOUISVILLE, KY., June 8, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* Seeing nothing proposed in Magazine, as a new feature or improvement for adoption at the coming convention, that will, if possible, make us more beneficial or charitable, I suggest the following:

That the wives of all members in good standing in their lodge be entitled to, upon enrollment of their names and the payment of one years' dues, which shall be \$3.00, (or 25 cents per month), a policy of insurance on their lives, made payable to her husband or her heirs, etc.

Now, mark me, she receives no sick benefits, nor has any voice or other rights except the policy, and in the event of her decease, her heirs will receive the same

insurance as a male member, (25 cents per head). She paying the average rate per month on death claims does not increase the expense of the lodge but does increase the insurance. Single men may say, what is that to me? Well, it is the same as the addition of a male member. As far as the insurance is concerned, it increases your insurance; yes, and it will increase our usefulness as an Order; create a better feeling, make the families more than ever interested in keeping themselves paid up square that their children may be provided for. Again it will be something new—and it costs nothing to experiment. Discuss the subject, and at the convention express the sentiment of the whole lodge,

Yours as ever in the interest of my fellow-man, (or woman), F. B. A.

KANSAS CITY, MO., 1880.

*Wm. N. Sayre, Esq.—Editor Magazine:* Allow me through the columns of the Magazine to return many thanks to the brothers of lodge No. 74, for the B. of L. F. pin donated for selling the largest number of tickets for our "Inaugural Ball." Hoping that they will always find me worthy of wearing the same and for the future prosperity of 74.

I remain yours in B. S. and I.,

JNO. MCCARTHY.

### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

W. H. ACHEY of No. 23, withdrawn to join No. 79.

EDWIN J. BOSTOCK of No 61, final withdrawal, April 20, 1880.

G. H. WHITNEY of Silver State Lodge No. 89, withdrawn to join elsewhere.

ROBERT C. FREEMAN of No. 45, final withdrawal, June 1st, to join B. of L. E.

BROTHER Gorman of Chicago Lodge No. 95, has been elevated to the position of engineer, on the Chicago & North-western Railroad.

BROTHER D. B Thomas of No. 41, has reached the height of his ambition, and can now be found on the right side of a fine locomotive on the Cincinnati & Southern Railroad.

WE are sorry that we innocently erred in publishing Louis L. Kinch, as expelled for "defrauding members of No. 34." The proper notice of his expulsion was published in our March number.

BROTHER Frank Smith of No. 36, is earnestly at work in behalf of the organization in the north-west. He is now acting as master of Fort Ridgely Lodge No. 65, lately organized by instructor Stevens.

WE are glad to note that brother Robert Topin of Capital Lodge No. 46, is fast recovering from injuries received at Barclay Station, on the Illinois Central Railroad, by coming in contact with a coal chute while going back on the train to pull a pin.

BROTHER Thomas Hayes of No. 40, who was badly injured by falling into a pit with a tender spring upon his shoulder, which struck him on the head, rendering him unconscious for a time, has recovered so as to be able to visit friends in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and hopes soon to be strong enough to resume his post as fireman on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

BLUFF CITY LODGE has just added to their list of members Mr. Patrick Ryan, an engineer employed on the Memphis branch of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

Brother Ryon is an efficient engineer and a thorough gentleman. Bluff City Lodge may well feel proud of their new member.

BOSTON LODGE has for a long time carried off the honors for having the largest number of members. But now Blooming Lodge No. 40, Bloomington, Ills., is fast coming to the front, having almost doubled her membership since the convention last September. Brothers of No. 57, take warning!

COUPID and Hymen have been at their mad pranks again among the Brotherhood, and this time brother James Martin of Adair Lodge No. 100, is the man having fallen a victim to the charms of Miss Maria Kahil of Bowling Green, Ky. Hearty congratulations and kindest wishes to you, brother Martin.

THE new Lodge organized at Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, on the 30th of May, starts off under flying colors, with a charter membership of sixteen excellent young men. After paying for their seal, printing, grand dues and charter fees, they have fifteen dollars left in their treasury. Brother Gilman the agent, promises a large list of subscribers for the Magazine.

#### MANAHAN—BRAND.

On Saturday evening May 22nd, brother Thomas Manahan of Vigo Lodge No. 16, was married at Effingham, Ills., to Miss Sarah Brand, a very estimable lady whose excellent qualities commend her to all who know her. The young couple start out on lifes journey under the most auspicious circumstances, having the kind wishes and hearty congratulations of a host of friends.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held April 30th, 1880, the following resolutions were passed and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from time to eternity, the father of our worthy brother, John Coddington, and

WHEREAS, We wish to place upon record this testimonial of regard and sympathy for our worthy brother in his affliction; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we tender to brother Coddington our sincere sympathy in the loss of his beloved father, and hope he may be sustained in his affliction by Him "who doeth all things well."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our sorrowing brother, and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 30, 1880.

R. B. WILLIAMS, }  
C. W. PIPER, } Committee.  
W. B. MUNCCELL. }

#### BLACK LIST.

No. 17. John Fisher, expelled for unbecoming conduct as a member of the Order and non-payment of dues.

No. 21. G. Blanchard, I. House, L. McCue, J. J. Sweeney, Wm. Woods, J. Galligan, for non-payment of dues.

No. 43. E. Langston, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 45. J. A. Pledsoe, expelled June 7th for contempt of Lodge, etc.

No. 61. Edward P. McKee, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 99. B. Kenworthy, expelled.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.	
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEAR.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WIPPER.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard.
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block, Indiana-	
polis, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
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C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Woolley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
A. J. Gabard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, Pioneer Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Darling.....Magazine Agent  
No. 26 Pelton avenue.
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.  
S. M. Stevens.....Master  
W. N. Sayre.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Zepp.....Fin. Sec'y  
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, 615 N. 7th st.....Master  
E. V. Debs, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway.....Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
19. Organizing at Wadsworth, Nevada.
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
Wm. Underhill.....Master  
J. S. Holm.....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Von Harten.....Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. J. Eddy.....Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
C. Hahn.....Rec. Sec'y  
care Benders drug store.  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. Powers, 316 Wenzel st.....} Mag. Ag'ts  
H. Peak, 494 Chestnut st.....}
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
R. S. Pike.....Master  
Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn.....Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois.....Master  
Jno. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, 427 S. Third st.....Fin. Sec'y  
O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
J. I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. BORDER LODGE, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons.....Magazine Agent
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith.....Master  
Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith.....Master  
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hinchcliff.....Master  
H. Schemerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7.30 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. NEW HOPE, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. AVON, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
Angus Menish.....Master  
Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house, Fin. Sec'y  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
42. KENNESAW LODGE, Atlanta, Ga.  
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. M. Webb do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney.....Master  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
44. F. W. ARNOLD LODGE, at East St. Louis, Ill.  
J. B. Machin.....Master  
S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Ag't
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p.m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn.....Master  
F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. W. Mills.....} Magazine Agents  
H. H. Lindenberger.....}
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcom, 809 S. 12th st.....Master  
(Lock box 1126)  
G. D. Partington do.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. D. Hensley do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Ag't
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master  
Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy, 764 Indiana ave.....Mag. Ag't

50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master  
 W. Field. Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. State and 47th st.  
 W. R. Parker. Fin. Sec'y  
 Cor. State & 47th st.  
 W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st. Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. Master  
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns. Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner Master  
 J. S. Cool. Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Laing. Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Crowley, do Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 236 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin Master  
 Wm. Buchanan. Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark. Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams. Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st. Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 23 E. 3d st. Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 Master  
 O. E. Histed. Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg. Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden. Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering. Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772). Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372. Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY LODGE**, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday.  
 F. P. Smith. Master  
 J. J. McDonald. Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Collins. Fin. Sec'y  
 J. S. Gilman and J. C. Curtis. Mag. Ag't
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pope, 42 Clyde st. Master  
 Jas. Allen, 12 High st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, 325 Adelaide st. Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Scott, 325 Adelaide st. Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master  
 C. Maclow, box 13. Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13. Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood. Master  
 D. H. Dill. Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols. Fin. Sec'y
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 231 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. Master  
 J. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. Master  
 Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st. Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st. Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith. Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot. Master  
 W. P. Danforth, 60 Grafton st. Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot. Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Howey. Magazine Agent  
 48 Salem street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman. Master  
 Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McGarrahan. Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Fleming. Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace. Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler. Fin. Sec'y  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 H. A. Knepley. Mag. Agent  
 609 N. 37th street.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan. Master  
 John Young. Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins. Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker. Magazine Ag't

79. CUMBERLAND, at Nashville, Tenn.  
Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar Street, at 9:30 a. m.  
Ira Thompson.....Master  
Jno. Schardt.....Rec. Sec'y  
W. Evatt.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. Thompson.....Mag. Ag't
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
Arthur Sandy.....Master  
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
Sheldon T. Browne.....Fin. Sec'y  
1807 Sixth street, south.  
H. Clark and Jas. Mathews.....Mag. Ag'ts
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.  
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master  
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y  
U. P. Engine House.  
W. Loury, U. P. Engine House. Mag. Ag't
85. FARGO LODGE, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
Jno. Burns.....Master  
Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. BLACK HILLS, at Laramie, W. T.  
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
T. J. Kellett.....Master  
J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y  
B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, at Evanston, W. T.  
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
L. Krauss.....Master  
A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y  
Harry Watts.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
J. A. Resseguie.....Master  
J. F. F. Hale.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. A. Resseguie.....Fin. Sec'y  
Ole Thompson.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, at West Oakland, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
C. C. Walker.....Master  
J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Perrin.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.  
Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednesday, at Kings Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.  
D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
Geo. A. Aldrich.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
D. Garrett.....Master  
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
M. E. Clark.....Master  
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y  
M. E. Clark do.....Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master  
Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. B. Murphy, 132 N. Union st.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
321 West Indiana street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.  
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
L. V. Tipton.....Master  
cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. ORANGE GROVE, at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
Wm. Hughes.....Master  
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
G. Hughes.....Fin. Sec'y
98. PERSEVERANCE, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
Robert Sims.....Master  
F. R. Britten.....Rec. Sec'y  
Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH LODGE, at Peru, Ind.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, at Bowling Green, Ky.  
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
C. O. Dixon.....Master  
J. W. Lee.....Rec. Sec'y  
A. J. Weller.....Fin. Sec'y  
A. Bigleben.....Mag. Ag't

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WHAT CAME OF A GENEROUS IMPULSE.

BY MARY E. MOFFATT.



THE Conductor of one of the westward bound trains stood upon the platform at—, watching eagerly for one face among the throng of approaching passengers. It came at last, and with a cheery—

"All aboard!" he reached out his hand and helped the trim, graceful little figure up to where he was standing.

"Well, Evie, here you are safe and sound, and bright as a cricket. One can see that at one glance."

They were a handsome couple—this husband and wife of a year. He was tall and stalwart, with blue eyes and a ruddy complexion, which showed to advantage in his neat uniform; and she was tiny, vivacious, and pretty as a wren, and as modestly dressed, too—so the parallel is complete.

"Oh, Charlie, did you see that funny old vehicle that drove up as I crossed the street? Such an ark, and drawn by one of the horses like those you see go along in a traveling menagerie—piebald I think you call them; and the sweetest little creature got out of it. There she is now," and Evie nodded toward an ill-assorted pair who were seated several seats ahead.

Charlie had listened a trifle impatiently as Evie ran on, for duty called him away to see that no passenger failed to pay his fare, and by that means defraud the Great Western Transportation Company, of which he was a subordinate.

"No—yes," he answered, somewhat contradictorily, meaning that he didn't see the wagon, but did see the young girl. "Tell me the rest when I come back, Evie;" then he hastened away.

Evelyn Grey was going on the train to the great city which offered such inducements to shoppers that it drew all the country people to it for miles around. It was a holiday to her, and she enjoyed watching the different occupants of the car, and surmising what their stations in life might be. But the one who most interested her was the pretty young girl who was seated by the big, flashy-looking woman, dressed in garments which had been rich, but had seen their best days. Suddenly as the train neared the next station the woman rose, tendered her ticket to Charlie, who was just entering the car, and passed out.

The train was very much crowded, and he was behind time in collecting his fares; so that it had stopped and started again before he reached and stretched out his hand for the young girl's ticket.

She felt in her pocket for it—looked hurriedly and anxiously down at the floor to see if she had dropped it. Then she turned a white, frightened face toward the conductor.

"What shall I do?" she said, piteously. "I've lost my pocket-book, with my ticket and all the money I have in the world in it!"

Young Grey looked at her sharply. It was such a young, innocent face, with its great troubled eyes and quivering rose-bud lips.

He saw at once that she was telling the truth. No one could be false and look like that.

"I will be back here presently," he said, kindly; "perhaps by that time you will find it."

As he passed his wife, he bent over and told her of what had occurred.

"She has had her pocket picked, Charlie, and I know who did it. It was that great, tawdrily-dressed woman who left at the last station. Poor little thing! Charlie," as he was going on, "may I go to her and give her the money I was going to spend to-day?"

"Do as you like, Evie; it is your own."

The bright face of the young wife grew even brighter as she received the desired permission. She rose from her seat, and went at once on her mission of kindness.

The girl's name was Nora Vivian, and her simple story was soon told to the sympathizing listener. She had been adopted from an orphan asylum by a worthy old couple who had reared her as tenderly as though she had been of their own flesh and blood. Their sudden death within a few days of each other, had thrown her homeless upon the world—for the farm was only theirs during their life-time, and had passed to a distant relative. The trifling amount of money which her benefactors had been able to save had been willed to her, and it was all in the lost pocket-book.

She was on her way to the asylum from which she had been taken, having written to the matron for advice, and received in return an invitation to come and make her home there until a suitable place could be found for her.

Evelyn Grey comforted her with kind, sympathetic words, and when her stopping-place was reached put the money her husband had given her into her hand with a warning, "Don't be so careless again. You must keep it." "I don't need it," as Nora, with an instinct of pride put it away from her. Then the generous little woman rose and hastened away, leaving the girl no option as to whether she should take it or not, as she had to stay upon the train for several long hours before she could reach her destination.

Six years later. Charles Grey was still a conductor upon the same road. The world thus far had only shown to him its bright side. He had a pleasant home and two lovely children had come to keep Evelyn from feeling lonely during the father's periodical absences. The Greys seemed singled out for happiness and prosperity.

But in one disastrous moment all was changed. A sudden crash—a wrecked train—and the groans of the wounded and dying struck upon the ear.

From among the sufferers was taken an apparently lifeless body—that of Charles Grey. A faint flutter over the region of the heart proved that all was not over. He was borne to a place of shelter and kindly and tenderly cared for. Blessed is that tie of common brotherhood which makes mankind as one upon such occasions.

Word was sent to his wife, and as soon as she could reach him she was by his bedside. Could that form—bruised almost out of all resemblance to humanity—be her noble Charlie? It was indeed.

Ere night came, news of the disaster had been flashed all over the country upon the electric wires. Telegrams came pouring in from all quarters—inquiries after friends, and offers of money and medical attendance. Among others came one from a wealthy gentleman of a Western city, directing that everything possible should be done for the injured conductor, and all expenses be charged to him. The name signed was that of a well-known money king. So when poor Charlie, after weeks of suffering, again opened his eyes with a look of understanding in them in place of the vacant stare of delirium, he found himself surrounded by comforts and elegancies to which his industrious life had previously been a stranger.

It was all a mystery, both to him and Evelyn. The name of his benefactor was only familiar through reading reports of his gigantic transactions in stocks.

Slowly the invalid came back to comparative health, but not to his pristine vigor. He could never again take his place in the busy whirl of active, bustling life, for he was so crippled as to be obliged to move about upon crutches.

It was a sad day when at last he found himself again in the house which had been the scene of his married happiness. What lay in that future which stretched out before him? how was he to earn a living for his dear ones?

Evelyn, however, like the brave little woman she was, would not let him fall into a mood of unchanging despondency. She was ever ready with a cheerful word, backed by some practical suggestion.

"If we can't do anything else, Charlie, we can set up a thread-and-needle store. You were always so liberal with me that I did not need to spend half you gave me. See!" and she held a bank-book toward him, which showed deposits amounting to about \$300.

Charlie knew that she had a bank-book, but he had no idea of how the trifling sums saved by economy and thrift in the head of a household could mount up into a goodly sum.

"Well, Evie," he began, but his sentence was not concluded, for a sweet little voice piped out from the open door-way:

"Mamma, come here. A lady wants you," and Evie the younger skipped into the room, followed by a young and stately-looking stranger.

Mrs. Grey rose with a wondering thought of "where have I seen that face before?" running through her mind.

Tall and exquisitely fair, her visitor's wonderful loveliness was made even more striking by its setting of rich garments, out of whose dark, closely-fitting fabrics her face rose like some delicately-tinted picture—almost too beautiful to be a real mortal woman's. Still it evoked strange, puzzling memories from Evelyn's past.

"I see I must introduce myself," said the stranger, in a soft, sweet voice, with a touch of emotion vibrating through the music; "I am Nora Vivian. Did you receive a letter from me soon after the great kindness which you, a stranger, conferred upon me?"

"Yes," answered Evelyn, "I did, and should have acknowledged it and the inclosed check, but it contained no address."

"How careless of me," answered Nora; "but I was in such a whirl of conflicting emotions that I was hardly responsible for either omissions or commissions at that time. I have always meant, however, to see you again, and here I am. But I must tell you (in answer to the question I can imagine is looking out of your eyes) all about myself—how such a sad little girl has been lifted out of her sorrow and

desolateness into the sunshine of happiness and prosperity. Soon after I returned to the kind shelter which had been offered me by my good friends at the asylum, a gentleman called to inquire after the child of a deceased sister. He had succeeded in tracing it there. That child proved to be—myself! The gentleman was my mother's youngest brother, and had become a rover while but a mere boy. He had at last drifted into the mining districts of California, and after living through trials and privations which would have proved fatal to one possessed of a weak constitution, he one day struck upon a vein of gold which elevated him at once from poverty to a state of almost fabulous wealth. He it is who has taken your husband in charge since his accident, and I am empowered to offer him now a lucrative position in my uncle's employment, which will entail no painful labor upon him, and which will still give him the satisfaction of owing his support to his own exertions."

Evelyn was too much overcome by her emotion to find her voice. She could only sob unrestrainedly in the tender arms in which Nora enfolded her, and whose eyes also overflowed with sympathetic tears.

Suddenly a burst of childish lamentations from little Evie and her sister May caused the senior members of the party to dry their tears and make haste to assure the alarmed children that, "The beautiful lady wasn't going to hurt mamma;" as judging from appearances they had made up their minds she was about to do—tears being in their own experience generally connected with physical discomfort.

This little episode cleared the atmosphere and brought the participants in the interesting scene once more to the plane of every day life.

Henceforward a bright prospect opened before the Greys. Nora's uncle created Mr. Grey his private secretary at a salary which seemed entirely disproportionate to the services required; but if faithful devotion and boundless gratitude are of value then was the millionaire's bounty repaid. For Charles Grey is as staunch to his benefactor as he had been to his former employers on the road.

Nora is an admired and radiant beauty; shining peerless amid the lovely women who make society brilliant with their charms. Report connects her name with that of a rising young barrister, and it may be true. For her choice will be guided entirely by the promptings of her pure heart, and Lionel Freeleigh is well calculated to win a woman's love. He is gifted with rare qualities of mind and person, and best of all, is a communicant member of the church which counts Nora among its worshippers.

May this wooing speed well.

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**THE WIFE'S CO-OPERATION.**—No man ever yet prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mental endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail over the seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending strength in vain, that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

## "BILL," THE ENGINEER.

"ALL 'BOARD!" "Sphee-ee-chee—sphee-ee-choof!"  
 And the iron horse moves his steel-rimm'd hoof,  
 And snorts from his chest his breath of steam,  
 With a quick'ning pulse and warning scream;  
 Moves out with his freight of human lives—  
 A sinuous chain of humming hives.

Anon the hum is a rattling din,  
 As the bright steel arms fly out and in,  
 Till naught is heard save a deaf'ning jar,  
 As the train speeds on like a shooting star,  
 With a lengthening trail like a smoky pall  
 Whose writhing folds envelope all.

"Stoke up!" shouts Bill, the Engineer;  
 "We must rush this grade and the bottom clear  
 With a monstrous bulge, to pull up hill.  
 T'other side, heavy train." "All right, Bill!"  
 And the coal went in and the throttle out.  
 "Watch yo' side the curve!" from Bill with a shout.

Adown the grade with an open throttle,  
 They swiftly glide as a flying-shuttle—  
 Weaving in streaks of green and gray,  
 The warp and woof of bush and clay;  
 While steam and smoke and dust behind  
 Form mottled clouds in the tortured wind.

Through the cut, and into the vale—  
 Across the trestle that spans the swale,  
 There the willows swirl, and the rank weeds sway;  
 And the heron starts, with a shriek away—  
 Blown from his course—a shrill refrain,  
 'Mid the whirling gusts of the flying train.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beyond the curve, this side the hill,  
 There runs the creek—by the old saw mill—  
 A covered bridge and a water tank;  
 With the watchman's shanty on this bank.  
 A quiet nook, for the mill is done—  
 With crippled Jemmie it ceased to run.

'Tis just 'round the curve, in the shady wood  
 That fringes the creek, his low hut stood;  
 Where Jemmie, the watch, spent his useful life,  
 With a lovely child and a loving wife.  
 Naught now came their peace to mar  
 Worse than a swift train's rumbling jar.

To fame unknown, but to roadmen dear;  
 For Jemmie had watched from year to year—  
 And more than once did his vigil save  
 A train and its lives from a watery grave.  
 Since, broken in purse and form at the mill—  
 He worked on crutches—a good watch still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! "'Tis the train!" The mother's ear  
 Leans to the sound; then a mortal fear  
 Freezes her veins—she sees not her child!  
 "O, darling! O, Maggie!" in accents wild.  
 She starts from the hut—now *feeling* the why,  
*"Keep Maggie in when the trains go by."*

She strains her eyes towards the creek,  
 Where up the track, with ashen cheek,  
 Hobbled the watch—one pointing crutch  
 Where Maggie lay in the engine's clutch—  
 The willing flowers across her breast,  
 She'd wearied to sleep in their eager quest.

"Save, her, Mary! For God's sake run!"  
 Came Jemmie's voice like a signal gun;  
 The mother sprang like a startled deer;  
 But the rushing train was now too near—  
 She saw, she swooned with a piercing shriek  
 That echoed afar o'er the winding creek;

Aye, pierced the boom 'round the curve so near,  
 And smote on the ear of the Engineer;  
 "Great God! Down brakes! Quick! Reverse!"  
 And Bill was out on the iron horse  
 Treading his thills o'er the roaring fires  
 With his nerves strung tense as electric wires.

Alas! the engine's speed's too great;  
 The baby dreams in the path of fate!  
 Yet Bill knows the force and just the brace  
 To lift a pound in such a case;  
 With a rushing train and the child asleep,  
 'Tis a giant's power his place must keep.

Still, reaching forth, with an iron grasp,  
 He does with his might this God-like task;  
 Bearing the startled child on high—  
 So happy to hear its frightened cry—  
 Then, crushing it to his manly breast,  
 Kisses its cheeks with a lover's zest.

"More brakes!" calls Bill, for the mother's seen,  
 And the crutches and form of Jemmie between

His wife and the train—that's crush'd the life  
From his child, he thinks—"I'll die with my wife!"  
But the train now slackens and stops apace—  
Hard by a pallid, upturned face.

"Saved!" cries Bill, from the engine's front;  
"Saved!" echoes Jemmie, his crutches shunt;  
"Saved!" shout the passengers. "Saved from death!"  
"Saved!" queries Mary, with a conscious breath.  
Then helped to her feet—"God bless you, sir!"  
And Bill's grimy hand wipes back a tear.

"All 'board!" "Sphee-ee-chee—sphee-ee-choof!"  
And the iron horse moves his steel-rimm'd hoof;  
And the train resumes its journey far.  
Heroes have been—and heroes are—  
Of battle and State, of travel and skill,  
Of letters and art—but give us "Bill!"

At the end of the road they give him a purse;  
"I don't want that!" and he mutter'd a curse;  
But finally took it and stowed it away,  
And threw it to "Mag" as he pass'd next day.  
It whirled through the air and struck by the stoop,  
Where the three stood to greet him, a joyful group.

—[*N. Y. Graphic.*]

## THE SIGNAL-MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.—[*Continued.*]

"**D**ID you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time.

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and as I went along heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way!"

Then he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell—"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and, if I am a living man, it did NOT ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But I heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It was there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There was the danger-light. There was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly towards the same point.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter-of-course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully is the question, what does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging somewhere on the line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of me. What can I do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph danger on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work:—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen,—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted,—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home?' If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signal-man on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty must do well, and then at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post, as the night advanced, began to make larger demands on his attention; and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it. That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that either. But what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration, how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking, and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep

cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I can not describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed. With an irresistible sense that something was wrong, with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did,—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"O, how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough, dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way?"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the engine-driver, included not only the words which the unfortunate signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

## TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, June 13, 1880.

Louis VI. in 1108 founded a palace on the site of the Louvre, but as I have stated in a previous letter the Louvre was built by Francis I. in 1541. It has at different periods received many additions and improvements until it has arrived to that degree of imposing grandeur which it displays to-day.

A history of the Louvre would be approaching a history of Paris, and a history of Paris would require and give a great amount of information on the history of France. This is one of the many reasons why this paper will not contain a history of the Louvre.

This very extensive and magnificent structure is in parallelogram form running along and overlooking the Seine from Port Royal (Royal bridge) to within a short distance of Port Neuf. It is three stories high, not including the mansard. Its inclosure is divided into two courts; one is the Cour du Louvre, and the other, which is much the larger, is called Place de Carrousel. In the latter is a triumphal arch erected by the first Napoleon, this is arc du Carrousel. On its top is a bronze figure of himself as Cesar, crowned with a wreath of laurel, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses abreast; the two flanking horses are each led by a female figure, France and Victory; horses, chariot, and figures are of bronze.

It was from this Place de Carrousel that that colossal captive balloon ascended, which collapsed last summer, carrying in every ascent twenty or twenty-five persons, to take a birds eye view of Paris.

In one portion of this place are a large number of stone statues of the literati of France, full life size: Cardinal Mazzarin, Cardinal Richelieu, Abbe Fenelon, Chateaubriand, Bossuet, Montalembert, whose work par excellence was "Monks of the West," and a host of such illustrious (?) dead, standing on their pedestals on a projection the height of the second story. Over the entrance from Rue de Rivoli to the Place de Carrousel stand in niches the statues of Soult, Lannes, and other marshals of France. In the Cour du Louvre are many niches filled with very handsome little marble figures about three feet high, representing Minerva, Mercury, Apollo, Prudence, Charity, the Seasons, and many others. Marked plainly on the ground in this Cour are lines and curves indicating the exact location and position where stood the fortifications of the old palace. It was at that time the outskirts of the City.

The walls of the Louvre are most elaborately sculptured. This work is increased and magnified to a wonderful degree of beauty on the facades of the tower-like elevations that rise at intervals along the whole, as the Pavillons Turgot and Richelieu; they are beautifully ornamented with groups of figures and intertwining flowers in bas-relief. It was on these walls that David d'Anvers, who afterwards became a celebrated sculpture, had worked when a young man for the sum of one franc and a half per day, (thirty cents). What a struggle for life that must have been, and yet he found time in the evenings to study and work in chalk those ideas which he had formed during his long and hard laboring hours.

We find in all ages and in all countries this tyranny, this oppression of the poor—the workers—by the wealthier classes. The age and extent of this injustice will never make it right.

Byron says:

"Tyranny is far the worst of treasons."

They invariably grasp the opportunity to wring from the working man the fruits of his labor, and give him in recompense a miserable pittance. This will continue until

“—they have gone beyond  
Even their exorbitance of power, and when  
This happens in the most contemn'd and abject  
States, strong humanity will rise to check it.”

(THE TWO FOSCARI.)

What is this advantage which wealth has over labor, and gives those opportunities which are never allowed to pass, this lash of knotted steel wire in the hands of accumulated riches that gnaws and lacerates the naked flesh of industry too often unto death? It is the poverty of labor. The poor man must work, and work sufficient to keep the rich man in idleness. And his wages—whatever his master sees fit to give. Hence the objection of monopolies and aristocracy to any combination of the working classes to unite their power to protect themselves and their families from falling into a worse than serfdom, but bearing no name of slavery. This united power is a force, this force is a stronghold, having and sheltering within its bosom the safety of women and little ones; families rest under its protecting arm, with the quiet confidence of a babe on its mother's breast. This force is always watching, it never sleeps; it will never ask; it should not, it always demands. Why? Because it demands but that which is just; but that which belongs to it. It studies not how to attack, but how to defend; and when attacked it fights with the fury, the fierceness, of a tiger protecting its young. It gives a blow like an army, and calls with the voice of millions when wounded myriads of children weep. *Should this power fight?* YES. When? When the voice of justice will not be heard, it should be felt; when her claims will be trampled under foot; when arbitration fails to justify her demands, and then every weapon within its reach should be grasped and wielded with the full power that lays in its arms; it is only this power that knows these weapons and their uses. What is this concentration of units made a power? It is a force that menaces a tyrant. It is a check to a torrent of oppression that would sweep away every vestige of liberty leaving but its brand. It is justice in arms, true she holds in her hand the scales, *but they must be balanced*; there is no bandage on her eyes, she has been blindfolded too long. This power, this force, this justice, is the brotherhood. But let us return to our walk in the Louvre.

On the first or ground floor of the Louvre are the galleries of sculpture, ancient and modern: Egyptian, Roman, Grecian and French. On the second are the extensive and beautiful galleries of paintings, works from almost all the great masters of the world. And on the third is the Marine gallery, and the supplementary gallery of painting. Passing from the Cour du Louvre into the large open arch which connects the Cour du Louvre with the Place de Carrousel, we turn to the left and enter the gallery of antique sculpture. Perhaps it would be more correct to say galleries for the reason that several of these immense long halls are entirely devoted to the care and preservation of these old but exquisite pieces of workmanship, found in excavations at Rome, Athens, and other cities of Italy and Greece, and whose age dates long before the Christian era. They are all, with a few exceptions, of white marble. These exceptions are of porphyry, such as the she-wolf nursing Romulus and Remus, and some figures of Greek slaves. This story, as tradition and poetry has given it to us, of Romulus and Remus being dis-

covered suckling a she-wolf:—Romulus subsequently became the founder of Rome. Of this story I say we have no proofs to the contrary; but reason and our natural feelings will reject it; however, be that as it may, from all histories of Rome, we can but draw this conclusion that its inhabitants showed themselves worthy of such a foster-mother, by their insatiable thirst for human blood.

Occupying a prominent position at the extremity of one of those long galleries, resting on its pedestal, is one of the master-pieces of sculpture—Venus de Milo. It was found at Milo and given to Louis XVIII., King of France in 1821. This figure of Venus is somewhat larger than life size. It is in a slightly bending posture, as if about to crouch to hide. Both arms are gone and the greater portion of the left foot; this has been restored by modern work. The drapery has fallen to the waist where it is arrested by the position of the body, from there it hangs in graceful folds hiding the limbs, but displaying the left ankle and foot. The face is a face of beauty, bearing a serious expression and marked with an unmistakable modesty. However these are details of which perhaps every reader has a knowledge, by seeing one of the thousands of little plaster casts of this most beautiful figure that are scattered over the world.

In the same gallery and in the center of the passage leading to Venus de Milo is a very handsome figure called Venus Accroupie or Venus Crouching. It was found near Vienna in France and bought by the Museum in 1878. This figure, as the name indicates, is in a crouching position, so much so that the right breast touches the knee; the head and arms are lost and a portion of the feet. This piece of marble is very remarkable for the truth-like resemblance of the back and sides to real flesh. When looking at it we are inclined to forget that it has not life. Art critics declare that for that resemblance to the human body it can not be equaled by any work in the world.

TIM FAGAN.

### FLYING LIKE THE WIND.

**W**HEN we speak of "flying like the wind," of course we mean it as a figure of speech. The wind blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour is called a gale, at sixty miles an hour is called a hurricane, and whenever it falls to the lot of a man to ride on the wings of a hurricane he will realize what is meant by the expression, "flying like the wind." I have often used the expression, but until last Monday morning never knew what it meant.

I took the 6 o'clock train out of Kansas City, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific to Trenton. The train had no through connections, and hence was very light, with only a few passengers. Six o'clock in the morning is an early and sleepy start for any one to make. It was not fairly daylight when we rolled out of the Central Depot, and twenty miles out of the city I had hardly realized that the hazy, gray dawn had widened and brightened into a brilliant day. I was dozing, and nodding, and dreaming I could hear the roar and feel the jar of an earthquake rumbling beneath my feet, when I was suddenly awakened by a new set of sound waves beating against the tympanum of my ear.

Looking out of the south window of the car, my first impression was that another train on runners was gliding noiselessly past us, over the frosty, grassy pasture. Like a cat's paw, as the sailors would say, it had swept down upon us as still and as fleet as rain-spent drifting clouds.

Then I heard the screech of people, saw waving handkerchiefs, and began to realize that the vision had passed. Like the swoop of a bird of prey it flashed upon us, and was gone before we could look.

"What is it?" I asked of the brakeman.

"It's the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific train, and they're letting out red hot, and don't you forget it."

Stepping to the window, sure enough there was another track running parallel with ours, and so the vision was a veritable train of cars, and they were outrunning us as if we were standing still.

"Why is this?" I said; for I believe my pulse had jumped to 120 at one bound; "why is it that we are to suffer such indignity?"

"Oh, you wait for a few minutes," said the brakeman. "Hall is blacking his boots. You wait till he gets fixed up, and you will hear from old Fifty-three; wait till he gets his kitchen to rights, and you will think that the St. Louis train has stopped to pick whortleberries."

I turned my head to look out of the window just then and observed the telegraph poles passing in close proximity toward Kansas City. Gould has hitched on to another line with his engine and is taking in, I thought, and then I noticed the forest was filled solid full of trees, and then I realized that we were "flying like the wind," and the passenger who was looking out on the south side clung to the seat and shouted through his clenched teeth, "Oh, we are gathering them up! Old Thad is after them wide open! Oh, they are coming! Old "Fifty-three" is peeking in her mail-coach!" Sure enough, within six feet of us was the rear coach of that train that but a moment ago had swept past us like an avalanche. Seemingly they were coming back.

"They had forgotten something," I said.

"Yes," said the brakeman, "they had forgotten that a son of old Smokey Hall, with a gizzard full of sand, was running old '53,' the fastest engine in the West, but they will remember now.

The engine of the St. Louis train was now fallen back abreast of our rear car, and was slowly losing ground. But what speed! It smoothed down all irregularities in the track, the usual roar was drawn down to a fine whistle, and, indeed we were then "flying like the wind." I raised the window nearest the engine and bowed politely to the engineer. He answered with a slight curl of defiance upon his lips, and gave another pull at the throttle.

What a sight was there! What a sensation! What wild delight, that tingles every nerve—the eyes, the ears, every pore of the human form drinking in bliss. I have not got an enemy on earth that I hate so bad that I would deprive him of such a sight.

When the horses are coming down the home stretch, neck and neck, you hear the patter of hoofs, the "glang" of the driver, and the whisk of the cruel lash; you see the jockeys leaning forward over their horses, the wheels of the sulkies look like solid spokes, and the horses actually reaching out with their noses to gain a victory that their feet will not gain them.

Add to this the shouting of the crowd of people, and I acknowledge it is quite exhilarating. But let me say to my sporting friends such a scene is a funeral procession compared with this race. As I looked upon the face of that engineer, smut-be-grimed to be sure, still his white, clear-cut features shining through it all.

The blood had gone back to the heart and bleached his face; in rigid physical repose he sat like a statue, with his eyes riveted on the track. The drive wheels of his engine were solid with speed, and no motion of the piston rods could be observed except the up and down movement.—[*Kansas City Times*.]

### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

IN freezing, water exerts a pressure of thirty thousand pounds per square inch.

THE next transit of Venus occurs in 1882, but after that there will not be another for a hundred years.

A GERMAN physician asserts that railway employes are more liable to affections of the spinal cord than other men.

IT is estimated that about 500,000,000,000 tons of sediment are yearly carried to the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi River.

IN Chian turpentine, a rare and much adulterated product, Dr. John Clay of Birmingham, England, believes he has discovered a specific for cancer. By its aid he claims to have cured several severe cases without resort to surgical operation.

STATISTICS of English mortality show that during the last thirty years more women have reached the age of seventy-five or eighty years than men. The latter suffer more from lung, heart and kidney diseases, which have of late been on the increase in England.

THE heat of the springs of Chaudes Aigues, which reaches about one hundred and eighty degrees fahrenheit, is used by the inhabitants for purposes of cooking and heating their dwellings. M. Beatheir has estimated that the heat furnished daily by these springs equals that produced by the combustion of more than four and a half tons of coal, and it is sufficient to comfortably warm the houses of the village and even the streets throughout the winter season.

INSECTS although having no voice possess the power of occasioning sounds by certain movements, which to some extent are characteristics of the various species. The shrill trumpet sound of the mosquito and the busy hum of bees and flies are produced by the rapid motion of the wings while flying. The harsh shriek of the grasshopper is caused by the friction of the legs against the wings. The chirp of the cricket is produced by rubbing the wing-cases against each other. The ominous click of the "death-watch" is caused by the jaws in the act of masticating.

A FEW years ago astronomers witnessed two remarkable appearances. In 1866 a tenth magnitude star in the constellation of the Northern Crown suddenly shone as a second magnitude; and in 1876 a new star became visible in the constellation Cygnus, subsequently fading so as to be only perceptible by means of a telescope. Like all others, these stars are doubtless great suns, glowing with intense heat and constantly convulsed by the most prodigious commotion. Proctor, in his latest works, considered the effect of a change in our own sun such as was witnessed in the case of each of these two stars. The star in the Northern Crown shone with more than eight hundred times its former luster; while the star in Cygnus became, perhaps, thousands of times as brilliant as before. Now, if our sun were to increase even tenfold in brightness, all the higher forms of animal life and nearly all forms of vegetable life on the earth would unquestionably be destroyed.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

An impatient boy, while waiting for the grist at the mill, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as your mill grinds it?" How long could you do so?" "Till I was starved to death," retorted the boy.

Doctor (to a hypochondriac patient)—"You eat, drink and sleep well, don't you?" *Patient.* "Yes, but—" Doctor (interrupting and handing a prescription)—"Here, have this made up and take it. We'll soon stop all that?"

"Ah, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eye-glass, "sea-bathing has grown unpopulah; because you see—aw—the vulgah herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."

The wife of a railroad conductor who had been discharged had the lightning-rods taken off the house and sold one day during her husband's absence. "Why did you do that?" said he, when he found it out; "ain't you afraid you'll be struck with lightning?" "Not when you are around," she replied; "ain't you a non-conductor?"

They occupied a rustic seat 'neath the spreading elms; the pale moonbeams fell gently through the leafy boughs, and shed o'er each their soft and silvery radiance. "Darling," whispered the poetic jeweller, "you are like the matchless diamond, you are so brilliant and so pure. And what gem do I remind you most of, dearie?" "The emerald," she softly murmured; "because you are so green."

A LITTLE five-year-old lady was recently very curious to learn more about the past life and residence of a little baby brother that made his appearance not long ago, and in reply to her inquiries, the nurse said, "The angels brought him down from heaven in the night." The idea was a big one, but the young questioner grappled with it, and after pondering a moment, she asked, "How did the angels get back—in an elevator?"

IT DIDN'T WORK.—A red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party called at a drug store recently and softly asked the soda-fountain boy if he was out of any particular kind of syrup. The boy made an investigation and replied: "We are out of sarsaparilla, but—"

"That's all right—all right—you wait a minute," interrupted the young man, and away he went.

The boy took the empty reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain, he said:

"I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it, and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla, I won't take nothing. What do you say?"

"Oh, we'll take the same," they replied.

The young man began to smile, and the corner of his mouth began to draw down, but what was his horror to see the boy draw off six glasses in succession and push them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents. He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hatred and murderous intent, but the lad was too busy to see it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watch keys, pennies and peanuts, and finally laid down twenty-seven cents, and whispered to the boy:

"That takes my pile, and if I ever catch you outside of the town I'll lick you to death."—*Exchange.*

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## Editorial.

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*E. V. DEBS, Editor.*

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### THE COMING CONVENTION.

As this number of our Magazine is the last one that can reach our readers before the Seventh Annual Convention, it is but fit and proper that we should address a few thoughts to the lodges of the Brotherhood, calling the attention of the brethren to some points we feel to be of vital importance, effecting the prosperity and permanent growth and success of our Order. Each year brings with it a rich experience, and by a close observation of the working of the different subordinate lodges, we can learn much that will be of great benefit in governing and guiding us in our future labors for the welfare of our organization. In some instances slight modifications of the laws now in force would result in great good, and not involve the expenditure of a dollar, or add an hour's labor to the members. A simple changing of methods, and the whole work of transacting the business of the lodge might be lightened. Just what these changes should be, and just whose duty it is to suggest them, is not very clear to us; but we doubt not each working, thinking brother, who sincerely wishes to do something for the benefit of his dearly loved lodge, has lain awake when he ought to have been sleeping and resting, revolving over and over in his perplexed mind, what could be done to increase the capabilities of our Order to render prosperous and happy every anxious toiling brother of our fraternity.

We have, no doubt, many honest, earnest, great-hearted men among us, who desire to do all that man can do to advance the cause, and render the Brotherhood eminently useful. No object lies nearer their hearts than the highest success of the B. of L. F., and they contribute largely of their time and money to build up in the ranks of the firemen of our land, an institution that shall be as enduring as the needs of those who call for the aid of organized, united efforts, in bettering the condition of this particular branch of worthy toilers in the busy world.

First, we would suggest, as a means to be used for mental improvement, that each lodgeroom should have as a prominent feature, as many books and first class magazines placed within the reach of the members, as means and circumstances can afford. If possible, have the room accessible during the hours of leisure the members may have at command, and let each one so disposed, have an opportunity to read good histories, biographies, travels, or if possible, good standard works on mechanical subjects, engine building, etc. Let the subject of a library or reading-room in connection with the lodge have earnest thought and be thoroughly discussed, and if possible let some plan be devised that will bring about a system of culture for our brethren, that can be enjoyed by all if they are so disposed.

Upon the subject of financial improvement there can be much said, but the particular bearing on the subject in one particular direction, is all we shall touch upon, and that is in regard to the assessment and collection of a fund to pay our death claims.

We have long been of the opinion that there should be a radical change in the method of assessing and paying the "death claim." In our experience, the present

system is such as to delay too long, and by the delay almost to defeat the object of the assessment, to wit: "A speedy and sure relief to those who, by sudden and unexpected loss of the provider, are left wholly unprovided for." As a general rule, under the present system, sixty, ninety, even one hundred and twenty days will elapse before the fund is all received at the office of the Grand Treasurer, and in the meantime the family are left in a dependent, and in many instances a suffering, condition.

We believe it would be proper to have a date set, at which each lodge should be called upon to pay in to their Financial Secretary two advance payments on death claims, from each member in good standing, in their respective lodges. This amount should be forwarded to the Grand Treasurer to be by him safely kept as a separate fund, upon which to draw for the payment of a claim as soon as the necessary legal evidence is presented of the validity of the claim. Of course, no *doubtful* claim would be paid from this fund. Every claim filed, where there is the slightest doubt, should be submitted to the Annual Convention.

Having no voice in convention, save through the pages of our Magazine, we would earnestly ask that a revision of the present system of assessing and paying our insurance assessments be had at an early day, and that it be so changed as to make the relief to needy ones more speedy, and consequently more useful to them. If we do this we shall only have performed what we consider to be our bounded duty, and shall be entitled to and receive blessings from the grateful hearts of many a sad and suffering widow and orphan.

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### OUR CONVENTION.

The time is rapidly approaching for the annual convention of our Order for the year 1880. We have every reason to believe that this will be the most interesting as well as the most profitable convention ever held by our Brotherhood. For six years past we have held an annual meeting, for the purpose of enhancing our welfare as laboring men, and consulting upon matters pertaining to the good of the organization. It should be impressed upon the minds of all our members that grave issues are to be met, and that matters of weighty importance will have to be disposed of. It is strictly necessary therefore that the best man of every subordinate lodge should be its representative. Don't send your good fellows! They will do very well in their way; but send a man of parliamentary knowledge and strict habits, who has the love of the Order at heart. Send a man who will attend every session from early morn until late at night. The opinion is prevalent that going to a convention is what is usually called "a soft thing." Don't make this mistake brothers! To do one's duty at a place of that kind requires deep and constant study and ceaseless labor. Subordinate lodges should be careful then of the person they send to represent them. Be sure to have a man at the convention who will be able to give you the sum and substance of the proceedings in its minutest details.

Another thing. Delegates should have the ambition to see that their lodges are square on the Grand Lodge books before they go to Chicago. They should bring with them all the necessary reports, and if they owe anything to the Grand Lodge, raise the money and bring it with them. A delegate whose lodge owes no one, feels more at ease and liberty than one whose lodge is in arrears. Remember

this brothers! It is also expected by the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, that delegates will consult with their Magazine Agents before leaving home, and see whether they have paid for all the books they have ordered. If not, the delegates will collect the amount still due from the agent, and pay it to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer at Chicago. This is strictly imperative as these accounts must be settled at least once each year.

The prospects are brilliant, and by each one doing the duty imposed on him, and doing it well, the coming convention will eclipse all others ever held by our Brotherhood.

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#### TO ALL SUBORDINATE LODGES.

*Gentlemen and Brothers:* Our worthy Grand Master, Frank W. Arnold, has honored me with the appointment to the office of Grand Secretary and Treasurer of our Order, in the place of Wm. N. Sayre, resigned, I am instructed to fill the position until the delegates in the coming convention assembled shall choose a permanent officer.

I feel grateful for this splendid compliment, and although unacquainted with the duties and requirements of the office, I shall do the utmost in my power to discharge them in the best and highest interests of our noble and gallant Order.

A more competent and probably more deserving person could have been chosen, but since the lot has fallen to me, I shall not shrink from the responsibilities I have been asked to assume.

All I ask, brothers, is your co-operation. Be lenient and forbearing if I make mistakes, for I shall not willfully do you the slightest injustice.

I know that the functions of the office are perplexing and that sympathy of the heart and labor of the brain are necessary to discharge them efficiently, yet I feel, with the assistance you will give me, that all will be well and nothing shall be neglected.

With my best wishes for the future welfare of our Brotherhood, and the happiness and prosperity of its individual members, I subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,

EUGENE V. DEBS,

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 18th, 1890.

G. S. & T. *pro tem.*

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#### ATTENTION, DELEGATES!

Delegates to the coming convention should prepare themselves fully to represent their lodges ably and creditably. They should make every effort to secure money enough from their respective lodges to pay their arrearages in Magazine Accounts, Grand Dues and Death Claims. The convention will be one of unusual interest and importance, and in order to bring about the desired result, our delegates should be zealously engaged in looking after the welfare of their respective lodges.

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WE take pleasure in noticing that there has been organized in Indianapolis, an association entitled, "Switchmen's and Brakemen's Mutual Aid and Benefit Association." The name indicates the object of the organization, and we most heartily wish it may be successful and prosperous, as such an institution is one highly to be commended.

## Correspondence.

### NOTES FROM A FIREMAN'S DIARY.

JULY 10, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* Upon reading an article in a stray piece of paper of the responsibility of railroad men, I could not help referring to the accidents and incidents that have occurred to me, or came under my observation, during my first four years of service as a Locomotive Fireman. Though only a fireman, yet the handling of railway transportation, the safe and prompt delivery of the immense freight of humanity and merchandise lays upon *all* employed a heavy weight of responsibility, and this produces a strain upon the capacity, energy and resources of each man, varying according to his place, but upon the whole unequaled perhaps in any other occupation. The public upon one hand must be served readily, conveniently, and on time. The innumerable modes of business and modern life demand this, and suffer derangement by a brake in its complex arrangement. On the other hand are all the known and unforeseen possibilities of accidents, with thousands of precious lives hanging by invisible threads. Certain dispatch and safe arrival are alike essential to railway management. This of necessity subjects *all* railroad men holding any sort of responsible positions to a pressure of conscious responsibility such as few men can realize.

Great as is their personal risk, I believe it generally concerns them far less than the safety of those who entrust their lives and property to their keeping. Engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, all at posts of danger, when they run a train, care first of all for the safety of others. They would think meanly of themselves, and rightly too, if they looked out for their own escape rather than brave death to save their passengers. Cowardly or reckless exceptions are doubtless few. Switchmen, yardmen, signal-men, dispatchers, with less personal hazard, have no less need of constant vigilance in their several places. The misplacing of a switch, the slightest deviation of a signal, the misconstruction of an order, may in a moment smash a train and send desolation or protracted suffering into many homes. When we consider that uniform safety under such conditions depend not only upon the capacity and fidelity of so many different persons, but upon their acting in unerring harmony, it may seem a wonderful thing that so many millions go to and fro every year on the rail unharmed.

To better illustrate the importance of our positions and the capacity and requirements of us as a class, I will relate the incidents that have actually happened to me, which, I presume, is but a page from the life of most any train man, and let the public draw their own conclusions as to whether on an average we are properly paid or appreciated for the services we are called upon to perform. My first "call" was while firing a ballast engine. We were "backing up," that is with the tender ahead, with the caboose and ten flat cars coupled to the pilot of engine, they being filled with thirty-five or forty hands going to their work. We were making good time, when a fine \$600 heifer stepped upon the track on the approach of a trussle. The tender struck her and passed over her; she rolled under the ash-pan of engine, threw the truck of tender and engine off the rail. We were then upon the bridge, about forty feet high; there was no guard rail and only about five inches of tie projecting beyond the rail. We passed about two-thirds across the bridge on the

ties, and stopped with the tender on a balance. The damper and ash-pan were forced against the lever of the blow off cock, forcing it wide open, and the steam and hot water was blown up between engine and tender into the cab. We could not see each other for steam. The thermometer was  $4^{\circ}$  below zero, and as the water struck my body, it was frozen instantly. I was very cold when the accident occurred, as we were backing against the wind, without any protection.

The steam burned my face, and I leaned out of the cab window for air, knowing that it was death to jump on the frozen ground, as well as the danger of the falling cars. We finally stopped; then my trials really began. The furnace was full of wood, and no drop grate; the water was blowing off very fast, and the fire-box would soon burn. We had lost the bucket, and I was compelled to take the wood out of the small fire door with tongs. "Wood stokers" know what a task that was. The engineer was almost helpless with cold, and was assisted to the caboose where there was a stove. I then let myself down by the step rod and swung my body under the engine on the icy ties, and disconnected the hose to enable me to blow out the pumps while yet there was steam to prevent them from bursting with frost. This was a terrible trial for me; the hot steam and water was striking me in the face; my clothes were frozen on me, my knees were frozen fast to the ties, nobody would assist me; the negroes were afraid of the steam, and the others were afraid of the tender falling. I was new at the business and ambition would not let me abandon the engine. Thus a valuable piece of machinery was saved from fire and frost; thus I illustrate how every man, however humble his position on the road may be, has the opportunity to save life and property.

Another instance was after I had been firing a passenger engine on one of the fast runs for some time. One dark, rainy night, I left my home for a trip. My companion was a new man on the road, therefore, was not so familiar with the stops, grades, bridges, etc., as myself, and depended upon me for information after night. The clouds looked threatening in the direction in which we were going. At a point fifty miles out was the meeting point of the eastern and southern fast trains. We arrived on time, awaited twenty minutes and the variation, and then proceeded. On arriving at the first telegraph station we could hear nothing of them. We then proceeded on our delayed time, expecting to meet them at every station. There was no sign of rain on the ground until we passed a station near the river. We were running parallel with the river, when I called the engineer's attention to the pools of water, and remarked that "they have had a storm up here," and then stated that there was a stream half a mile east of here, which we must cross within one hundred yards of where it emptied into the river, and that an engine had went through this bridge several years before. I jumped off my seat, passed into the gangway, and looked at the river to see if it was "booming." I then said to my companion as the lightning showed me the high water that it was likely to overflow at the bridge. He immediately shut off the steam and put on the air brakes to slacken the speed.

I glanced ahead as a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the wet rails which were there, apparently all right, but which proved afterwards had no support, as the middle span had been washed away, and the bridge was hanging by the trusses. I remarked to the engineer, "the rails are there anyhow." When we passed on the bridge the engine trucks then left the rail and began jumping on the ties, and with a horrible crash pitched forward into the stream,—engine, ties, rails, braces, chains,

cars and tender—in one indescribable mass. I was thrown up in the air as the engine pitched forward, and I came down feet first into deep water alongside of the wheels. My engineer went down head first, while he was holding on to the air-brakes; the tender passed over the engine carrying away the cab, scales, every pipe on the boiler head, bell and stack, and struck the opposite abutment upside down and reversed; the express car came down alongside of engine while I was under the water. I saw several thousand "stars" as I arose to the surface under the sill of the express car. The roar of escaping steam, the intense darkness, broken only by the lightning, was horrible. The mud and water almost strangling me, but every sense was perfect and fixed the situation indelibly in my mind.

When I came to the surface, and found my limbs whole and uninjured, I actually felt *joyful*. I turned on my back and floated, awaiting the flashes of lightning to enable me to see the wreck. Seeing an object near, I threw my arm over it, and found I had a piece of tie about five feet long. At that moment I heard a groan, as though some one was in pain or strangling. Again the lightning favored me, when I saw hair, or the portion of some persons head, and a hand grasping wildly. I pushed my tie under the hand, thinking it was some passenger, when the face of my engineer came up. I had been so certain he was under the engine I could scarcely believe my eyes. I then began towing the timber ashore, and as I glanced up at the car, I remarked to Al.: "Great heavens! look at those *poor passengers cooking*," for the coach was standing on end with the dome through the floor, and the steam was coming out of every window. There were fourteen passengers down in the end in the water, struggling and climbing up the backs of the seats, that improvised a pretty good ladder by reversing. After I reached the bank and caught hold of a root, I let go of the tie, when my partner went down, and the tie floated away, then I saw that he was not "at himself," for he seemed to be delirious. I jumped back and recovered the tie and when he came up put it under his arm and tried a new landing. When I succeeded in getting all but his feet out on the bank, then I found his leg had been mashed from the knee down, and a sharp pointed piece of something had passed through the calf of the leg, just touching the bone, and had withdrawn itself.

Just then I saw a lantern on the platform of the sleeper, the only car left in the train which hung out over the wreck, and called for the conductor, Geo. Drain. He responded with, "Is that you, F?" calling me by name. I answered, "yes." When he asked for Al. I told him he was with me. He replied, "Thank God! I thought you were gone." I being bewildered in the darkness then inquired of him which side of the river I was on; he told me that I was on the same side as the train I was looking for. I told him Al. was hurt and I would cross the river some way and would go down the track and flag the coming train. I had no lantern, no hat, not even my clothes or shirt, as I had divested myself of all these, and had only my overalls on, on account of the heat on the engine; therefore when I had gone about a mile down the track, I sat down with a rock in each hand for a "flag," determined no engine should pass if I could "call their attention" with rocks. I became very cold and miserable awaiting daylight.

About dawn I espied a man approaching with an old, smoked lantern, and when he got to me I recognized the brakeman of the delayed train. "Where is No. 10?" I cried. "Got a farm on her," (land slide) he said, "down here about three miles," and in the same breath, "where is No. 1." "Not to be beaten," I replied. Gone

to the "Branch," it is a famous watering place—just now. (The name of the stream was Lost Branch.) "The h—ll," said he, "lets go to S., and get a drink, I am frozen." We started for the train and met the conductor assisting the engineer to a barn close at hand. We then proceeded to the train and found the passengers helping each other; none being dangerously hurt, we passed on to the telegraph station where the conductor, who was an operator also, opened the key. He raised his hand for silence and then remarked: "Heavens! listen! No. 19, eighteen cars, caboose, tender and engine through bridge. No. 6, conductor and two brakemen missing." Then we were thankful that we were no worse off. Here were two passenger and one freight train wrecked and seven bridges washed out. Our road was "closed for repairs" from that Sunday evening until next Saturday. I was laid up with a cold two weeks, lost my money (\$11.00), a new suit, hat, and new suit of overalls, amounting to about \$45.00, exclusive of my lost time, and did the company ever say: "thank you!" No, but such is life! F. B. A.

To be continued.

### GIRLS BE KIND TO YOUR BROTHERS.

STRATFORD, ONT., July, 1880.

Don't be afraid you will spoil him by showing him too much sisterly attention. He is a tiresome chap, sometimes consequential, overbearing, treating his sister like an inferior being. But never mind that, girls! the consequential age will pass off, and when real manhood dawns upon him, he will realize how gentle and kind his sisters have been to make home pleasant for him. Let him feel you enjoy his company equally as well as that of some other girl's brother. Lay aside your book or your work occasionally, to have a chat or an innocent game with him. Draw him out to speak of where and with whom he spends his evenings. Encourage him to speak of his associates and amusements. Oftentimes a sister has more influence in guiding and directing a brother's course than either father or mother, especially if she so treats him as to cause him to have confidence in the kindness of her heart, and the wisdom of her counsel. When you have gained his love, you need have no fears of his spending his hours from home in an improper manner. When he comes to you for a favor, do not put on an aggrieved air but cheerfully grant his requests, even though they may require some self sacrifice. Sew on his buttons, mend the cover of his ball, untangle his kite strings; do all kindly, and as he grows up he will come to look upon you as necessary to his happiness. He will reward your kindness and generous acts toward him in his boyhood days, with a grand, manly, brotherly love, that will amply repay you for all you may have endured in his tender years. If you have thus endeared yourself to him, you can choose his associates, check him when tempted to yield to temptation, and save both him and yourself, perhaps, many long hours of sorrow and grief.

Be kind to the boys! It will pay grandly.

A. M.

CEDAR RAPIDS, June 21, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* Not seeing anything in our Magazine from No. 27, I thought it about time that some one wrote, and not let Hawkeye go by unnoticed. We have at present thirty-five members and four applications on hand, and hope before another convention to make it fifty. The brothers all have made good time this

summer, and as our company is building more road and have ordered more engines there will be plenty for all of us.

Brother Weirs has returned from his trip to Cincinnati and gone to running again. He speaks highly of his treatment by brothers while gone.

Married at the residence of the bride's parents by the Rev. Samis, brother E. A. Meacham, of Cedar Rapids, to Miss B. A. Scott, of Arcadia, Iowa. Also brother A. L. Simpson, of Cedar Rapids, to Miss Flora B. McCall, at the residence of the groom's brother, (Mr. Lou. Simpson), by the Rev. Millard. They both tried to keep things quiet, but it would out. They received the hearty congratulation of all, and the fragrant havanas were set out.

Brother Owens, (commonly called Shorty), has been promoted to the right side, and at present can not meet with us. Good luck, Shorty! and hope soon to see more on the same side.

Ex.

CHICAGO, July 10, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* In the July number I find an article from Louisville proposing: "That the wives of all members in good standing in their lodge be entitled to, upon enrollment of their names and the payment of one years' dues, which shall be \$3.00, (or 25 cents per month), a policy of insurance on their lives, made payable to her husband or her heirs, etc."

Now I yield the palm to no man in my devotion and fealty to the fair creatures God has provided for our companions, but I must be permitted to take some exceptions to the article in question. The writer does not appear to have any very clear and definite idea of what he undertakes to write about. In the opening sentence of his article he seems to hint at a desire to make the Brotherhood "*more beneficial or charitable.*"

It does not appear to me very clear how any benefit is to be derived from his plan, save to the man who already has the privilege of increasing the amount of insurance by increasing the amount of his assessment to fifty cents or more if he can stand it. In the proposed plan the woman is not thought of only as a means whereby the husband and the children are to be benefitted by the poor woman who has drudged all her life to serve them, and who is still further to be utilized even in her death by enabling them to draw an insurance for their special benefit. If as husbands and fathers we desire to increase the amount that may be paid to the heirs at the death of the bread-winner let us do it by increasing the amount of the assessment.

By the proposition of "F. B. A." there is an increase of clerical labor—two sets of policies—where one will do, if the amount be changed from twenty-five to fifty cents per member. If the unmarried object, and do not desire to enlarge the amount, let the matter be arranged by classifying as is the insurance plan adopted by the Odd Fellows. Let there be a twenty-five cent and a fifty cent class, and let it be optional with the member which class he will be enrolled in, with the understanding that according to his payments, will be the benefits.

I do think that if we intend to do anything for the benefit of our wives, our mothers, our sisters, or our sweethearts, it should be done with a full and free understanding that it is no *charity*. Whatever they are to receive, let it be as their just right.

I am heartily in favor of some method being adopted to increase the amount to

be paid the widows and orphans of the unfortunate brother who drops by the way-side, leaving no provision for those dependent upon him. I am also most heartily in favor of so amending our constitution as to make it in our power to establish a degree for the special benefit of the women who are sustaining the relationship of mothers and wives to our members, but let it not be one where they shall be required to do ought but enjoy benefits—not pecuniary—but the joys and pleasures of the social circle. Let us by all means do any and every possible thing to increase their happiness and comfort, but do not let us ask them to *die* in order that we and our children may inherit a policy. Let them have a *side* degree if you will, but let them have *voices* and *rights*. If you want to make the families more interested in the Order, let them see that the Order makes a better man, a better husband, a better father, a tenderer and more devoted lover, and my word for it, they will give the Order due credit for the improvement.

F. B. A. signs himself: "Yours as ever in the interest of my fellow-man" and adds as a secondary thought, "(or woman.)" He undesignedly no doubt, exposes the selfish motive prompting his article, the good of his "fellow-man" (that is himself) rather than woman.

O. W. B.

### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

TIM FAGAN expects to return to the United States in July.

BROTHER Kellard of No. 95, has been promoted to the right side.

R. SIDEBOTTOM is requested to correspond with his Financial Secretary.

BROTHER T. L. Force of No. 98, will save much trouble by corresponding with his Financial Secretary.

BROTHERS James Dondican and Edward Conners have been sent from left to right, which is, all right. Glad to hear such news at all times. Let the good work go on.

BROTHER Tobin of Capital Lodge No. 46, who was so badly injured by a coal shute on the Illinois Central Railroad, has so far recovered as to be able to take the road again.

BROTHERS W. H. Achey and David C. Kenneday of Lodge No. 79, has been promoted to the right hand side after a long service with the N. & C. & St. L. Railway. They truly deserve the promotion.

WE have received beautiful wedding cards informing us that brother W. J. Stuart of Elkhorn Lodge, North Platte, Neb., has taken to himself a better half. It always rejoices us to hear of our brethren doing well, and heartily congratulate brother Stuart in his good fortune. Peace, prosperity and plenty attend you ever and always.

WE received an invitation from Morning Star Lodge to attend their Grand Independence Ball, which took place July 5, at Evanston, Whyoming Territory. Our private car having started enroute for California a week previous, bearing Organizer Stevens, we were unable to attend, but have been informed that the affair was all that could be desired by the brothers in attendance.

BROTHERS Tipton, Shock and O'Neil of Baltimore Lodge No. 96, went to Washington under order from Grand Lodge, and instituted Potomac Lodge, and report having met with a whole-souled, noble set of men, and having a grand time generally. Due notice of officers and particulars of organization will be made in our next, as we have not time or space for full report in this number.

#### AN APPEAL TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

*Gentlemen and Brothers:* Upon examination of the Magazine accounts of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, I find that we have \$1,800.00 standing out for books. On the other hand, when the August number is printed, we will owe Mr. J. W. Johnson, publisher of the Magazine, \$1,265.75. These figures speak for themselves, and it is scarcely necessary that I should enter into further details.

Mr. Johnson needs his money and it ought to be paid. He has been kind and lenient toward us and we must not mistreat him. I had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman at Indianapolis recently, and gave him my assurance that I would not rest until the last cent was paid, and I want to say now and here, that our indebtedness to him shall be wiped out, if I have to do it personally. Kindness should not be ignored nor abused, therefore I appeal to every Magazine Agent who is in arrears, in the name of our Brotherhood, the noblest institution of its kind, to come to the front and see that justice is done in this matter. The individual accounts are mostly small, and if each one will make the sacrifice to pay his arrearage, we will be free from debt in a remarkable short time.

Come, brothers, be with me. I appeal to you in the name of justice. The reputation of our Order is at stake, and it shall not be stained.

While I do not wish to crowd any of you, I find it absolutely necessary that something should be done at once, and I know that you will understand me; that you are good enough and grand enough to come to the rescue at once.

Let these words cling to your memory until you have paid the last cent.

Do not ignore this appeal, for much depends upon immediate action on your part.

I close, gentlemen and brothers, by pledging my life-long gratitude in return for any and all efforts you may make in the direction I have indicated.

Fraternally Yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS,

Terre Haute, Ind.

#### QUERIES.

CLINTON, ILLS., July 7th, 1880.

*Editor Magazine—Dear Sir:* In April number T. A. S. asks if you blow out a right front cylinder head, and break a pump on the left side, can the engine be got to the end of her run. In June number of Magazine an Ex-Fireman answers, "take off steam chest, cover and block front port, by that means he only loses one exhaust; it will not be necessary to set out any cars."

Now we do not see how he can block a receiving port to hold without interfering with the travel of the valve. Please ask him to explain, and oblige

R. A. O. and A. G. T.

NEW HOPE, No. 37, B. of L. F.

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, B. of L. F., held at their hall, the following preambles and resolutions were unanimously approved and adopted :

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the universe, who controls the destinies of men, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Frank E. Parker, by a sudden death, by drowning while in bathing.

WHEREAS, by this dispensation we are called upon to mourn the loss of a faithful brother; his dear mother, a loving and dutiful son; and the community, a good citizen, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That this lodge extend to his loving and bereaved parents in this hour of severest trial, our purest and heartfelt sympathy. Feeling sensibly how very far short all human sympathy goes toward filling the void made in parents hearts, we would earnestly commend them to Him whose tender care can heal the deepest wound, who in his providence careth for his children, who doeth all things well, who suffers not even a bird to fall to the ground without his notice.

*Resolved*, That as a further token of respect for our dear departed brother, our hall charter and paraphernalia be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this lodge, a copy furnished to the parents of our deceased brother, and that they be published in our Magazine.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 12th, 1880.

P. FURLONG,  
M. GEPPER,  
JAS. MYLETT. } Committee.

## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

TO ALL LODGES, B. OF L. F.

OFFICE OF GRAND MASTER,

COLUMBUS, O., July 20, 1880. }

I would call the attention of all lodges to the fact that Wm. N. Sayre has resigned as Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and that I have appointed Eugene V. Debs to fill the vacancy until the coming convention takes place. Lodges will please govern themselves accordingly and direct all correspondence and matter pertaining to the Brotherhood to Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Fraternally,

FRANK W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

OUR Canadian Lodges will please forward money by postal order, as we have to pay a discount on Canadian money at this point.

*Magazine Agents will remit all outstanding amounts on or before August 25th, in order that a settlement can be made with the publisher. No excuses can be taken as Agents will have had eight months to pay for their subscriptions.*

THE August number of the Magazine will be out on time, and forwarded to the various agents and subscribers. Should any one fail to get their books promptly, they will apprise the Editor of the fact without delay.

BROTHER Mylett of No. 47, has our sincere thanks for valuable service rendered the Order during his recent western tour through Iowa and Illinois. Acts of the brothers in such instances are always commendable, and we take pleasure in recognizing the value of the work done in behalf of our organization.

OFFICERS OF LODGES.—Blanks for Annual Reports have been forwarded to each lodge, which must be filled out promptly and returned to the office "*on time*," as per constitution. No excuses will be taken for non-compliance with the law, as ample time is given officers to fill them out. Lodges failing to receive blanks, will notify the Grand Secretary immediately.

Be ambitious delegates, and come to the convention with money enough to cover all, then your right of speech will not be encumbered.

### MYSTERIOUS.

We received recently through the post office a dainty envelope, and upon examining it found it to contain three nicely tinted, sweetly perfumed, bits of pasteboard, upon the first of which appeared the name "Mary G. Brown," neatly done in script. Next on a trifle larger card appeared W. J. Stuart, in a fine bold business running hand. Then as a base, on a good family-sized card, came the firm name, under which we are led to believe business will be transacted, "Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stuart." "Only that, and nothing more!" we cried as we curiously and critically looked for some further words, which might have explained who, where, when, in fact all about it, but there came no clue whereby to know anything more about this strange bit of mystery. A small white silken cord united the trio, and we were only permitted to use a yankee's privilege, and guess somebody had been getting into trouble by listening to the "Naughty god Cupid," and furthermore by scrutinizing the postmark the fact comes out, that the two somebodies are in some way interested in the welfare of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28. Now if whoever sent these dainties to us had only sent us date, and name of priest or parson, we would have taken great pleasure in noticing the facts, and in fact we would have added dear old Rip's touching remark: "Here's to your good health, and your family's good health, may you live long and prosper."

### THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The names of all delegates to the Chicago convention and the routes over which they will go should be given to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, so that arrangements can be made for transportation. Credentials will be issued as soon as the names and addresses of delegates are sent in. Do not be dilatory in this matter, but act at once, as the time for concluding arrangements is limited.

### BLACK LIST.

- No. 4. George F. Hall, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 10. T. Morgan and W. Patterson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 27. Oscar Grabb, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 40. M. Flynn and Samuel Smith, expelled for non-payment of dues and violation of obligation.
- No. 47. W. A. Sweeney, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 74. John Mahoney, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 75. C. Clemson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 79. Charles Ammon and Thomas Leonard, expelled for non-payment of dues and conduct unbecoming men of honor.
- No. 87. Geo. Green, expelled for non-payment of dues.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.	
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZERT.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WIPPER.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard.
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPE.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHIE.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BARNETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- Located at Washington, D. C.
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
A. J. Gabard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent

- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, Pioneer Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Darling.....Magazine Agent  
No. 26 Pelton avenue.
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.  
S. M. Stevens.....Master  
W. N. Sayre.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Zepp.....Fin. Sec'y  
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, 615 N. 7th st.....Master  
E. V. Debs, City Clerks office.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
- OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway.....Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
- WEST END LODGGE, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Crawford.....Master  
Geo. W. Steding.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. H. BeCraft and C. M. Stone, Mag. Ag'ts
- STYLE TRUCKEE LODGE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.  
Thomas Largin.....Master  
John Brod.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Purcell.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred Murray.....Magazine Ag'ts  
M. Coyle.....Magazine Ag'ts

20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
 Wm. Underhill.....Master  
 J. S. Holm.....Rec. Sec'y  
 R. Von Harten.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
 H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 J. M. Garrett.....Master  
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
 J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
 C. Hahn.....Rec. Sec'y  
 care Benders drug store.  
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 P. Powers, 82 Story Ave.....Mag. Ag'ts  
 H. Peak, 494 Chestnut st.....
25. **CONNECTING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
 R. S. Pike.....Master  
 Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
 J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
 W. Munn.....Master  
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
 P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
 J. M. Dubois.....Master  
 Jno. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Briggs, 427 S. Third st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas.  
 W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
 J. I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
 W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Magazine Agent
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo.  
 G. W. Smith.....Master  
 Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 B. S. Keith.....Master  
 A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 T. Hinchcliff.....Master  
 H. Schemmerhorn.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7:30 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
 M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
 F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. B. Willard.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
 Angus Menish.....Master  
 Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
 Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house, Fin. Sec'y  
 J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers Hall.  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
 D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
42. **KENNESAW LODGE**, Atlanta, Ga.  
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. M. Webb do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
 L. Mooney.....Master  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
44. **F. W. ARNOLD LODGE**, at East St. Louis, Ill.  
 J. B. Machin.....Master  
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Ag't
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
 J. Schellhorn.....Master  
 F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agents  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....

46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcomb, 809 S. 12th st ..... Master  
(Lock box 1126)  
G. D. Partington do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
A. D. Hensley do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do ..... Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave ..... Master  
Jas. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave ..... Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street ..... Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy, 1500 Indiana ave. Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago.  
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. .... Master  
W. Field ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Cor. State and 47th st.  
W. R. Parker ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Cor. State & 47th st.  
W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st. .... Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
R. Warner ..... Master  
J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. Laing ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Crowley, do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass ..... Master  
L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st. .... Master  
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st ..... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Win. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
Chas. J. McGe, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY LODGE**, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday.  
F. P. Smith ..... Master  
J. J. McDonald ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
J. S. Gilman and J. C. Curtis ..... Mag. Ag't
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
Chas. Pope, 368 Wolsley st. .... Master  
Jas. Allen, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Alex. Mowat, do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Scott, do ..... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
C. Maclow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
C. Greenwood ..... Master  
D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Dill ..... Mag. Ag't
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
D. O. Shank, 289 Green st. .... Master  
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
T. Smith ..... Magazine Ag't  
(3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
Thomas Loynd, 32 Plymouth st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Howey ..... Magazine Agent  
48 Salem street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
Archey Clark, 1215 Wyoming st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. McGarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Fleming ..... Magazine Ag't

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st. Fin. Sec'y  
 H. A. Knepley, 609 N. 37th st. Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan ..... Master  
 John Young ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar Street, at 9:30 a. m.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Jno. Schardt, 10 & 12 Market st. Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Ekvatt ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 I. Thompson ..... Mag. Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy ..... Master  
 J. D. Weaver ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. T. Browne, 1712 7th st., south. Fin. Sec'y  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews ..... Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street ..... Master  
 Wm. Atkinson, U. P. En. House. Rec. Sec'y  
 T. F. Barry ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Loury, U. P. En. House. } Mag. Ag'ts  
 C. O. Meara ..... }
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jno. Burns ..... Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns ..... do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett ..... Master  
 J. Wheat ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage ..... Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
 Dennis P. Murphy ..... Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. R. Paskell ..... Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss ..... Master  
 A. D. Gould ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Harry Watts ..... Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.  
 J. A. Ressegnie ..... Master  
 J. F. F. Hale ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. A. Ressegnie ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson ..... Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker ..... Master  
 J. Perrin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin ..... Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednesday, at Kings Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops ..... Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 Geo. A. Aldrich ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
 F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st. Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa. D. Garrett ..... Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley ..... Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.  
 M. E. Clark ..... Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. E. Clark do ..... Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.  
 J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st. Master  
 Wm. Kellard, 218 Halstead st. Fin. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 132 N. Union st. Rec. Sec'y  
 J. T. Gorman ..... Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton ..... Master  
 cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes ..... Master  
 C. E. Hill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes ..... Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.  
 W. J. Toy ..... Master  
 F. Britten ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. Young ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence ..... Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) ..... Master  
 M. E. Daly ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson ..... Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. E. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon ..... Master  
 J. W. Lee ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. Bingleben ..... Mag. Ag't

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A TERMINUS TYPE.

BY WILL FARRAND FELCH.

I.—"FAIRY FELISE."



THE "terminus town," at the time of which we write, was within ninety miles of the Nevada state-line, and within seventy miles of Sacramento. We do not feel called upon to show its location in exact terms, for sufficient reasons, but it may be inferred that the Central Pacific railroad had progressed gradually eastward on its way to meet the Union Pacific, until it was very near the summit of the Sierras. In its course through the valley of the Turckee and the desert to Salt Lake City, where it hoped to meet the Union Pacific, it would be easy of construction.

Because of our long residence in the town in which we propose to locate our "type," we can not be very explicit as to its exact location, and we consider it unnecessary, as the genius "land shark" can thrive in any locality. To place our selected specimen in the town where I had my residence, and considered him and his doings, inseparable from that locality, would be absurd, for it is well known that as soon as the gambling fraternity move on, they cropped out in the "end town" further on, and the place that knew them once, knew them no more forever, only when one turned up occasionally afterwards, of a weaker and less depraved sort than these restless railroad Ishmalites.

The particular one we have selected of the gambling brotherhood of which he was a fair sample, was not more depraved than his brothers, but commended himself to our favor rather by his ingeniousness and gentlemanly demeanor, than by any of his evil qualities. Galusha Gosnell, by which name he was rarely ever known, except in its abridged form, 'Lusha, or, as he was more familiarly known, "Flinty Gosnell," was a sporting man or he was nothing, a sporting man from the states, and he had the national nonchalance and recklessness, and that was sufficient to draw a crowd around him wherever he put up his tent and opened his bank.

The principal patrons of his bank were of the Celestial persuasion. There were twelve hundred Chinese employed upon the Central Pacific at that time, and they presented quite a picturesque appearance in tail and tunic, glaring with dull, dazed, mooney eyes from out the opium soaked orbits in their weazened, saffron-colored faces. The huge basket tiles of the heathens who gathered around his bank and gloted over the "yellow twenties," and the dust and nuggets, completely hid from sight his bronzed face, with its haughty, sensuous look, and deep-set, burning, passionate, black eyes. It was thus I found 'Lusha at Clipper Gap, surrounded by Celestials and ministering to their cupidity. I had seen his face

somewhere else and for a long time I could not remember where I had met with him. Then it suddenly came to me that while in Sacramento, a few years before, attending one of the theaters, I had seen him in a box, intently watching every movement of the brilliant "variety queen" who was at that time taking all hearts by storm by her matchless beauty and grace, rather than by her varied accomplishments. It occurred to me at the time, that her confidence in her accomplishments was not so great as the consciousness that she was admired for her charms and her caprices, that off the stage she was as popular, if not more so, than on the stage. I felt that she was a proud, designing, dangerous woman, whom it was best to avoid, and I was confirmed in this opinion when I saw her leaving the theater accompanied by Gosnell; she was looking up into his eyes with a dark, deceptive look in her deep liquid orbs, and he was to all appearances, fully under the fell influence of her dangerous magnetism.

She had made an impression on me, as she had upon all who frequented the theater, and when I saw her leaving the theater on Gosnell's arm, I was, in common with many other admirers, not a little envious of her escort, and it is not at all remarkable that I took particular notice of him at the time. By some forlorn instinct I was prompted to follow them at a short distance until I found out at what hotel the troupe had stopped, after which I loitered around in the parlor until I caught another glimpse of Gosnell, and then retired to my room to dream of the brilliant "Fairy Felise" as she was known on the boards.

It may be inferred from her *nom de theatre* that the object of so much admiration was not a tall majestic tragedy queen of dark sombre parts, and that she did not require the robes of a Roxalana to make her majestic. On the contrary, she was petite, more than pretty, finely formed, sufficiently developed in figure to belie the frequently heard assertion that she was only twenty, and buxom enough to beset any poor knave with longing. Her wealth of light golden hair that hung in tangled masses around her snowy shoulders, had no doubt won for her the name Fairy Felise being compounded from her own name Elsie by which she was known off the stage. Elsie was winsome, wicked, inordinately selfish, and as attractive as she was selfish and tyrannical.

My stay in Sacramento was sufficiently prolonged for me to notice that Gosnell was undoubtedly the happiest man of all her admirers, she having elected him to her esteem in preference to others. I jealously thought at that time that her purpose was to entangle him by every artifice of her hollow, heartless nature, until he should consider her essential to his existence and make her his wife.

She was a more skillful actor outside of the theater than on the boards, and it is not to be wondered that he was soon in her toils. When he first sought an introduction to her, he had no object except the enjoyment of a quiet season of flirtation, but she so well understood the art of pleasing, and appeared so modest, so refined, so lady-like, and so coy, instead of the voluptuous, frivolous creature he had imagined her to be, that it was long before he was awakened to the realization that her course of action was assumed. That was all I knew of his history, until I met him at Clipper Gap, and then I learned more.

He had singled me out of the crowd who stood around his bank, and had caught a glimpse of my face before I saw him, and when at last I worked my way through the surging crowd of Celestials, I found him regarding me with more than ordinary interest whenever he could look up from the table. I soon saw that he recognized

me, even before I had conjured my brain into remembering him, and the perplexed look on his face indicated that his mind was not altogether on the game, but the look passed away after he had called me to him and whispered that he should like to talk with me when he had leisure.

When we were alone he began speaking with the abrupt frankness peculiar to the Pacific slope :

"This is an accursed life to lead, but I am forced to it—"

"Forced to it?"

"Yes, you see, the Fairy strapped me of every ounce of dust I had, and when it had petered out, I wasn't her oyster any longer."

"Well?"

"You needn't say 'well,' pardner, for that sounds too much like these confidential friends who draw your secret out and then tell it to the next person they meet; if you're one of that kind, you might as well be in your grave if you reveal a secret of mine."

"Well, put it there, pardner," I said, extending my hand, which he took with a vise-like grip in his own, reminding me faintly of the death that he had assured he had in store for me.

"Pardner, I guess I can trust you with a little of my story; however, I'll not tell all. I've as good an old father and mother in York state as most men have. They gave me a good education, but I was ungrateful for their indulgence, and came west years ago to delve for gold, leaving them alone, working for another kind of gold in old Orange county. I left some one else as I set store by, and I'd a gone back and settled down on the old farm, and made her my wife if—well, never mind. It'll never be now, as I can't claim her. The old folks are dead now, I suppose, and I don't doubt but as how she is too."

"Look here, Gosnell, you remind me of my own life before I left the states, and I don't want to hear much more. Suppose you come to the point and tell me about Fairy Felise—that's something that won't drive a fellow mad."

"It nearly drove me mad to see her in her trapeze act, night after night, bringing down the house with her pretty ways. She'd try the trapeze to see if it was safe, then she'd set it a goin' full tilt, and stand in it without holding—standin' thar like a thing of beauty. Then, before it had quieted down, she'd work it up into a circular motion, and while it was going that way she'd stand on tip-toe, there on one foot, *a la ballett*, smiling down upon the audience with a smile that set my nerves a tingling to think how such a fair, frail creature could throw herself away in a life of danger like that, when there were dozens of fellows who would go down to hard pan, and give her all the savings of years, to quit it and marry them. Her worst and most daring feat was with a fellow, curse him, he'd go up on a little trapeze, and hang down with a trapeze in his hands, and she'd mount a trapeze of the same height as the one he was on, and set herself to swingin', hangin' by the hands, and then let go and catch by the knees on the little trapeze he held."

"Why the little witch must have been a circus performer before she went upon the variety stage?" I queried.

"Yes, she was; belonged to the Great Pacific. She was just as good on the stage, as she was up in the air, and to see her big brown eyes that deepened into black, was to have one's soul set on fire. Then she had a delicious little mouth as could laugh or cry alone; and as fine a head of hair, all brown with a shade of gold in

it, and she had as neat and rounded a figure, as you'd wish to set eyes on. There was as much suppleness about her as a panther, and she was as precise and guarded in her actions as a—a—a panther too, 'spite of her dash and recklessness."

"Look here, Flinty, just stop that rigmarole about her good points. You're forgetting that I knew the lady and admired the same points that you did, until I found you had the decayed timber on the rest of us fellows. Suppose you tell me what became of the Fairy."

"That's what I'm a coming to pard. I reckon I followed her farther nor any one of you fellers as took a notion to her. I hung around the theater, the dressing room, the hotel, in Sacramento or 'Frisco, wherever she was. I used to get nettled at that fellow who did the double trapeze with her, for whenever she got the keys of the theater to practice, he was sure to follow us if I went along with her. I used to be pretty sure that he was present in the theater, for my instinct told me he had followed us. I noticed that Felise never took off her wraps to ascend the trapeze until a few minutes after we had entered the theater, and when she did ascend I could tell whether we were alone; it may have been nothing but empty conjecture on my part, or it may have been jealous suspicion. I noticed she was either sprightly and dashing in her performance, or else she was abstracted and perplexed, and at times nervous. Now I began to suspect that her habit of not going on the trapeze for a little while after she came was an agreement betwixt them to give him time to hide himself somewhere in sight of her, and I began to think that unless he was there she distrusted herself, so I got jealous of him. Well, I resolved upon winning Felise to quit her dangerous life, to leave it to become my wife. I kept delaying it until her engagement in Frisco was well nigh spent, and then, the day before she was to leave for Salt Lake City, I fortified myself with a lot of forty rod, and made my appearance to escort her to the theater. She saw I was pretty far gone, and gave me a little scolding. She appeared merrier than usual, and seemed pleased at my maudlin jokes, and I am sure they were as plenty as coolies are here, then I became sentimental. I don't know what I said, but I know I was put off a little while longer, she assuring me that they would not leave for another week. At first it rather made me desperate to think how easily she put me off, but although I was driven to the wall, and could not offer another argument, I became more hilarious than ever, instead of being despondent."

"Mr. Gosnell," the fairy said in her blandest tones, "would you like to lead this life I lead, and have the glory I have by my life of danger?"

"Don't think I would, deary," I said, with a drunken leer, "and I want you to leave it; you are in so much danger."

"Now Mr. Gosnell, I want to ask you, after you have come here night after night, and have seen me every night risk my neck, why you come here at the eleventh hour, just when I am about to leave you, and ask me to marry you, and say I am constantly in danger? You want to take me away from a life where I am admired by everyone." That's the way she bandied me about. I don't know how it came about, pardner, but in some way or other she told me that I had no nerve, nothing to recommend me to a show-woman; if I could act on the trapeze with her she would marry me she said; but what would a husband be who could do nothing but look at her from the ground. That was enough to influence my poor besotted mind into believing that I could do anything she did. Before she could restrain me, if she had wanted to, and you see she didn't, I was climbing up,

hand over hand, to the trapeze. I was just drunk enough then to try her opening feat. Standing on my knees upon the trapeze bar, I fell headlong, and it was the greatest wonder I did not break my neck. When I recovered I was upon a hospital cot, and the troupe was on its way to Salt Lake City, and I found either the Fairy or her paramour had stolen my last dollar."

## II.—JUPE GURLEY'S DEATH.

I had interrupted Gosnell in his description of his early life, because I was more desirous of hearing the history of Fairy Felise than anything else he could offer; but I think if I had not interrupted him, he would have given me a delicious little romance of his early life similar to what I heard from the lips of many of the miners. Now that he had finished the story of Fairy Felise, and told me how she had adroitly swindled him, I was eager for the story I had interrupted, so I said:

"Flinty, you said you were from old Orange county in York state. There is a man living in the town where I live who is from there, and when the railroad gets built as far as my home, I'll take you up to Major Belden's, and he'll be glad to see you." We were at Clipper Gap at that time and it was not until a month or more afterward that I realized my promise to Gosnell, for the progress of the railroad was very slow.

Perhaps none of my fellow-townsmen were more delighted to see the railroad coming through our town than Major David Belden, since he had taken up his residence in the town, three years before, he had been a public-spirited man, much respected, and having considerable authority among us. The major had not embarked all his fortune in Central Pacific stock, as many others had; but while he had as much stock in it as any other man in the town, he still had enough left to maintain himself and his young wife comfortably and also contribute toward some charities, the outgrowth in part of the town's progress and in part of his own philanthropic mind. He contributed to the building of a chapel and a school-house which he had convinced his fellow-townsmen were necessities, and when in time a young licentiate was located in our town, and the school facilities were augmented, his public spirit began to be appreciated and rewarded by a good degree of esteem of which he was worthy.

Although he was interested in the town he was not a resident at that time, but lived on a ranch at some distance from the town. Many wondered that he should take a young wife from the states, and bring her to live in such a desolate and exposed part of the country as the foot-hill region, where the immense barns besides the houses attest the severity of the winters, and where the snow sometimes falls to a depth of thirty feet, but Major Belden had ideas that he hoped to see fulfilled, and he was a man of great self-confidence.

Major Belden's wife was "such a woman as a man, having once loved, could love no other woman forever," as Longfellow says; the pretty, intellectual face, the modest look, the smiling eyes, and slender form, all contributed to her appearance. Add to this the fact that she was endowed with a good education, good sense, and refined tastes, it was a cause for wonder that the major should have brought her to this remote part of the country, to endure hardships and privations that many a stronger and coarser constituted woman could not have withstood. The major, a man of about forty, was nearly double her age, and to the miners he was too practical, too worldly a man for a frail, fair creature like his wife.

He was not the only man who was gratified when "Jupe" Gurley came to reside in our town with his young wife, Margie, who was still younger than Hester Belden, being barely twenty. The friendship and intimacy that sprung up between the two young women proved them to be more fitted for one another's society than were the major and Jupe, who were so different; the major so practical, hard-working, earnest, and energetic, and Jupe so shiftless and thriftless, throwing away his money at the monte bank.

Although Major Belden had little sympathy for gamblers, nor love for gambling, he was a friend to Jupe Gurley, and I doubt if he could help being his friend, for Jupe was a great-hearted fellow, although he was shiftless, indolent, and at most times penniless.

When I introduced my friend Flinty Gosnell to Major Belden, the major welcomed him not merely because they came from the same county in the old empire state, but because he saw the making of a true gentleman in Gosnell, and Flinty was as favorably impressed with the major. The major introduced his wife to Flinty, and I could not but notice the effect the brilliant *blase* gambler produced upon the young wife. He was evidently a ladies' man, and had seen enough of their society, to be familiar with them in all their aspects, but he readily saw that the refine, intellectual wife of the major was a type of womanhood he was unfamiliar with, and he respected her all the more because of this difference.

The railroad was progressing more rapidly now, the end-town was further on, and our town was relapsing into its normal state of quiet activity and homely honesty. Jupe Gurley, not content with being fleeced and left penniless while the gamblers were at our town, had borrowed money, from whom no one knows to this day, and had followed the gamblers in spite of remonstrances, promising to come back when he should win back a thousand dollars. Shrewd miners, who also had lost heavily, shook their heads and said: "Let him go, if he will be a fool now that his money is gone, and the heyday is over, let him go. If any one is fool enough to lend him money, let him suffer for it. It was worth while to nibble a little while they were here, but now all our money is gone, it's a fool that would follow the sharks, and borrow money to do it with. There's many of us as poor now as Jupe, the fellow we kicked about because of his good-for-nothingness, but that'll be no consolation to his little wife. If it were worth anything to her, we'd hold him back from following; but the Lord may help him to win something and then they can begin over again." Others said more sententiously: "Never mind Jupe, his money won't last long, and he'll soon be back."

But Jupe never came back alive. He followed them as far as Gold Run, and lost all his money; he could borrow no more, so he resolved to steal it back. Another poor devil, more degraded than himself, entered into the plan with him, and even agreed to steal the gambler's hoard on condition that they should share it equally. They were successful in stealing a large hoard, and as successful in making an escape. They reached Cape Horn Mills before morning, but before they had "rounded the Horn," Gosnell and the gamblers were upon them, and nearly all the miners at Gold Run had joined in the chase. They tracked them to Cape Horn, but here the trail stopped.

Jupe Gurley and his partner in the theft, Gilkison, had heard their pursuers coming around the bend, on the newly-laid track, when over a mile distant, Gilkison suggested throwing away some of the gold.

"No, not if I die for it. I'll keep it all by me until I'm a corpse. It would only put 'em on our track, if they're not sure now. We had better get up on the snow-shed, and maybe they'll go right on and fail to connect."

They were not long in getting upon the snow-shed leaving no traces to direct the party of pursuers.

"Now, we'll be done for if a little avalanche takes a notion to come down upon us and send us down into the gully below," said Gilkison with an oath.

The pursuing party was rapidly nearing the place, and Jupe and Gilkison were trembling for fear of discovery. Gilkison looked up at this junction and shouted at the top of his voice: "Great God! Jupe, it's coming!"

It was not the panting engine coming around the curve, with tender and caboose filled with men in pursuit of them, that Gilkison meant, but he meant—well, he never lived to make an explanation, for a great snow-slide swept them off and down the mountain side several hundred feet, to the stream-bed below.

### III.—GURLEY'S GIRL-WIFE.

When Major Belden moved to our town, the miners, with out-spoken gallantry, named his wife "Little Woman," and the title clung to her. When Gurley came with his young wife, they considered her little more than a girl, and she was dubbed "Gurley's Girl-Wife" among them, not out of disrespect to her or Jupe, however. The Little Woman and Gurley's Girl-Wife were the warmest of friends. Hester and her husband begged that she would make their home her home when Jupe left her during Mrs. Belden's recovery from "the great joy that makes all women sisters," and she being penniless, accepted the home offered her by her kind friends. She was such a help and comfort to this couple that they would not let her leave them permanently.

No one in our town knew that Margie's old lover was Flinty Gosnell, for she had never mentioned his name to any one. I arrived at the conclusion that my brilliant friend had once been the quondam lover of what became "Gurley's Girl-Wife," but I did not seek to bring them together again, and when I saw how comfortable a home the major had given her, I kept my secret to myself. I would not have taken her from the protection, sympathy, love, and almost idolatry that was showered upon her in her home at the Major's even though I could have brought Gosnell to her feet a reformed man, even though I could have given him back to her as a husband, and been assured that he could make her as happy a home as the major's home was to the major's wife. So my secret remained with me, and I returned to our town after I had fulfilled my contract on the Central Pacific, and lived off of the proceeds of my labor and speculations.

Our town had so increased in size that it was thought it could support a newspaper, and who was more capable of conducting it than my friend Major Belden? He was prevailed upon, and a weekly paper was started, with himself as editor, and himself and partner as publishers. My friend, Major Belden, was a man of radical views, and his policy for advancing the interests of the town met with a measure of disapproval that was not welcome to one so influential as a public monitor; his reformatory measures, his scrupulous temperance principles, began to be distasteful. He lost the respect of the lower classes, and among them his life was in danger.

This is not the place to chronicle the invocations, the insinuations and threats

that the major and his supporters were subjected to daily, nor shall we say how long the Lord of Misrule held sway in our town; it is sufficient to say that Major Belden, the only one in whom we are particularly interested, was threatened with lynching and all sorts of summary death, and that he rarely left the city, for such our town was sometimes called, for his home in the country, nor dared to go out unless escorted by friends. It was in the winter season of the year, and the snow so deep that the major could not visit his home, but two miles from town, only about once a week and then under extreme hazard. Thus Hester and Margie were left alone for a great part of the time, only having a man-servant and a maid-servant for company and help during the long, dreary months.

The Little Woman was dangerously ill. The major had been home two days before, and no other living soul had come near since that day. Endicott, the factotum of the major's farm, had gone to the town and had intimated that he could not be back until late at night. Huldah, his wife, was laid up with an attack of the "rheumatics," as she called it, and there were none others in the house than Hester and Margie—no help nearer than town.

"I am very ill Margie. Can you get a doctor?" Hester asked faintly.

Margie promised that the doctor should be procured, but how she could reach him she did not know. She would go herself. Huldah could be left near her mistress on an improvised cot. So she clothed herself in her warmest garments and started for the doctor, not knowing how cold it was, nor how deep the snows. The trail which led safely over the mountain in the summer-time was now hidden in deep snow, the accumulation of more than a week, and to one who traveled it as rarely as Margie had, it was perplexing to find the path, and at this season very difficult to travel. But she waded on through the deep drifts, unmindful of her danger, possessed of only one determination, to reach the town.

It is a torturous rout at best, and dangerous, for at several places the path is on a shelving rock only wide enough for a wagon. The railroad crosses the road from the major's to town, and if she could reach the railroad she resolved she would follow it to town, instead of taking the regular path. The shrill whistling winds, the cold, baffling drifts seemed to conspire against her progress, and finally she began to feel a stupor creeping over her, but the snow grew warmer, and the wind seemed tempered to a more agreeable moderation. She would lie down and rest, only she knew that if she fell asleep she would not awaken in this world. She tried to creep forward, but the stupor held her in thrall, and the endeavor was in vain. The darkness gathered around her just as imperceptibly as the stupor grew upon her. She saw a dim, red glare in the distance, and it grew larger as it approached her. "It is some huge monster with a hoarse voice and red eyes," she thought, "and it is coming nearer, for the eyes grow larger, and the voice hoarser," and the chimera continued to gain credence in her mind, until she realized that she was lying on the track, and the monster was a railway engine that would crush her. She had tried to speak, but her tongue had been parched and powerless, her lips dry and shriveled and stiff, and she could not speak. but her tongue now found utterance in a woman's scream, and then she fainted away.

The approaching engine slowly plowing its way through the snow, had been sent out in search of Jupe Gurley, and was returning with Gosnell and his friends, none the richer from their fruitless search.

The engineer was the only one who heard her, and he stopped the engine and

went on ahead of it, the fireman following. There was only a caboos attached but in it were some high officials of the road who got out, and, seeing the engineer going on ahead of his engine, they went forward to see if anyone was on the track.

"Only a woman, sir, freezing to death."

"Go back to the last station with her. We'll put her in the caboos," said the principal one; then he tenderly lifted her face and directed the glare of the lantern into it.

"Great God! It is my long lost Margie. It's the Fairy."

When she opened her eyes, he was the first one she saw, and in an instant he took her in his arms, and their happiness was complete.

Gosnell and his "girl wife" made our town their place of residence.—[*Indianapolis Herald*.]

## FORGET ME NOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

### I.

**F**ORGET me not when timorous day  
Her charmed palace opens to the sun;  
Forget me not when, through dream-kissed way,  
'Neath spangled veil the pensive night glides on;  
When quick at pleasures 'heat thy full heart beats,  
When twilight shade to sweet love thought entreats,  
List from the deep woods nigh  
Voices, low pleading, sigh,  
Forget me not!

### II.

Ah! forget me not, when destiny  
Shall have forever rent my life from thine;  
When exile, grief and long years misery  
Have withered this hopeless heart of mine  
Of my sad love think—of our last farewell—  
Absence and time are nought 'neath love's true spell;  
To thee my heart will cry  
Until its throbbings die,  
Forget me not!

### III.

Forget me not when in the frozen earth  
My heart so broken shall, unawakened, sleep;  
Forget me not when blossoming forth  
Upon my grave the lonely flower will weep;  
I ne'er shall see thee more—but o'er thy life  
My deathless soul will watch through calm and strife;  
Hear my low-moaned prayer,  
Borne on the midnight air,  
Forget me not! Forget me not!

## JERRY.

*A Story that Seems to Lack Some of the Internal Evidences of Truth,  
but Nevertheless——.*

JERRY made his appearance in Ivanpaugh district, in Arizona, early in its history. He was a mule. Very pronounced mule. Joe Singleton brought him into the district. He said he gave \$100 for him in California. He expected to get some work out of Jerry in the mines. He didn't.

Jerry was the color of a sunbeam buffalo robe, large and angular, and knock-kneed before and behind. Very, behind. He had only one ear. The other had probably been cut off by some one in a fit of anger. It was, no doubt, the last mule's ear that that man ever cut off. Jerry was a mule that would resent anything of that kind. When he was going to sleep his surviving ear would nod, and nod, and sink lower and lower until it hung down over his eyes. Jerry was dreaming then of his childhood days. He was an old mule. In meanness.

Joe tried Jerry at various kinds of work. Tried him at a whim for raising ore. Jerry didn't work logg until he had a misunderstanding with his driver. He kicked the driver and drove him off the hill. Jerry was so certain that no miner would work in the shaft when he was at the whim. To do so would be taking chances with the ore bucket. He was harnessed to a water-cart, but kicked the head out of the water-barrel. Next he was placed in a team. His habits were demoralizing to the other mules in the team, and he was removed from their society. One evening he and another mule were tied together to keep them from wandering too far, and turned out to browse for the night. The next morning one of them was dead. Jerry wouldn't work at anything. He just wanted to wander around and enjoy himself.

It got so he had nearly all his time to himself. He roamed about the camp and vicinity. One day he fell into an abandoned shaft thirty feet deep. No one tried to get him out. It was thought he might end his useless existence in there. He could be seen at the bottom nodding. Finally, after he had been in five days, Tom Kerrigan took pity on him. Tom was kind to animals. He said Jerry was a bad mule, but he ought not to be allowed to starve. Tom rigged ropes, got help, and hoisted him out. Then he went up to Jerry, and, patting him affectionately said:

"Had a pooty rough time, didn't you, old boy?"

Tom disappeared in the shaft. Jerry had straightened out one of his hind legs. Tom was taken out very seriously injured. He lingered between life and death for a long time. He had to have one of his legs amputated, and finally got up with a stiff arm. He is making his living as a musician in San Francisco now—a hand-organ.

Jerry did not have a paint-brush tail. His owners had always seemed to like just his natural tail. They loved life.

Jerry was getting to be prominent in Ivanpaugh. He was a rising mule. His conduct, however, was beginning to tell on his owner. Joe Singleton had come into camp a steady young man, but he was getting a little reckless and dissipated. Trouble on his mind.

Joe was getting poorer and he needed his mule's assistance. He tried Jerry once more, drawing in and out of the tunnel. Jerry drew the car out once in a kicking manner. Just as he returned from the mouth of the tunnel to the face of

it, a big blast went off prematurely. Outside parties went into the tunnel, peering anxiously through the smoke to see if the five men working at the face were injured. They were all dead. Jerry was missing. The blast had made an unexpected large hole in the floor of the tunnel. When the smoke grew less dense, Jerry was discovered standing at the bottom of this hole, unhurt, chewing a piece of fuse. Jerry would eat almost anything. He was partial to pieces of bacon-rind, wagon-covers and collars. He could make a comfortable meal on axle-grease. At one time he was stealing barley from a sack; there was some giant cartridges mixed in the barley; he picked up one of the cartridges; a number of men were watching him, expecting him to meet a horrible death; they thought it would be a fit ending of his career. Jerry chewed and the cartridge exploded. His tail made a little tremulous move—that was all. He spit out the shell and took another cartridge.

A new man from California came into camp. He recognized Jerry and Joe. He said Joe had not given a hundred dollars for the mule; that Jerry was from the San Joaquin valley, where he had been a prominent, leading mule. That there had been mass meetings of the citizens there to determine how to get rid of Jerry. He was thinning out the farming community. That finally the county court of Merced county gave Joe Singleton, who was passing through the county ten dollars to take the mule to Arizona. Joe's \$100 story was exploded. He was joked about it. He drank harder.

Jerry wandered farther and farther away from camp. Joe had despaired of him. Other mules would not associate with him. They felt constrained in his presence. He disappeared.

One day an Ivanpaugh Indian came into camp. His band made their headquarters on a little creek twenty miles away. He was in trouble. He wanted to go to Washington to see the great father. He said: "Me want to talk great father. Melican man mean. Let mule go—mule eat tent. Papoose he hit mule—mule kill papoose—kill squawa. Me big chief—hit mule—mule hit me—he big chief."

It was Jerry.

Joe Singleton died in the insane asylum.—[*Salt Lake Tribune*.]

## KILLING RATS.

*An Artist's Discovery—Mixed Flour and Plaster Paris.*

IT has always been easier for house-wives who are troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die upon the field of honor, so to speak—to-wit, the kitchen floor. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of the arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill the rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house.

Mrs. Benedict has solved the difficulty, and is entitled to the honor we give to an inventor. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. Complaint having been made of the fragility of these wares, Mrs. Benedict began a course of experiments with the hope of giving greater durability to her casts. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with the

pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors, who rang her door-bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemists say. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make a cast at once, and, when the door-bell rang, she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. The guests stayed until late bedtime, and, when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went to bed without returning to the kitchen.

What happened in the night was this: A rat, sniffing the odor of flour, made up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by other foragers—his brethren. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was rather a dry supper, and, water being at hand, each rat turned from the savory dish of flour and plaster to slake his thirst with water. Everybody who has had to do with plaster of Paris will guess at once what happened. The water drunk first wetted the plaster in the rat's stomach, and then, in technical phrase, "set it" that is to say, the plaster thus made into a paste instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach, making a cast of all its convolutions. The event proved that with such a cast in existence it is impossible for a rat to retreat even across the kitchen.

The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water-dish. Mrs. Benedict, like a wise woman, kept her secret and made a profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests, and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had traveled that way. Then Mrs. Benedict advertised for agents to work up the business throughout the country, selling each the secret for a fair price.—[*New York Evening Post*.]

### SPOOPENDYKE'S BATHING SUIT.

*After a Great Deal of Trouble, he Manages to get into the Dog-Goned Thing.*

"MY DEAR," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea-baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke; "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to some country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue, if you want it, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I am going to masquerade around Manhattan Beach, in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum-barrel. What I want is a bathing suit, and

if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton-street car I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want a suit easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance when it was handed to him.

Before retiring Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got to get it on sideways. There aint any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am anyhow? A star fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for? What d'ye take me for, a centipede? Who else is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, anyway, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs; they're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there! Why ain't they up here where they belong? What are they there for, snow-shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here, and that one here,' and there they are. Now where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to the pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right, and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours! I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again, it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! of course. I've only got to humor the gasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl,

"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it again, and reversed the original order of disposing of his limbs.

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That's the way you ment it to go? What's these things flopping around here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on, I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go round with a griddle-spoon and turn me over like a flapjack, just to please this dog-gasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the structure up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass, clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear, only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman bobbing around the beach upside down. That's all."—[*Brooklyn Eagle*.]

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

**I**s there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that;  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree' and a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that;  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

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THE human mechanism exhibits many examples of simple machines.

THERE are 12,000 wind mills in Holland at the present day for the simple purpose of drainage.

A BAR of wrought iron expands for each degree Fahrenheit, with a force of nearly two hundred pounds to the square inch.

GOLD may be hammered so thin that fifteen hundred leaves, placed one upon another, will not equal the thickness of a single leaf of fool's-cap.

THOUGH apparently in a state of rest the atoms or molecules of all gases are always vibrating. Like the motion of gnats in a sunbeam, the molecules of oxygen gas are moving at the rate of 1,500 feet a second; those of hydrogen gas at 6,000 feet a second.

It is said that adulterated sugar may be detected by a very simple test. A little pure sugar is taken in the mouth and when dissolved is replaced by a little of the suspected article. If the latter contains starch, glucose or chloride of tin, a distinctly bitter taste will be present.

EXPERIMENTS with the solar engine are yet being made by M. Mouchot at Algeria. With a concave mirror, twelve feet in diameter, he concentrates the heat of the sun upon a small boiler, within which he obtains a steam pressure of about one hundred and twenty pounds in an hour's time. In the preparation of cheap chemicals he makes a practical use of the heat from the boiler.

SEVERAL species of fish have the power of giving, when touched, shocks like those of the Leyden jar. Among these are the torpedo, the gymnotus, and the

silurus. Each of these fish has special organs for the production of electricity. This electrical apparatus is under the control of the animal, and may be made as a means of offense and defense. It is thought by some philosophers that electrical currents are evolved and consumed in all animals during the various vital processes like secretion, digestion and the like.

ON the slopes of Amethyst Mountain, in the Yellowstone Park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Some lying down are of immense size. The series of sandstones and conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than five thousand feet thick, forming a vertical mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have been formed by the rotting of the wood they are filled with crystals of amethyst and quartz.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

A VASSAR college girl objects to continuing the present fashions, because they interfere with the exercises of sliding down the banisters.

"WHEN tempted to anger," says a writer, "breathe a prayer." Just so. When you happen to stub your toe, for instance, murmur; "Now I lame me."

THE prayer of the Norman might suit the spirit of our own time. It was, "Kind Heaven, I do not ask for wealth, only to be placed within arm's length of some man who has it."

"You can't drink so much brandy with impunity," said a New York physician to a gouty patient. "Perhaps not with impunity, doctor; but with a little peppermint, I fancy I can go it," was the reply.

"GEORGE has had a great many pull-backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said, "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant.

JOSH BILLINGS thus speaks of a new agricultural implement to which the attention of farmers is invited:—John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncerimonions, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss-rake iz now and forever offered to a generous publik. Theze rakes are az eazy to keep in repair az a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad kast in a tenaker lot of wheat stubble. These rakes kan be used in winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral karakter should be without one, even if he has to steal one.

A NEGRO minister who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: My dear brederen and systers, my grief was greater dan I could bear. I turned ebry where for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched de scriptures and found plenty promises to de widder, but nary one to de widerer. So I took it, dat de good Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort hisself; and habin a fuss rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did so, and would do so again. Beside bredern, I consider dat poor Patsy was just as dead as she would eber be."

## Editorial.

*E. V. DEBS, Editor.*

On the thirteenth day of the current month the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas will convene in their Seventh Annual Session in the beautiful and progressive city of Chicago, Illinois.

The people of that commonwealth gave our delegates a reception last year that will not soon be forgotten, and it is to be hoped that the efforts made in the past year to better our condition as laboring men, and give to society a class of men worthy of recognition, will be accepted as an evidence that we do not ignore the kind and generous treatment bestowed upon us.

Everywhere we have been met and received with genuine hospitality, and we propose to show the people throughout this land, that we are not incapable of gratitude.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is an institution based upon benevolent principles. It seeks to injure neither individual nor corporation, and if only every one could understand the true motive that actuates us to labor so zealously to enhance and perpetrate its welfare, we would meet with no opposition, but would be recognized everywhere as men who are engaged in a commendable mission.

"Charity for all and malice toward none," is what we endeavor to practice. We want to be friendly with our employers, and serve them faithfully. We want to become intelligent and respectable enough to merit their sympathy and confidence. We want to have it so that if any difference or difficulty exists between us, we can stand before them upon a perfect social equality, and state our grievances like men.

During the past year we have done much to carry into execution the benevolent features of our organization, and when we look back at the little good we have been able to do, and see the faces once blanched with sorrow that we have made bright and cheerful, we feel like starting out upon the new year with increased energy, and a firm determination to surpass all previous efforts.

We have the prayers of widows and fatherless children, and the "God bless you," of helpless cripples, and this repays us tenfold for all the work we have ever done for the Brotherhood.

At the coming convention we intend to increase our facilities for aiding our brothers, and those dependant on them for support.

We only ask the co-operation of our fellow-men. We ask our superior officers to aid us. Without discommoding themselves to any great extent they can be of incalculable service to us.

It will be "bread east upon the waters," for in some way we will prove ourselves worthy of the favors we ask.

Many of our railroads have granted us free transportation, to and from our previous conventions. We tender them all the tribute of our gratitude, for our calling being an humble one, and our means therefore being limited, we must necessarily be as economical as possible, and when favors are shown us by our

superior officers, by giving us the benefit of their roads to reach our conventions, a great help is extended, and in return we do all we can to appreciate their kindness.

We trust that our appeals are not in vain, and that with the help of those whose influence we solicit, we may be enabled to establish ourselves for all time to come.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

From and after this issue, correspondents must be careful in the use of their language, and avoid all personalities when writing for the book. We are pleased to receive communications from members of the Order for publication, provided there is nothing contained in them that will wound the susceptibilities of a fellow member. Necessity compels us to refuse space hereafter, to any contribution that is not strictly free from personalities.

THE EDITOR.

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### WHO CAN THEY BE?

The following items we clipped from the Cedar Rapids *Comet*. Perhaps the members of No. 27, can inform us who the victims are.

—Fatty, a throttle jerker on the B. C. R. & N. R'y., had a pretty rough joke played on him at West Liberty the other day. He was pulling train No. 9, which had on a new engine for the Minneapolis and St. Louis R. R., with two cars between the new engine and "Fatty's." As they were crossing the C. R. I. & P. one of the brakemen got on the new engine and commenced to ring the bell, and no sooner did the jingle of that bell reach "Fatty's" ear than he was off his engine looking round to see where that Rock Island engine was coming from and expecting to see his train cut in two, but what was his astonishment when he saw that d—n Gamon sitting in the new engine ringing the bell. He says he is going to cut a watermelon for the boys, but that they will have to wait until they commence shipping them from Muscatine.

—A young man who is employed as fireman on the B. C. R. & N., and who is noted for his many smart tricks has made himself notorious as the biggest "sucker" of the season. Last week he was to be married to a young lady in Albert Lea, Minn., and some of his relatives went along with him to see the nuptial knot tied. Now this young man is noted for making a great many bad "breaks," and he surely made one this time. But every thing went along smoothly until about the time the ceremony was to be pronounced when the young man's sister, who happened to be along, became better acquainted with the fair damsel her dear little brother was about to form a partnership with, and she made a "kick." Well now you can just bet your last dollar that settled it. And after he departed from his fair one the thoughts that flashed across his mind is probably well described in the following lines:

"Tis sweet to court, but oh, how bitter,  
To love a girl and then not git-her."

The verdant young man came back to this city after he found he was blocked, and our advice to him would be that he keep inside the city limits until he is old enough to go out alone, for if he ventures out he is liable to be "taken in" before his friends can come to his assistance.

## Correspondence.

### NOTES FROM A FIREMAN'S DIARY.

(Continued from last month.)

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 1, 1880.

The water was from two to four feet deep upon the track and very swift. The road bed lay along the base of a hill, and parallel with a small stream, situated some three hundred yards to the right. This stream crossed the track at right angles and led up a valley among the hills. The heavy rain had brought down an immense amount of drift which lodged against the bridge and forced the water out of its course along the road-bed until it overflowed it, washing the ballast from under the ties, letting the track down into the deep ditches cut by the water. I had just raised up, after replenishing my fire, and glanced ahead when the headlight flashed upon timbers and trees of every description and with a startled exclamation cried out to my companion: "Look out!" That instant a heavy cross tie, slippery with mud, came flying back, carrying away the heavy casting that supports the running board under my seat. The pilot striking under the floating mass, caused a "magnificent display" of timbers shooting through the air like rockets, with a noise that closely resembled the "swish" of a sharpnell shell when it loses its velocity and darts up suddenly and then down perpendicularly into the ground close to where it started. My engineer, always ready and very quiet, saw the danger, applied the air brakes, reversed his lever, opened the sand valve, pulled the throttle wide open, then stood there working the sand-lever, ducking his head as the timbers would strike the cab.

I had set my tender brake and just stepped out of the gangway when a tie struck the wing of the tank, tearing a hole in the iron. Seeing no chance of escape by the step, knowing the train would go through the bridge just ahead. I then jumped upon my seat, determined to take the chances on the running board rather than be crushed or scalded in the cab. Just as I opened my window, I looked at my engineer. I saw him step back in the gangway and knew that he saw extreme danger. I put my foot through the window when the engine gave a bound forward, and over to the right. I was thrown up over the dome and whistle, the acorn ornament catching my "overalls" tearing them down to my feet. I fell on the wagon road in about two feet of water, and in trying to raise up was struck by the steam from the safety valve which was open, as the cab had broken off the scales, and knocked clear over into deep water, which carried me into an adjacent field of corn, grasping a stalk I steadied myself until I got my bearing. I then swam for the light in the train, which was still standing on the rails, the engine having broken loose and the air brakes stopped the rest without damage. I reached the step, procured a lamp from a brakeman, and waded for the engine where I was almost certain I would find the engineer buried under the tank, for the tank was turning over when I saw him step back, but it had not quite touched the ground but left space enough for him to crawl out and I found him groping around in the steam and water. He said: "hello! I was looking for you!" I replied, "and I was looking for you!"

We then turned our attention to the engine which was lying on her side and throttle wide open, reversed and running a "mile a minute." Stones, brush and

water, were being thrown up into the air, reminding one of a submerged volcano in a state of eruption. We found by looking up under the grates that a portion of the fire was above the water and burning fiercely. We obtained a bucket from the porter and stood there on a tree, which had lodged against the engine, and threw water through the back damper in the ash-pan and against the grates, until the steam thus occasioned, put the fire out and saved the sheets of the fire box from burning.

After seeing that proper signals were out to warn other trains, we waited for the waters to subside, as it runs out very fast among the hills. We found the cab mashed in the ground and the paint burned off from the escaping steam, which showed what a horrible death would have been in store for us had we delayed a moment when we got out. Right here, I want to say a word for the engineer. The saving of that train from destruction and the lives of many of the passengers was entirely due to his *steady* nerves and his excellent judgment. There are few men that would stand where he did for the same length of time and brave almost certain death, when they could save themselves by jumping in the water and swimming out. He never faltered an instant. I stood in the window watching his face for a signal to go out, and I almost waited too long. All praise to him as a *man* and *engineer*.

The morning papers in speaking of the accident called the attention of the public to the coincidence: "The same engineer and fireman had a similar accident just two years before to the night, and both escaped with their lives, but in this one the fireman was found out in a cornfield clinging to a "hill of corn."

Our next "close call" of any importance occurred one cold disagreeable day. I had just shut off steam as we pitched over a hill and emerged from a tunnel, and was gaining good headway down the grade, at the bottom of which was a bridge over a dry creek bed. In the deep rock cut was a bad rail. As the engine passed over she bounded so that I looked at the engineer and laughed, when instantly there was a report like a cannon had been fired, and as I was looking at him, he was raised into the air with his seat box, tools, clothes, part of the running board and side of the cab, and hurled back on the coal pile, followed by a stream of steam and water as large as my arm, (I thought the size of my body when it struck me in the face.) I was sitting with my feet in front of my box. I waited not to inquire the cause. I took it for a hint to leave—I left—I stood not upon the "order of my going" "but got." The front window opened in. I was not particular about which way it opened, nor how it was fastened, I ducked my head, crooked my elbow against that French plate glass, and acting upon the impulse of the moment and the promptings of my conscience, which seemed to dictate to me, saying, "examine the pilot, you may have picked up some poor *prodigal*," or as we say in these later days, "d—m tramp." When I reached the aforementioned "cow-catcher," where that steam and water came from was the query that presented itself to my mind, and calls to memory the same puzzling theme that taxed the brain of an ebony colored individual who with two others was sitting upon a float fishing, while above them on a coal barge was myself and several friends indulging in the same pastime. After having the usual "fisherman's luck" we began to seek new fields to permit our genius to expand. I took up a huge beef liver we had been using for bait, heaved it overboard. It struck the aforementioned smoked individual as the coroner says, "just at the base of cerebellum" and between his "auricular appendages."

The effect proved the complete success of the shot. He arose with dignity and a stately mein, slightly turned his eyes aloft; that glance was sufficient to set us wild; they were opening and shutting like a jack-knife; the whites were performing the evolutions of a stereopticon or dissolving views, when with stammering voice he exclaimed, "who-ooo-oo-who froed dat livah? Eh? Say, Sam, whi-whi-wich way was dat livah comin when you se-se-seed dit a comin?"

This was my query: What had happened in the cab? Where did the steam come from? I afterwards found that an angle iron that supports the running-board and is bolted to the boiler had been knocked off and pulled the bolt head through the boiler sheet, letting the water out under (one hundred and fifty pounds) steam pressure.

Here I was on the pilot with the sash for a yoke, keeping out of the way of the other side, expecting it to let go next. I looked back at the cab, tools, glass and splinters were flying in all directions. The engineer had one of those sudden notions that "he wanted a drink of ice-water" and had climbed back to the back of the tank, but saw the express matter piled up against the door, and concluded he did not want ice-water at all, he was only "tired," so he lay down behind the water-hole while the boiler mistook him for a tramp and threw hot water all over him, but it had lost its high temperature by the time it struck him. *Of course* he was "enjoying his vapor bath" on account of the novelty and the peculiar circumstances connected with it. While we were enjoying this little diversion, I suddenly became aware of the speed we were gaining and the bridge at the bottom of the hill.

I forgot to mention the little incident which had a "direct baring" on this subject. The parallel rod on the right side had broken and was acting in a very bad manner. It would persist in striking the cross ties and give the engine that peculiar motion that a cripple has when running on crutches. The engine was rocking dangerously; the pieces of the heavy rods attached to the pins were driving the ties together and reminded me of the old fashioned method of thrashing wheat with a flail. Not fancying this being rocked to sleep on the running board of an engine that had "bolted and taken the bits in her teeth," and running a sixty mile gait down hill and no one hold of the reins, I decided to take my chances on the dome and get hold of the whistle lever and call for brakes. The cab was going to pieces, but I climbed along the boiler up to the dome, took my seat on the safety valve levers, expecting the cab to be raised under the scales, thus opening the steam valves against me, or the splinters striking me. I raised the whistle lever, and that was a joyful sound, though the noise was deafening so close to my ear. Edison's telephone was nowhere. The "sound waves" were "gently" wafted on the breeze and struck the tympanium of my ear like the music of a "prize fighters thug" straight from the shoulder, but I felt the brakes responding to the call, and when we came to a stop, the conductor and passengers rushed up to the engine and found me perched on top of the dome, wet and bloody from the cuts received from the glass. The steam and water was pouring over the tank and the engineer in the midst of it was calculated to give the impression that something had happened. We succeeded in putting the fire out and preventing the burning of the boiler, but I will conclude this letter by saying that this is but a page from the life of locomotive enginemen, and I have tried to practically illustrate what we have to encounter every day, and the weight of responsibility resting upon every railroad man, however humble his position.

It requires a strong constitution, iron nerves and will, coupled with a quick, clear perception, and good judgment, to become a skillful and successful railroad man. There is no such word as *can't* in our vocabulary. What a splendid set of men, as a class, we might be if the corporations were not so selfish and grasping, that they will not devote means, time nor attention for the elevation and advancement of their employees. Let the men understand that *merit* will be the standard rule for the promotion of its men and not favoritism, and that notice will be taken of their immoral and intemperate actions, and they will be made to suffer accordingly. Then we can look for the day when the roads will be stocked with men who can command respect and be appreciated by the public.

We can in a measure blame ourselves. We want encouragement. The name of "railroad-man" is too often coupled with roughs, caused frequently by the misdeeds of a few, who give the impression that all are alike. You may say that I am depreciating our name, I have no need to do so when such incidents occur as the following:

A lady with a little girl was standing at a station awaiting a train, and looking at the brakeman rolling a bail of hay, noticed him pull a spear out of the bale and place it in his mouth. The child exclaimed, "oh mama! does railroad men eat hay?" The mother answered and said, "yes my dear, when it has whisky on it."

Let us in future try and eradicate these impressions, and try and build up the name. Never mind the slurs and insinuations of those upon whom the principles of morality have no bearing. They do not look to your welfare, nor promote you. Let your character be such that your officers will feel that you are reliable, and can be depended on in an emergency; you will then enjoy your work rather than bear it as a burden. The old practices are dying out, and reason is taking its place. Men are receiving that which they merit. Hoping I have tired no one with this letter, I remain

Yours fraternally,

F. B. A.

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 5, 1880.

*Editor Magazine:* In the July number of the Magazine I threw out a "bait" to catch a correspondent for our book, as they seemed exceedingly "scarce and rare." I got a "bite," not so much at the bait as at the "fisherman."

The right to criticise a communication is not questioned, but the right to attack one's character and motives, and make it a personal matter is decidedly unbecoming a "brother" who is endeavoring to display his "fealty and devotion" to the fair sex. He fairly "slops" over in his "devotion" His "generous nature" swells with indignation when the words "charity and benevolence" are used in connection with our Order. Yet he belittles himself by his ungenerous attack on one, he does not know at all, and one who can, (if the insurance feature is the test, which he makes it), see every dollar that "O. W. B." has provided for his family and "go him \$2.00 better," not to speak of other provisions made through benevolent orders.

As to the selfish motives which prompted F. B. A., why I will wager a "last year's birds nest against his *good will*," and return both if I win, that F. B. A. has sacrificed more in one week for the "Brotherhood" than "O. W. B." has since his initiation. Has spent more money, time, thought and energy, and did it willingly and without consideration of pecuniary returns, than O. W. B. probably ever will, and what has been the result? Calumny, slander and malicious attacks from the

paid servant of this Order, whose duty it was to create harmony and good will, instead of devoting his time to "log rolling," and abusing any or all who stood in the way of his "schemes" and who had been the hardest workers and ablest supporters the "Brotherhood" ever had. We have lost the most of the older ones; a few, however, have remained to see the *end*, and it has *come*.

F. B. A. was one who was picked out who must go "overboard" by fair means or foul, for he was too familiar with the inside workings, and was dangerous to "my schemes." The attempt was made both at last convention and in my own lodge, without the *least warning* or notification, but ignobly failed. I am not "disfigured, and still in the ring." I am here to stay, and if no "preventing providence" interferes, I will see you later at Chicago on the thirteenth of September, and have a little "chat" with you there, which I think, will prove an antidote to the "poison" adroitly administered by one who has since proven his treachery to the Order. As to the *MOTIVE* which prompted my article, it will bear inspection *equally as well as O. W. B.'s*.

Brother O. W. B., for I take you to be such, I will try and explain the reason for the suggestion of that insurance plan. It was left in its unfinished state for some one to write it up. It does not fill my notion at all, but was offered as an idea to work on by some one who had the time. That is what you should have done instead of trying to explain my motive.

When you create a law or amend the present laws, you should do so intending to do the greatest good to the greatest number. We have a great variety of persons in our Order—so have all institutions. We must endeavor to please the majority, and all, if possible. I will speak plainly of certain classes of men found in every institution.

First, there are those who expect the lodge to send an escort with a *hack* to bring them up to meetings, give them a \$10.00 gold-piece, and banquet them on their return.

Second, others who do not care so much for the "benefits," as the opportunity to display their brilliancy; they imagine themselves "stars of the first magnitude;" their word must be law; their arguments must be conclusive without debate; their ambition must be satisfied or they will never put foot in the lodge again; will withdraw, etc.

Third, then come those despicable creatures—the drones, who are narrow-minded, egotistical, underhanded, will greet you suspiciously, sit like a bump on a log, never vote, never open their mouths, stealthily watching every move, let everything go for fear of committing themselves; but wait! you will hear from them if anything goes wrong. Up will come a howl from behind engine tanks and the street corner, and condemnation of any and all concerned, while struggling to right their mistakes or oversights. They are N. G. to themselves or the Order.

Fourth, then we again find the hard and earnest workers who are liberal and generous brothers who do not care who does the work so that it is done right; are ever ready to accommodate and assist; who frown down slander and would get up in the "dead hour of night" and sacrifice their own comfort or personal interest to help a needy brother.

Now our laws must be broad enough to cover all classes—the good, bad and indifferent, for they *do* get in all institutions—no order exists that is perfectly free from them.

Now this "pecuniary benefit" class must be satisfied, not by any additional assessment that O. W. B. speaks of (did not know that we had any *assessments*, you do well to collect dues, let alone an assessment.) Give him his "seven benefits a week and \$400 per night," as the actors say. Make him feel anyhow that he will get about 500 per cent for his investment and you have him satisfied.

Elevate this ambitious gentlemen, put him through the chairs, pander to his greatness, and he will work—in *his way*.

Third class—well! I don't hardly know what to do with them. They represent the compound essence of bigoted ignorance who do not know what they do want. They shake their heads knowingly, look wise, go off muttering, come again if there is anything important on deck to see that this one or that one does not "run things," but rarely accomplish anything themselves.

The fourth class—it is hardly necessary to speak of them. They see that the work is done; they are generally intelligent, thinking men, and are found quietly working, considering the source of all the denunciations and insinuations, feeling *more sorry* than hurt, at the ignorance of the authors; keeping right on, never consulting their own interests. When in the end they find the lodge comes to the front as a banner lodge, then they feel gratified, though there is no acknowledgment of the true source of the success.

No doubt but O. W. B. will laugh at the "bile" he has stirred up, but I hope he will give us that plan of his for the improvement on the insurance, and confine himself to the article and not the "motive" that prompted F. B. A. When he has written for the book as long as F. B. A. has, he will find it pays better to avoid personalities, though I must say that there is "something" behind his attack on F. B. A., and I now feel that we will be free in the future from this miserable method of destroying each others character, and creating dissension among the members, to subserve the base purposes of the author.

I now hope this will be the last controversy in the columns of our excellent book. I remain yours in the "interest of all mankind" *more especially a worthy brother*,

F. B. A.

## SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

AN earnest worker—Brother Zepp of No. 14.

REINSTATED.—Lodge No. 16, Fred H. Mullen.

THE boss Magazine Agent—Brother Gorman of No. 95.

ADMITTED by card, John Shanley and M. C. Parr to No. 88.

WHAT we need—A few work-active, energetic and hard-working Magazine Agents.

BROTHER Mike Cadle of No. 16, was promoted quite recently from the position of fireman to that of engineer, on the Illinois Midland road. Brother Mike may you always be on time and your train pull easy.

BROTHER W. E. Sullivan of Lodge No. 43, was united in marriage to Miss Delia Steffens, July 22. We wish the young couple a long life and much joy.

LODGE No. 23, Louisville, Ky., gave a picnic recently which was a grand success

in every respect. The boys worked hard on the occasion, and their efforts were well repaid. We rejoice with them.

MR. WM. PIK, formerly passenger engineer on the main line of the L. & N. R. R., has taken charge of the shops and machinery of the Maud O. division of that road, stationed at Memphis, Tenn.

BROTHER O. B. Hains of No. 55, has been appointed engine dispatcher at Paris, Tenn. Brother Hains is a native of Steubenville, Ohio, and was formerly connected with the Ohio River Packet Line.

MR. THOMAS WALSH, formerly master mechanic of the L. & M. and G. & S. railroad, stationed at Memphis, Tenn., has taken charge of the machinery of the St. L. & S. E. railroad stationed at Mt. Vernon, Ills.

BROTHER Geo. Mc Garrahan of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, paid us a short visit on the eighth of August. He left for St. Louis, to go from there to Denver, Colorado and other western points. George is one of our substantial men, and while on his trip, keeps the interests of the Brotherhood uppermost in his mind.

A LETTER from Decatur, Ills., informs us that the Locomotive Firemen there are ready to organize. The material is there for a first class lodge, and as soon as brother Stevens has filled his present engagements, he will visit Decatur and hoist the Brotherhood flag at that place.

GRAND Instructor Stevens is doing noble work for the organization on the Pacific coast. Everywhere he is met with enthusiasm, and he never leaves a place until he has the boys wide awake in the interests of our Order. Brother Stevens is the right man in the right place.

FARGO Lodge No. 85, gives us encouraging news. Brothers Guiser, Clayton, Gardiner, Buckley and Burns have been promoted to the right hand side. Brother Haffey of the same lodge is now engine dispatcher. These brothers are all deserving of their new positions, and a host of friends wish them success.

BROTHERS Ebbage and Fred Mullen of No. 16, are in luck. Brother Ebbage has been running extras of late, but now has been given the "boss engine" on the Vandalia road to run regularly. Brother Mullen has been promoted from the position of hostler, to that of running extras. Both are deserving and have the best wishes of a host of friends.

CARD OF THANKS.—Buffalo Lodge No. 12, wishes to return thanks to worthy Master T. S. Taylor, Vice Master E. B. Tifford, James Glasgo and others of Great Western Lodge No. 4, for obtaining passes and otherwise favoring brother August Bork, while on a visit to Meadville, Pa. We shall cheerfully reciprocate when a favorable opportunity presents itself.

It is whispered by Madame Rumor that Wm. Crowley of No. 54, has involved himself in serious difficulties, for which he will be obliged to pay the usual penalty. The circumstances are substantially as follows: Under dense cover of night said brother stole into Trenton and disappeared under similar conditions, but *not* alone, he was accompanied by one of Trenton's fairest ladies, while the boys of No. 33 stood peering into the darkness. Although he may now "Crow" let him be on his guard, for the brothers of No. 33 are looking for him.

## LETTER OF THANKS.

The members of Boston Lodge No. 57, are in receipt of two splendid letters written by Mrs. Louis T. Moulton, (mother of brother Moulton, deceased), in which she acknowledges the benefits of insurance, in the most grateful terms. If the members of our organization could but read those letters, it would encourage them to work even *more* zealously for the support of this noble institution. Mrs. Moulton is a lady of limited means, and consequently can appreciate more fully the value of so great a blessing.

## TRANSPORTATION.

The following Railroads will recognize credentials of delegates to and from the 7th Annual Convention, viz:

The Atlantic and Great Western; Chicago and Eastern Illinois; St. Louis, Vandalia and Terre Haute.

The Chicago and North Western; Illinois Central; C. B. & Q.; C. L. & C.; N. Y., L. E. & Western; Union Pacific and Chicago & Alton Railroads have issued passes which have or will be sent to the respective delegates.

The J. M. & I.; I. C. & L.; and C. C. C. & I. Roads have not been heard from up to the time of going to press, but it is confidently believed that they will repeat past favors.

## CORRECTION.

In the July number of the Magazine, J. J. Sweeney was published as being expelled from No. 21. We are authorized by the officers of that lodge, to state that this is a mistake. Brother Sweeney is now as he always has been, an active worker in the Order.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Brother J. O. Connor wishes to return thanks to brothers Geo. McGarrahan, Hegew and Hart, for favors shown him while traveling west to bury his brother-in-law at Denver, Colorado.

Also brother Frank Newbert of No. 47, wishes to return thanks to brothers McHugh, Alley, Kelley, Miller and O'Hearn of Louisville Lodge, for favors shown him.

P. O. FURLONG, }  
J. C. GLOVER, } Committee.  
M. GEPPER, }

At a regular meeting of Bay State Lodge No. 73, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased God to remove from time to eternity, the wife of our worthy brother, L. W. Stoddard, and

WHEREAS, we wish to place upon record this testimonial of regard and sympathy for our worthy brother in his affliction, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we tender to brother Stoddard our sincere sympathy in the loss of his beloved wife, and hope he may be sustained in his affliction by Him who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our sorrowing brother, and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

WORCESTER, MASS., July 25, 1880.

GEORGE A. HEWITT, }  
CALVIN ALDRICH, } Committee.  
FRANK E. TUBBS, }

At a regular meeting of Buffalo City Lodge No. 55, B. of L. F., held at their hall July 18th, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, the Louisville & Nashville railroad company, through their kind and efficient superintendent, Mr. J. T. Harahan, so generously gave us an engine and train on the 27th of June, upon the occasion of our annual picnic at Fitzgibbons Grove, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of this lodge, appreciating as we do, the generosity of both the company and Mr. Harahan, do hereby acknowledge our thanks in return, and assure them that we shall do all that lies in our power to serve them faithfully, so far as the fulfillment of our respective duties are concerned.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that a copy be given to Mr. Harahan and that the same be published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 18th, 1880.

JOHN CLARK, }  
N. C. NANCE, } Committee.  
WM. BENDER. }

KEOKUK, IA., July 11, 1880.

At a meeting of Gate City Lodge No. 93, Mrs. Henrietta C. Stiller presented the lodge with a life-size portrait of her deceased son, Wm. H. Stiller, who was a member of said lodge. The letter of thanks from Mrs. Stiller, also "resolutions" by lodge are as follows:

KEOKUK, IA., July 11, 1880.

*Gate City Lodge No. 93, B. of L. F.:*

GENTLEMEN—Permit me to present to you this picture of my son, Wm. H. Stiller. I hope you will all be glad to see it, and hope it will be an honor to your hall. Many thanks for all kindness shown me and family since my poor son's death. It is too hard and piercing for me to speak of. With kind regard to all, I remain,

Most respectfully,

MRS. HENRIETTA C. STILLER.

At a regular meeting of Gate City Lodge No. 93, B. of L. F., held July 11th, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That we, the officers and members of Gate City Lodge No. 93, B. of L. F., extend to Mrs. Henrietta C. Stiller our sincere thanks for the beautiful life size portrait of her son, and our deceased brother, Wm. H. Stiller.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the above resolution be presented to Mrs. H. C. Stiller, be placed on the minutes and published in our monthly Magazine.

KEOKUK, IA., July 11, 1880.

MILT. E. CLARK, }  
ZEB. MOORE, } Committee.  
H. O. JUSTICE. }

## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

WE are annoyed very much by letters being returned to us on account of not having been called for. The Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary and Magazine Agent of each lodge should call at the post-office at least once a week in order to get what letters may be directed to them.

The P. O. Box number or else name of street and number of house should be in the Magazine so that communications from the Grand Lodge will reach their destination. When the address of a lodge officer is changed, immediate notice of such change should be sent to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

All communications from the Grand Lodge should be answered promptly.

FRANK W. ARNOLD, G. M.  
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LODGES having death claims which have not yet been issued will notify the Grand Secretary and Treasurer on or before September 10th, of such claims, giving names of policy holders, time of accident or death and such other information as the constitution requires. This is necessary in order that arrangements for their prompt payment can be made at the Convention.

DELEGATES will report promptly at the Grand Pacific Hotel at Chicago, Monday morning, Sept. 13, at 8 o'clock, A. M. Rates at \$2.25 per day have been secured, and the Appellate Court Room will again be used for meeting purposes.

IN answer to many questions as to when Grand Dues are payable we would say that \$1.00 pays the Grand Dues of a member one year, no matter when he pays it. It is payable each and every year on the day upon which the insurance policy was issued.

ALL DELEGATES are expected to bring money enough to the Convention to cover the Grand Dues, Death Claims and Magazine accounts of their respective lodges. This is imperative.

TO SUB-LODGES.—Between the 10th and 15th of September, all mail to the G. S. & T. should be directed E. V. DEES, Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ills.

### WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 3. Jacob Opp, to join No. 14.
- No. 37. Ole. Ferguson, final, to join B. of L. E.
- No. 57. Chas. E. Wilkens, to join No. 31.
- No. 68. Scott Boyd and Thomas G. Fuller, to join No. 14.
- No. 93. M. C. Parr, to join No. 88.
- No. — John Shanley, to join No. 88.

### BLACK LIST.

- No. 5. Chas. Bennet, Chas. Reeves, L. Quandt, expelled for non-payment of dues. Frank Faulkner, expelled for defrauding lodge of \$23.00.
- No. 16. Lee S. Mayor, H. W. Smith, Warren Thompson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 21. M. Roberts, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 22. L. R. Phillips, James Heller, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 28. D. H. Malone, expelled for non-payment of dues and general worthlessness. James O'Keefe, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 52. W. B. Lankaster, expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding lodge.
- No. 62. N. G. Marsh, expelled for unbecoming conduct.
- No. 74. W. F. Valentine, J. Middleton, C. Woolam, M. Mahoney, expelled for non-payment of dues. W. S. Brewrer, expelled for unbecoming conduct and defraud.
- No. 84. James T. DeLand, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 87. George Green, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 100. John Nooker and John Drake, expelled for non-payment of dues.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
E. V. DEBS.....	Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Ind.	

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHIE.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
(Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,  
Magazine Agents.
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p.m.  
I. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master  
P. W. Birch, 918 I st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y  
John C. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent  
No. 420 12th st. s. w. Washington, D. C.

8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
A. J. Gubard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, Pioneer Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Darling, No. 26 Pelton ave.....Mag. Agt
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.  
S. M. Stevens.....Master  
W. N. Sayre.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Zepp.....Fin. Sec'y  
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, 615 N. 7th st.....Master  
E. V. Debs, City Clerks office.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway.....Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END LODGE, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7.30 p. m.  
Thomas Crawford.....Master  
Geo. W. Steding.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. H. BeCraft and C. M. Stone, Mag. Agt's
19. STYLE TRUCKEE LODGE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.  
Thomas Largin.....Master  
John Brod.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Purcell.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred Murray.....Magazine Agt's  
M. Coyle.....

20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
 Wm. Underhill.....Master  
 J. S. Holm.....Rec. Sec'y  
 R. Von Harten.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
 H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. J. Eddy.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 J. M. Garrett.....Master  
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
 J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master  
 C. Hahn.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st... Fin. Sec'y  
 P. Powers, 82 Story Ave..... } Mag. Ag'ts  
 H. Peak, 494 Chestnut st..... }
25. **CONNECTING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
 R. S. Pike.....Master  
 Dan Finley.....Vice Master  
 J. D. Russell.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
 W. Munn.....Master  
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
 P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
 J. M. Dubois.....Master  
 Jno. Graves.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Briggs, 427 S. Third st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 O. Lane.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas.  
 W. H. Davies (box 917).....Master  
 J. I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. Young (box 917).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Davies.....Mag. Ag't
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
 W. H. Hamilton.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Magazine Agent
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo.  
 G. W. Smith.....Master  
 Fred Mowery.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. H. Glover.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Tony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 B. S. Keith.....Master  
 A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. **AMBOY**, at Amboy, Ills. Meets in Engineers Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 T. Hincheliff.....Master  
 Henry Schermerhorn (box 345).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7:30 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st...Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
 M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
 F. M. James.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. B. Willard.....Mag. Agt.
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
 Angus Menish.....Master  
 Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
 Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave.....Master  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st...Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house, Fin. Sec'y  
 J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st...Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers Hall.  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
 D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
42. **KENNESAW LODGE**, Atlanta, Ga.  
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops..Master  
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. M. Webb do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
 L. Mooney.....Master  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
44. **F. W. ARNOLD LODGE**, at East St. Louis, Ill.  
 J. B. Machin.....Master  
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Ag't
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
 J. Schellhorn.....Master  
 F. A. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Fin. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Magazine Agent  
 No. 911 North street.

46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
 W. R. Whitcomb, 809 S. 12th st. .... Master  
 (Lock box 1126)  
 G. D. Partington do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. D. Hensley do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Louis Smith do ..... Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
 M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave. .... Master  
 Jas. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. E. Parker, 49 24th street. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. P. Murphy, 1500 Indiana ave. .... Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago.  
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. .... Master  
 W. Field ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. State and 47th st.  
 W. R. Parker ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Cor. State & 47th st.  
 W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st. .... Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.  
 Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 James Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana.  
 Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Laing ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Crowley, do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn.  
 Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
 Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. .... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) ..... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. .... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn.  
 Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa.  
 Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY LODGE**, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday.  
 F. P. Smith ..... Master  
 J. J. McDonald ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. S. Gilman and J. C. Curtis ..... Mag. Ag'ts
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pope, '68 Wolsley st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Richardson House, cor. King & Brock st.  
 Jno. Scott, do ..... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. Maclof, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Dill ..... Mag. Ag't
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y.  
 Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 Wm. Cowls, 411 Hartman st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.  
 Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Howey, 48 Salem st. .... Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.  
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1215 Wyoming st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McGarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Fleming ..... Magazine Ag't  
 1325 St. Louis ave., West Kansas City, Mo.

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 H. A. Knepley, 609 N. 37th st. .... Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan ..... Master  
 John Young ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar Street, at 9:30 a. m.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Jno. Schardt, 10 & 12 Market st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Evatt ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 I. Thompson ..... Mag. Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy ..... Master  
 J. D. Weaver ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. T. Browne, 1712 7th st., south. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews ..... Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street. .... Master  
 Wm. Atkinson, U. P. En. House. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 T. F. Barry ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Louny, U. P. En. House. .... } Mag. Ag'ts  
 C. O. Meara ..... }
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jno. Burns ..... Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns ..... do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 ..... Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett ..... Master  
 J. Wheat ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage ..... Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
 Dennis P. Murphy ..... Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. R. Paskell ..... Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss ..... Master  
 A. D. Gould ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Harry Watts ..... Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.  
 J. A. Rescegnie ..... Master  
 J. F. F. Hale ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. A. Rescegnie ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson ..... Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker ..... Master  
 J. Perrin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin ..... Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednesday, at Kings Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops ..... Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 Geo. A. Aldrich ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
 F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st. .... Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 D. Garrett ..... Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley ..... Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
 M. E. Clark ..... Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. E. Clark do ..... Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st. .... Master  
 Wm. Kellard, 218 Halstead st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 132 N. Union st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. T. Gorman ..... Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton ..... Master  
 cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton ..... Magazine Ag't  
 Cor. Jefferson and Shirk streets.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes ..... Master  
 C. E. Hill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes ..... Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terracc, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M. at City Hall.  
 W. J. Toy ..... Master  
 F. Britten ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. Young ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence ..... Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) ..... Master  
 M. E. Daly ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson ..... Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon ..... Master  
 J. W. Lee ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. Bingleben ..... Mag. Ag't

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THE MISSING WILL.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.



LID Hepzibah Martin was dying. She had reached the age of three score years and ten, but so strong was her hold on life that, if she had thought of death at all, it was as something still in the distance.

Though the oldest of a large circle of brothers and sisters, she was the last of her family. Only two remained of her kindred, a nephew and niece, one the son of her oldest brother, the other the daughter of her youngest and favorite sister.

Though the old lady lived in a plain way, she could have bought out twice over many who lived in a more pretentious style. It was her intention that Simon and Elsie should share alike, but it has been a favorite plan with her, to unite them in marriage, in order that their inheritance should be undivided. But the party most concerned did not take to the idea very kindly—at least, Elsie did not. Simon, who was ten years the oldest, would have only been too glad to have made an individual appropriation of the opening charms of his fair young cousin.

As for Elsie, she had a settled distrust of Simon. When a boy he lost no opportunity of tormenting and troubling her whenever he could do so without being observed, and though he assumed, as he grew older, an oily blandness of manner, she felt that the same disposition was still there, concealed but not altered.

She therefore felt an invincible repugnance to any nearer tie, even before she met Norman Hines, the young doctor who was studying with Dr. Payne, her aunt's old family physician.

The old lady's daily increasing infirmities had rendered for some months his attentions necessary to her comfort, and so the young doctor often found his way over there, to carry some new liniment or potion, or to inquire how that last used had affected her. And Miss Hepzibah always made him welcome, for she liked his bright and kindly smile and cheerful manner.

It was some time before she noticed what it was that made her dull and quiet room so attractive, or the strong affection that was growing up between the two young hearts, that had so many feelings and sympathies in common. And it is doubtful as to whether she would then, had it not been for Simon, whose jealous eye detected it, and whose heart resented this intrusion upon what he had been taught to consider was his own claims.

Miss Hepzibah was not at all used to have her plans interfered with, and a great explosion of wrath followed the result of her investigations. She dismissed Dr. Payne, because the old man, who had a will of his own, refused to comply with her peremptory demand to send his assistant "off packing to where he came from."

She angrily reproached Elsie with her "ungrateful and undutiful conduct," sending the poor girl weeping to her chamber, for her sensitive and loving heart was sorely wounded by so undeserved a charge.

Nor did the old lady stop here; led on by her nephew's artful representations, she made a will, disinheriting Elsie, and giving her whole property to Simon, in case she refused to marry her cousin.

But with the near approach of death came other and better thoughts. The doctor had just left, and, as she lay there listening to the clock that was slowly ticking out the few remaining hours of her life, her heart reverted with remorseful tenderness to the sister whose child she had promised to befriend and protect. How had she redeemed it?

A smothered sob from the curtained recess of one of the windows smote upon her ear.

"Elsie!"

The young girl sprang to her side, and, holding the cold, withered hand to her lips, bedewed it with her tears.

"Dear aunt," she pleaded, "don't be angry with me any longer. I will give up Norman, though I love him so dearly, only don't ask me to marry Simon. He may have all the property—it is not that I care for—only do not be angry with me any more."

Miss Hepzibah realized, perhaps for the first time, the difference between that loving, unselfish heart and the hard, unscrupulous spirit of her nephew.

"I am not angry with you, dear child," she said, laying her hand tenderly upon the bowed head. "I want you to tell Thomas to go at once for Dr. Hines and Squire Ashley."

In less than half an hour Norman Hines was standing beside the dying woman.

"Young man, do you love my niece?"

"As my own soul!" was the low, solemn reply.

"Will you be to her a kind and tender protector?"

"I will defend her with my life!"

"Then take her, together with my blessing. Now go, my children; Squire Ashly is waiting to see me, and my time is short."

Simon Martin walked up and down the antechamber, that led to his aunt's apartment, with quick, restless step. Several times he paused by the closely shut door, but he could detect nothing but the low murmur of voices. Once he tapped upon it, but his aunt sent word that she could not see him, and thus he was left to fruitless conjecture as to what was passing within. All that he knew was that Lawyer Ashley had been closeted with Miss Hepzibah all of an hour, and he well foreboded that it meant no good to him and his carefully laid plans.

In a few minutes the lawyer came out accompanied by Dr. Payne, passing Simon, who was no favorite with either, with a cold bow.

When Simon entered the sick-chamber the first objects upon which his eye rested were Norman Hines and Elsie, who were sitting beside the bed. The weeping girl sat with her head resting against her lover's shoulder, to whose sheltering breast she clung as to the only refuge that was left her. Miss Hepzibah, who was evidently quite exhausted, now signed Norman to lead her from the room.

Placing his arm tenderly around the form of his betrothed, the young man obeyed, Simon's eyes following them with a scowl of baffled hate.

Miss Hepzibah saw the direction of her nephew's eyes, and said, as soon as they were alone:

"I have consented to their marriage, Simon. It is best that it should be so; she would never be happy with you, or you with her. I have made another will, dividing the property equally between you."

Simon's brow grew black with the contending passions that were busy at his heart.

"You have broken your promise!" he cried, hoarsely.

The old lady resented his insolent tone and bearing, and the sunken eyes sparkled with something of their old fire, as she said:

"A bad promise is better broken than kept, Simon. And let me tell you, further, that it ill became you to try to turn my heart against my dead sister's child, who has been like a daughter to me in my old age. Have a care, lest I revoke this will, also; leaving you only the pittance you deserve."

At these words Simon lost all self-control. Laying his hand upon her shoulder, he shook her violently.

"Dotard——"

But the words died upon his lips, and he stood appalled at the terrible change that passed over that old wrinkled face. The underjaw suddenly fell, and a death-like rigidity crept over limb and feature.

Simon placed his hand upon the wrist and heart, but failed to discover the slightest flutter. The excitement into which she had been thrown by this violent language and conduct, had evidently hastened the death that was inevitable.

The eyes of the wily and unscrupulous man gleamed as he caught a glimpse of the bunch of keys under the pillow.

"The will—the newly-made will, if I could only get possession of it!"

He knew that his aunt kept her valuable papers in a tin box, which always stood on a secretary in her room. Singling out the smallest key upon the ring, he opened it, and there lay the new will, the one he had instigated her to make some months before being beneath it.

Seizing the former with trembling eagerness he flung it upon the bed of coals in the open grate, watching it until it was shriveled to ashes. He then locked the trunk, and placed the keys where he found them.

As he did so his gaze fell upon the dead, whose half-open eyes seemed to glare upon him with a look of anger and reproach. With a shudder he closed them; and then, with a well-dissembled air of grief and horror, rushed from the room to communicate the tidings of his aunt's death.

Miss Hepzibah had given directions that her will should be opened in the presence of her lifeless body before the coffin-lid was screwed down, preparatory to taking it to its last resting-place.

It was a singular scene; the cold, rigid form that lay in the open coffin in the middle of the room, and the motley group that surrounded it. There was Dr. Hines and Elsie, the latter's pale face denoting her grief for the loss of her kind friend and protector. Simon stood near the head of the coffin, a look of subdued grief upon his face, but a feeling of exultation in his heart, mingled with no little trepidation as he thought of the astonishment and dismay that would follow the discovery of the missing will. Further back were more distant kinsfolks—all of whom hoped for some legacy from their wealthy and eccentric relative—together with various friends and neighbors.

The minister arrived, and the time appointed for the funeral came and passed, but nothing could be done until the formalities of the will were gone through with. Squire Ashley, its executor, had taken possession of the private papers of the deceased as soon as he learned of her death, but he failed to make his appearance, though known to be in the house.

There was evidently something amiss, for from the rooms of the deceased, overhead, came the sound of hurried footsteps, the opening and shutting of drawers, and the confused murmur of voices.

Simon could not but know what this portended, but he paid no heed to it, not appearing to share in the momentarily increasing impatience of those around him.

At last a messenger entered, saying a few words to him in a low voice, and whom he followed from the room. He returned in a few minutes with flushed face and lowering brow, and resuming his place, looked around with an air of defiance. He was followed almost immediately by Squire Ashley and Dr. Payne, the former having in his hand the tin box mentioned in a subsequent part of our story. The countenances of both gentlemen were very grave and stern.

The impatience of those present changed to the hush of expectancy, and every eye was turned upon Squire Ashley as he said :

"My friends, I came hither, at the wish of the deceased, to make known to you her last will and testament ; but"—here he paused, his eyes resting with a look of grave meaning upon Simon's perturbed face—"but it is not to be found !"

The eyes of the audience naturally followed those of the speaker, and, unable to bear up against the suspicious looks that were directed toward him, Simon changed color. Then vexed with himself at having done so, he cried, fiercely.

"Why don't you go a step further, Squire Ashley, and charge me with making way with it ?"

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," was the impressive reply. Simon Martin can you lay your hand upon the brow of the dead and swear that you know nothing of the whereabouts of that will ?"

For a moment that hard, unscrupulous heart faltered. Then, with a scornful smile at this momentary weakness, he stepped forward, and laying his hand upon the cold, rigid brow, said holdly :

"I can."

As his hand touched the face of the dead, a faint moan smote upon the ears of those present, apparently proceeding from the coffin.

But Simon, believing this to be a trick of his opponents, smiled still more scornfully, as he said :

"Nay, more, I can swear to my belief that the whole thing is a trumped up story ; that no such will was ever in existence."

"Liar and perjurer !" burst from Miss Hepzibah's lips, as, rising in her coffin, she looked him full in the face.

The scene that followed defied description. Simon staggered back, and fell heavily to the floor ; stout men turned pale, and women swooned with terror.

Only Dr. Payne comprehended the true facts of the case, and who lifting Miss Hepzibah from the coffin, into which she had now sunk exhausted, took measures for her complete restoration.

As the reader has no doubt by this time conjectured, Miss Hepzibah's apparent death had been only an attack of catalepsy, and which deprived her of all speech

and motion. She had witnessed the destroying of the will, without being able to raise hand or voice against it, and had been cognizant of everything else that had taken place in her presence, but without being able to give any token of it, though she made repeated and agonized efforts to do so. It was not until she felt the touch of her nephew's hand upon her forehead that she was able to break the spell that bound her.

Miss Hepzibah lived three months after the day on which she had been "laid out" for burial—lived to witness the happy marriage of "her children," as she fondly termed Norman and Elsie. She left them the whole of her property, with the exception of a few legacies, and an annuity to Simon, whose mind never recovered from the shock received on that terrible day, though he lived some years in an idiotic state—a living monument of the retribution which often, even in this life, overtakes the wrong-doer.

---

"NEVER AGAIN."

BROKEN the golden chord,  
Severed the silken tie,  
Never again will the old days come,  
Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful past,  
Scattered around its bier,  
Pale thoughts lie thick, and memories  
Of days that were so dear.

Broken the silken chord,  
Severed the golden chain,  
Linked us with the beautiful days  
That ne'er can come again.

---

TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

PARIS, July 20, 1880.

Leaving the statue of Venus de Milo we turn to the right and passing under a heavy tapestry enter another portion of the gallery. Here the first object that attracts our attention is the huge figure of Melpomene about ten feet high. It will be remembered that this Melpomene was one of the muses and a daughter of Jupiter. She presided over tragedy. Horace has addressed the finest of his odes to her, as to the patroness of Lyric poetry. She was generally represented as a young woman with a serious countenance; her garments were splendid; she wore buskins, and held a dagger in one hand, and in the other a scepter and crown. However, this figure, though dressed somewhat after this brief description, did not have the dagger, but in its place she held a mask; nor did her countenance wear a very severe expression; yet there are a great many representations of this goddess and very few are alike. While some look sad and melancholy, having all the appearance and symbols of tragedy, others on the contrary are gay, showing a decided comic expression.

On the ground at the foot of this statue and covering an area of about twenty

feet square is a very beautiful piece of mosaic work. It is protected by a low railing, on which you can lean and closely examine those minute pieces of many colored marbles, that are laid so skillfully and tastefully harmonizing their colors, like a neatly kept flower garden. In this same gallery is that celebrated and world renowned figure, the fighting Gladiator, which is said to be the work of a lifetime. Not that the actual work required so many years of labor, but that it required the study of a lifetime to gain the knowledge requisite to bring forth such a work from a block of marble; so vivid and life-like is every muscle and sinew, and every gentle rising and falling of the human form from the head to the feet. It is the work of a Greek sculptor.

Leaving this gallery we pass to one of the many that leads from it. We can only glance at the thousand works of art which they contain. Busts and statues of the Roman Emperors: Julius Caesar, Antony, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Otho, Galba, Claudius, Titus, Vespasian, Augustus and his wife Livie. There is also a fine statue of Achilles, the principal hero in Homer's Iliad, he who killed Hector at the siege of Troy.

"Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
The corpse of Hector and your means sing,  
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,  
Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Beneath and around the statue of Augustus is a very neat and handsome mosaic work. There is a fine head of Lucilla measuring about four feet from the neck to the forehead. It was found in the ruins of Carthage in 1847. Lucilla was the daughter of Marcus Aurelius. She was celebrated for her beauty and the virtues of her youth; later for her debaucheries and misfortunes. At the age of sixteen her father sent her to Syria to marry the Emperor Verus who was then engaged in a war with the Parthians and Armenians. For some time the conjugal virtues of Lucilla were most exemplary, but when she saw Verus plunge himself into debauchery and dissipation, she forgot those virtues, the sustaining beauty of all characters, and her modesty, woman's brightest jewel, she neglected and deserted, by following the evil example of her husband. On her return to Rome so disgusted was she with the vices of Verus and the unnatural passion he had entertained and gratified that at last she poisoned him. She afterwards married by order of her father an old but virtuous senator. About this time she became still more infamous for her crimes and sensualities, and the acts which once were so hideous in her sight, practiced by her husband, were now repeated by herself. She with many illustrious senators conspired in A. D. 185 against the life of her brother Commodus; the plot was discovered, Lucilla was banished, and soon after put to death by her brother in the 38th year of her age.

In the Egyptian galleries are many curious things of antiquity; there are letters written on papyrus, some from St. Pesunthuis, bishop of Comptos, others from Pholemie, son of Amadocus, on the subject of the marriage of his mother. There are many pieces of sculpture from the palace of Nimrod and the palace of Ninive, and also from the temple of Apollo. There is a sarcophagus of Esmunazar, king of Sidon, and many similar to it from Phenicie and Assyria, some of marble and others of common stone. There is the marble vase of Amathontc from the island of Cyprus. It measures thirteen feet in diameter. Not far from it are the bases of two marble columns from the temple of Apollo; each of them measures eleven

feet in diameter. They are beautifully ornamented with sculpture work and cut from solid blocks of white marble.

Passing through these galleries we see the tombs of Horus and Ramses, the third of the fifteenth dynasty, also of Taho and Psametik the first of the twenty-sixth dynasty. There are huge Sphinx of granite and marble from Assyria and Egypt; many of them are twenty feet high; their body is that of a lion having wings with a man's head; others have the head and breasts of a woman. The Sphinx was a monster which was generally represented as having the head and breasts of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice. The Sphinx had been sent into the neighborhood of Thebes by Juno, who wished to punish the family of Cadmus, which she persecuted with immortal hatred, and it laid this part of Bocotia under continual alarms by proposing enigmas, and devouring the inhabitants if unable to explain them. In the midst of their consternation the Thebans were told by the oracle that the Sphinx would destroy herself as soon as one of the enigmas she proposed was explained. In this enigma she wished to know what animal walked on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening. Upon this Creon, king of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister Jocasta in marriage to him who could deliver his country from the monster by a successful explanation of the enigma. It was at last happily explained by (Edipus, who observed that man walked on his hands and feet when young or in the morning of life, at the noon of life he walked erect, and in the evening of his days he supported his infirmities upon a stick. The Sphinx no sooner heard this explanation then she dashed her head against a rock and immediately expired. Some mythologists unriddle the fabulous traditions of Sphinx in this way: that one of the daughters of Cadmus or Laius infested the country of Thebes by her continual depredations because she had been refused a part of her father's possessions. The lion's paw expressed, as they observe, her cruelty; the body of the dog her lasciviousness; her enigmas the snares she laid for strangers and travelers, and her wings the dispatch she used in her expeditions.

TIM FAGAN.

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Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

### WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

**F**OR pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,  
 'Tis the law of our being, "*we reap what we sow.*"  
 We may try to evade them—may do what we will,  
 But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,  
 And detects in a moment the base or the pure;  
 We may boast of our claims to genius or worth,  
 But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,  
 And when we fall the world bears the blame;  
 But nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen,  
 There's a screw somewhere loose in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn with this hard, earthly strife?  
 Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?  
*Remember this great truth has often been proved;  
 We must make ourselves lovable would we be loved.*

Tho' life may appear as a desolate track,  
*Yet the bread we cast on the waters comes back;*  
 This law was enacted by Heaven above—  
 That like attracts like and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;  
 In our gardens are flowers from every zone;  
 But the beautiful graces that blossom within  
 Grow shrivelled and die in the Upas of sin!

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs of gold,  
 Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old;  
 Ah! did we the same for beautiful love,  
 Our lives might be music for angels above!

*"We reap what we sow," oh! wonderful truth,*  
 A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;  
 But at last it shines out as the "hand on the wall"  
 For the world has its debit and credit for all.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

### A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

"**H**E's been in the dumps because his locomotive has been 'off' for three or four days," said a railroad man to a companion the other day, as he pointed to an engineer.

"How off?"

"Go and ask him."

It took a quarter of an hour and a cigar to clear the cloud from the engineer's face, and then in reply to the query he said:

"It is a queer thing. There's my engine, one of the best on the road, in perfect order, only twelve years old, and able to run or pull with the best of them. A month ago I hadn't the least bit of trouble in making time, no matter how the track was or the weight of the train. She was ready at the word, held her steam beautifully, and she seemed to understand every word I said. To-day she is down in the roundhouse, growling and sputtering and acting as if she wanted to pick a fuss with a gravel pit."

"Anything out of gear?"

"Not a thing. She's been looked over twice, and we can't find the least excuse for her conduct. She'll get over it in a day or two, perhaps. If she don't we'll punish her."

"How?"

"Put her before a freight or stock train. I've seen it tried a dozen times, and it most always worked well. Here she is now, bright as a new dollar and as handsome as a picture, and I'll bet \$50 that there isn't the least thing out of order

She's simply sulking. The same as a child or a woman, and I know what started it. Three weeks ago, while on my run in with the night express, she just wanted to light out for all she was worth. She took the bit like a running horse, and if I hadn't choked her off she'd have beat schedule time by twenty minutes. She acted mad right away, and in running twenty miles she gave me more trouble than I ever had with her in a run of three hundred. She lost steam, tried to foam over, choked her pipes, and when I wanted more steam she'd slide on her drivers. She went right back on me that night, and has been sulking ever since."

"Do all engines do this?"

"Not all, but many of them. Some folks laugh at us and call it superstition, but they never lived in an engine cab."

### WRITING FOR A PASS.

**T**HE following correspondence between the superintendent of an asylum for the feeble-minded in Illinois and a well-known railroad superintendent touches up the pass question:

DEAR SIR:—You sent me a few days since a half-fare permit, which please fully permit me to thank you for. Half-fare permits are usually sent to preachers, and perhaps you have mistaken my calling. At all events, as you have classified me with the preachers (though I am not one), I will take the liberty of quoting Scripture to you, and of drawing such conclusions from said Scriptures as seem applicable to our relation to each other.

If my authorities are inapplicable and my conclusions unsound, please remember that the principal of an asylum for feeble-minded children is trying to preach, because an individual labeled Strong, very early in life, by his paternal or maternal ancestor, has insinuated that he is a preacher.

I respectfully call your attention to the following passages of Scripture:

Exodus, 6, 10—"With a strong hand shall let them go."

Judges, 14, 4—"Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

II. Chronicles, 16, 9—"Strong in behalf of them."

(Half in this case means, not the half I now have, but the other half of a permit, so that I shall have a full free pass for the year.)

Psalms, 31, 21—"He hath shewed me his kindness in a strong."

I. Kings, 2, 2—"Be strong and show thyself a man."

I. Sam., 4, 10—(Wm.) "B(e) Strong and quit yourself like a man."

I. Cor., 4, 10—"We are weak but ye are strong."

Jeremiah, 15, 14—"I will make thee to pass."

Ezekiel, 20, 37—"I will cause thee to pass."

Ezekiel, 37, 2—"And caused me to pass."

Joshua, 22, 19—"Then pass over."

Special comment is unnecessary.

If the above passages do not find or reach some responsive chord in your bosom, other language will of course utterly fail to impress you.

A few practical applications, and I am done.

First.—What I want, and I think you might send me, is an annual pass over the Michigan Central Railroad and Great Western (if in your power), because

Samuel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joshua, and Judges plainly instruct you to do so (as I construe them).

Secondly.—The aforesaid roads will not lose anything by it, but probably gain, for if I have this pass it is more than likely that I shall go East once or twice this year and take parties with me, who will otherwise go by the Toledo, Wabash and Western, and the Lake Shore, if they are deviated from that course to accompany me.

Thirdly and lastly (in order that I may, as Mr. Moody recommended to the preachers of Philadelphia, not exceed thirty minutes in my discourse and lose something of its power by excessive length).—I would suggest that I desire to operate upon Michigan, to see if I cannot stimulate them to build an asylum for idiots. I have succeeded in getting the Legislature of Illinois to give \$185,000 for a new building for its asylum; and as this is in process of construction, I would like to visit the charitable institutions in Michigan, Canada, and the East, to see what should be done to make ours what it ought to be. I cannot go unless I get passes.

You probably can, if you will, get me the aforesaid; but if you do not, in the hereafter, when you are seeking a free pass to the better world, look out that somebody don't send you a half-way permit and land you considerably short of your desire. (Pardon me.)

#### THE REPLY.

DEAR SIR:—My absence from the city last week prevented a prompt answer to yours of the 4th inst. It is an old experience that the Scripture can be made to sustain any doctrine or dogma if it be ingeniously applied, but I confess that I was astonished at such an array of texts upon which to base a claim for travel over our road, and the more so because in sending you the half-fare permit I thought I was complying strictly with the most liberal offers of transportation to be found in the Bible.

Early in the history of the Jews we find the account of their emigration from Egypt, and certainly going in such numbers they would be entitled to as low a rate of fare as could be consistently asked by or granted to any one; yet in the 13th verse of the 30th chapter of Exodus I find the following: "This they shall give—every one that passeth—a half." If this does not cover the case, I know not where to look for authorities.

In one of your citations you refer to what you are pleased to call the "other half" of the permit which I sent you. I fear that it would be of little service, since our conductors being better versed in mathematics than theology, would be sure to collect full fare from any one traveling on two half fare permits.

But to convince you that I looked to Holy Writ as an authority for declining free passes, permit me to quote a few precepts on the subject of passenger transportation which I find in its pages, beginning with such as seem especially addressed to the passenger:

I. Kings, 20, 39—"Thou shalt pay."

II. Kings, 4, 7, 8; II. Samuel, 1, 5, 7—"Go and pay."

Ecclesiastes, 5, 4—"Defer not to pay."

Exodus, 21, 18—"He shall pay."

Exodus, 21, 36—"He shall surely pay."

Numbers, 20, 18—"Thou shalt not pass."

With the following from the third verse of the first chapter of Jonah, showing that passes were no easier to procure then than now. "So he paid the fare, and went," setting an example still worthy of imitation.

In addition to these precepts to the passenger, I find the following injunctions to the railroad manager :

Judges, 8, 28—"Suffer not a man to pass."

Nahum, 1, 15—"The wicked shall no more pass."

Isaiah, 34, 10—"None shall ever pass."

Matthew, 24, 34, 8; Mark, 13, 20—"This generation shall not pass," and the following from the prophet Jeremiah, 51, 42—"Though they roar, yet shall they not pass."

Perhaps after this array of Scripture authority, I shall not be justified in sending the annual pass desired, yet I find my sympathies stronger than my theology, and so having overwhelmed you with my citations, and convinced you that a concordance is an article as well known in Chicago as in Jacksonville, I take pleasure in sending you the pass requested.—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

### INVENTION SUGGESTED BY ACCIDENT.

ONE of the pleasantest anecdotes illustrative of an invention being suggested by accident, bears relation to the stocking-loom or knitting-frame. The story has been told in two or three different forms; but the most popular version accords with a picture and inscription preserved by the Framework Knitters' Company.

About a hundred and ninety years ago, Mr. William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was expelled for marrying in disregard to the statutes of his college. Having no fortune on either side, his young wife contributed to their joint support by knitting. The husband, watching one day the movements of her fingers, suddenly conceived the idea of imitating them by mechanical means, in order that she might get through her work in a manner easier to herself, and perchance increase her emoluments. The ingenious stocking-frame was the result of his cogitations. In hand-knitting, polished steel needles or wires are used to link threads together into a series of loops, closely resembling those produced in tambouring. In framework-knitting, one person can manage a large number of knitting-needles at once—pieces of steel midway in shape between straight wires and bent hooks, and aided by jacks or vibrating levers, treadles, rows of bobbins, and other clever contrivances.

William Lee's first stocking-frame was in all probability small and very rough, but it had in it a potentiality (as Dr. Johnson might have called it) of developing great things, until at last it has culminated in that masterly piece of mechanism, the circular rotary hosiery machine. Lucky accident, in like manner, led, about the year 1764, to the invention of the spinning-jenny, one of the foundations of the amazing prosperity of the cotton manufacture. But as in most instances of the kind, the soil was prepared in some degree for the reception of the seed; the accident would probably have passed unnoticed if there had not been a mind in a condition to appreciate it.

James Hargreaves, of Standhill, near Blackburn, was a humble man who lived by hand-spinning and weaving, his wife and children aiding in their several ways.

He succeeded in expediting his work by inventing a carding-machine to comb out or straighten the fibres of cotton, as a substitute for hand-cards (wires inserted in a flat piece of wood.) In spinning, after the carding and other preparatory processes had been completed, he frequently tried to spin with two or three spindles at once, by holding two or three separate threads between the fingers of his left hand, and thus double or treble the amount of work effected in a given time. The horizontal position of the spindles, however, baffled him; his fingers and the spindles would not work in harmony. One day, in 1764, a little toddling member of his family upset the spinning wheel while it was being worked. Hargreaves noticed that while he retained the thread in his hand the wheel continued to revolve for a time horizontally, giving a vertical rotation to the spindle. An idea started into his brain at once; here was the very thing he wanted. He saw that if something were contrived to hold the roving (a thickish coil of cotton) as the finger and thumb were want to do, and to travel backward and forward on wheels, several spindles might be used at once. He set to work, and the result was a frame or machine which he called the spinning-jenny (very likely his wife's Christian name was Jenny), having eight spindles. The family at once largely increased their weekly earnings. How it happened that through workmen's spite and manufacturers' greed, or whether it was, as has been said, that a better idea than his had been previously started and acted upon by others, Hargreaves was never permitted to secure an adequate return for his ingenuity, we need not now stop to relate.

Lancashire accumulated wealth from the spinning-jenny (amplified by degrees to eighty spindles,) but regarded little the brains that had enabled them to do so. When maidens are "doing their hair," an important element of daily duty in many a household, they may perhaps be gratified in learning that this process led accidentally to a very useful invention.

Joshua Heilman, engaged in the cotton manufacture at Mulhouse, in Alsace, was long meditating on the possibility of inventing a combing-machine for long-staple cotton, the carding-machine until then employed being better suited for cotton having a short staple. He tried and tried again, and impoverished himself by preparing machines and models which failed to realize the intended purpose. Brooding over the matter one evening he watched his daughters combing their hair, and noticed (perhaps for the first time really noticed) how they drew the long tresses between their fingers, alternately withdrawing the comb through them. The thought struck him that if he could successfully imitate by a machine this two-fold action, so as to comb out the long fibres of cotton, and drive back the shorter by reversing the action of the comb, his long-sought object would be pretty nearly attained. Armed with this new idea, he set to work with renewed cheerfulness, and invented a beautiful machine, which enabled him to comb cheap cotton into moderately fine yarn, more easily and with less waste than by any process until then known. One of our Royal Academicians, about a dozen years ago, brought the skill of his pencil to bear upon this pleasant subject for a picture—Heilman watching his daughters combing out their glossy tresses.—[*Chambers' Journal*.]

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"I NEVER can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking," said an old lady. "But when I step out to feed the hogs, and h'ist myself on the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of Cap'n Jinks, it *does* seem as if this airth was made to live on after all."

## LAST NIGHT.

ELLEN MALLORY.

**L**AST night within my little curtained room,  
 Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,  
 And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,  
 You told the tale that women love to hear;  
 You told it well, with firm hand clasping mine,  
 And deep eyes glowing with a tender light.  
 Mere acting? But your power was half divine,  
 Last night, last night.

Ah, you had much to offer; wealth enough  
 To guild the future and a path of ease  
 For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough;  
 New friends—a life as calm as summer seas,  
 And something—was it love?—to keep us true,  
 And make us precious in each others sight.  
 Ah! then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew,  
 Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and self!  
 Only for one, like Portia could I say,  
 "I would be trebled twenty times myself;"  
 Only for one, and he is far away;  
 His voice came back to me distinct and dear,  
 And thrilled me with a pain of lost delight;  
 The present faded, but the past was clear,  
 Last night, last night.

If others answered as I answered then,  
 We would hear less, perchance of blighted lives;  
 There would be truer women, nobler men,  
 And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives;  
 Because I could not give you all my best,  
 I gave you nothing. Judge me—Was I right?  
 You may thank heaven that I stood the test  
 Last night, last night.

## HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent to another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly.

This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in halves; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and stowed away in another room preparatory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fulfill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. .

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A SOLID immersed in any fluid loses an amount of weight equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid.

A SHRIVELED apple or a shriveled bunch of grapes will become plump in an exhausted air receiver.

IN tropical climates the sea is often covered with a bright phosphorescence, due to extremely small animalculae.

IF liquids which do not mix are poured into the same vessel, the lighter will rise to the surface, as oil does upon water.

THE purest air absorbs so much light that the atmosphere would not transmit the rays of the sun, if it had the depth of seven hundred miles.

THE air is kept in its place about the earth by the joint action of its molecular repulsion and the attraction of gravitation. Consequently the atmosphere, at its upper limit, must have a definite surface, like a sea.

ALGERIA has a river of ink, formed by the union of two branches, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil and the other from a peat-swamp. The iron of the one and the gallic acid of the other unite to form a true ink.

IT has been estimated that the fixed stars annually radiate sufficient heat to the earth to melt an envelope of ice eighty feet in thickness. It is evident that were the supply of either solar or stellar heat cut off, the life of the globe would soon be cut off.

IN many marshy, fever-plagued districts of Europe and Africa the experiment of planting in large numbers the Eucalyptus, or fever tree, has been tried for some years, and a late report shows that the result is the almost total banishment of fevers from these regions.

DURING a series of photometric observations Prof. W. H. Pickering has found that the total brilliancy of the sun is equal to about 350,000 full moons. To better illustrate this relation, it may be stated that if the whole visible heavens were

turned into one full moon it would give rather less than one-fourth of the light of the sun.

BISSET, the animal trainer of Perth, taught an orang to wait on the table and perform other domestic duties. A chimpanzee has been trained to feed and tend a fire under a baker's oven. A female chimpanzee in the London Zoological Gardens could lock and unlock a door or drawer, and thread any needle. In taking her meals she used knife, fork, spoon and drinking cup with as much ease as a human being.

IN Scotland considerable interest is taken in a new method of tanning hides, effected not by means of tanning in any form, but of chrome. The new process is said to be cheaper and more expeditious than the old, and to produce leather stronger, more durable, and especially less pervious to moisture. About three hundred chrome tanned hides have lately been exhibited in Glasgow, some of them made into belting, harness, boots, etc.

AN experiment made in the port of Kiel proves that heavy weights may be readily lifted from the bottom of the sea by means of a balloon. The balloon is made of canvas and metal plates, with an attached cistern containing carbonic acid gas compressed to a liquid state. When made fast to a sunken object the communication between the cistern and the balloon is opened; inflation takes place; the sunken vessel, or whatever else it may be, is lifted, and can be towed away at pleasure. In the experiment at Kiel an anchor stone weighing fifteen tons was thus lifted from a depth of thirty-two feet. The lifting power of a balloon ten feet in diameter is said to be more than 100 tons.

IN taking account of the differences in the skulls of various nations, attention is at present directed to the cubic capacity of the great cavity of the skull, excluding the cerebellum. By means of this method some interesting facts have been revealed. On the west coast of Africa there exists a race with long, flat heads, whose skulls have the greatest capacity yet known. The Laplanders and Esquimaux have highly developed skulls, their mean capacity being 1,546 cubic centimeters. The lowest stage of the English skull descends to 1,542 cubic centimeters. The skulls of the inhabitants of the Canary Islands measure 1,498; of the Japanese, 1,486; of the Chinese, 1,424; of the Italians, 1,475; of the ancient Egyptians, 1,464; of the Polynesians, 1,454; of the negroes of different races, 1,377; of the Kafers, 1,438; of the Hindoos, 1,306; and of the Andamanis, a dwarf people, only 1,220 cubic centimeters.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

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A YOUNG lady on being asked where her native place was, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

THE fact that George Washington's wife never asked where he had been when he came home late at night goes a great way toward accounting for his extreme truthfulness.

WHAT city in France is a man about to visit when he goes to get married. He is going to Havre, (have her). An old bachelor being asked the question, promptly replied, "to Rouen" (ruin.)

THIS is the season of the year when the night air is very dangerous, but the girls face death at front gates with the same heroism which has always been one of the chiefest adornments of the sex.

"BUT you see," said Smithers, "if you give up this doctrine of eternal punishment, there won't be any place for fraudulent bank officers and life-insurance presidents to go to—there's the rub!"

A LADY asked the judge what she would say in court if she were asked her age. The blunt jurist replied, "Say, madam, what I believe would be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

A NOTED politician was so fond of being "dead-headed" everywhere that when some friends were debating how to get him to attend church, one of them said: "Charge an admission fee, and he'll be after a free pass before breakfast."

THE young man had been giving his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half hour, when the old man said, with nice courtesy, "I beg your pardon, sir; but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning anything?"

A TRAVELER going to bed was surprised to see a ghost, which, or who, in a sepulchral voice began; "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveler, turning over on his pillow. "Apply to the proper quarter."

THE INNOCENT OLD MAN.—The other day the police at the Union depot noticed a feeble looking old man wandering in and out to kill the time until his train should depart, and he several times displayed quite a roll of bills, he was cautioned to look out for pickpockets and confidence men.

"Wouldn't anybody rob an old man like me, would they?" he innocently asked.

The warning was repeated, but he jogged around as before, and after a time was seen in consultation with two strangers who had walked him around to the wharf. An officer got him away from them and angrily said:

"Didn't I warn you against strangers? Those fellows are after your money."

"But how can they get it when I have it in my pocket and my hand on it all the time?"

"Well, you look out."

"Yes, I will look out, but I don't want to be uncivil. When anybody talks to me I like to talk back."

The strangers soon had him on the string again, and in about a quarter of an hour they left him in a hurried manner, and he sauntered into the depot with his wallet in his hand. "There! you've let 'em beat you?" exclaimed the officer. "How much did you lend them?"

"Well, they wanted twenty dollars," he slowly replied.

"And you handed it over, of course?"

"I gave them a fifty-dollar bill and got thirty dollars back."

"Well, you'll never see the bill again."

"I kinder hope not!" he chuckled, as he drew down his eye. "It was a counterfeit which my son found in Troy, and being as I am very old and innocent and not up to the tricks of the wicked world, I guess I'll git into the cars before somebody robs me of my boots! If anyone should come around looking for me, please say I'm not at home!"—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

## OUR BROTHERHOOD CHART.

BY H. N. SPAAN.

**A**s I glance o'er this pictured scene  
Of duty done by noble men,  
My heart throbs fast with feelings keen  
Of hope for those who, trusting, can  
Upon these heroes safely lean.

I call them heroes, not of strife  
Where murder makes a glorious name,  
But heroes of our daily life,  
Who cause us not a blush of shame,  
Nor make our lips with horror rife.

Work grandly done is always great,  
Though done by men of daily toil;  
Upon their footsteps honors wait,  
That wait not on the one who soil  
Our earth with blood, our hearts with hate.

'Tis meet that o'er this scene of toil  
An angel's hand should kindly wave,  
For war's dark stains should never soil  
The homes of those who loved ones save  
From daily want and life's turmoil.

This promise of a noble bond,  
Where labor shakes the hand of wealth,  
Will rule the future with a wand  
Of hope, and bring to toil a health  
Not born of strife's uplifted hand.

This touching scene of fond farewell,  
Between the father, mother, child,  
Speaks more of love than tongue can tell,  
And brings no thought of horrors wild,  
That on this father's pathway fell.

Another scene before us lies:  
This father stands at duty's helm;  
The day is calm—above, the skies  
Speak not of dread that will o'erwhelm  
His life before the midnight dies.

Again I see him, as he stands  
Amid the lurid lightning's glare,  
The signal rope within his hands,  
A hero of sublime despair,  
Whom death has bound with fearful bands.

Before, he sees the rushing wave  
Sweep down the bridge—a moment more—  
He finds a fireman's sudden grave.  
His soul rests now on that calm shore—  
His duty done—no need to save.

What sorrows crowd around the heart  
Of her he left with love's embrace.  
No kindly hand to take her part,  
Or wipe the tears from her sad face,  
That will with mournful memories start.

The idol of her soul is dead.  
Her babe is all that's left her now.  
Where will she lay her throbbing head?  
And who will soothe her aching brow?  
Where will she get her daily bread?

An answer comes: Her friends are near,  
The comrades of the one who died;  
They come to bring the widow cheer;  
Her daily wants they will provide,  
Because they held the dead one dear.

Oh noble men; supreme in aim!  
You help the suffering and the weak.  
What need have you of greater fame  
Than tears of love on widow's cheek?  
In Heaven your names appear in flame.

Keep nobly on in your grand way:  
Proclaim the brotherhood of man.  
The gold of power will turn to clay  
Before the heart that truly can  
A good deed show on judgment day.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 1, 1880.

The above poem will be recognized by every reader of taste and feeling as the work of one who is a sincere and sympathetic friend of all men who labor, and of none more than those of our craft. Mr. Spaan, the author, is a lawyer of Indianapolis, who, although still a young man, has won already a distinguished place in the ranks of his chosen profession, and is looked upon as one of the most able attorneys of the state. It may safely be predicted that he is destined to be known in the early future as a leader at the bar, not only at home but abroad. No one deserves success more. He is a gentleman of profound thought, broad humanitarian views, and literary culture. It is confidently believed that the readers of "Our Brotherhood Chart" will agree with me that it is a poem full of extraordinary beauty, and one worthy to be treasured in every human heart.

February 6, 1880.

S. M. STEVENS, Organizer B. of L. F.

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## Editorial.

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*E. V. DEBS, Editor.*

*WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.*

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### "A FEW WORDS TO CORRESPONDENTS OF GRAND LODGE."

In consideration of the mail matters returned to me almost daily, I consider it necessary to make a few remarks on this subject, trusting that the members of our Brotherhood will read and obey.

Occasionally when business demands it, it becomes essential for the Grand Lodge to issue orders, send out important information, &c., &c., to the Subordinate Lodges. This, according to its nature, is directed to the Recording or Financial Secretary, Master or Magazine Agent, as the case may be, and oft to my great dismay, after many days the letter is "returned to the writer." And why? Simply because it has not been called for. This, as any person will readily comprehend, causes much confusion, delay and complaint; different members notifying me that they have not been notified of this change, and that fact. None other than mail matters of consequence are sent out by the Grand Lodge, and naturally enough require immediate attention.

Some three weeks ago I mailed a letter to a certain officer of a lodge. My feelings may be better imagined than described, upon return of same this morning, accompanied by a brief message from the postmaster, stating that there was no person by that name residing in their town, as the letter had not been taken out, and furthermore that I should please discontinue correspondence with said person.

I must acknowledge I was not a little aggravated, and at the same time poorly impressed with that brother as an officer. My first impulse was that such neglect on his part was unpardonable, but upon second thought, deliberated on the long and many hours of hard and tedious labor allotted to the railroadman, and my momentary displeasure was at once subdued. Lack of time covers this seeming neglect to a great degree, though not altogether. If your time is so limited as to prevent you from attending to this, I am confident that any member of your lodge, when at leisure, would most cheerfully accommodate you by attending to the mail. Hereafter I would ask that each and every officer, not having his mail addressed to residence, nor holding a P. O. box, would call at the office at least once a week, and thus avoid unnecessary trouble in the future.

E. V. D.

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### TRAVELS OF S. M. STEVENS.

Grand Instructor Stevens returned recently from an extended trip of the entire western portion of the United States. Laden with such a goodly budget of news, we do not exaggerate when we state that it is a luxury to spend an hour in his society and hear his descriptions of life in the West. Among other things Indian life and customs are so vividly depicted by brother Stevens that one can almost fancy himself to have been there and seen for himself.

Natural scenery too is painted in brightest hues. In our admiration of all lovely things we must not lose ourselves to such an extent as to forget right here to make

mention of the hospitality which the brothers in the far West extended to the "Traveler." Everywhere he was met with the same good nature and cordiality.

Only such as have the honor of a personal acquaintance with brother Stevens, know his peculiar facility for combining business with pleasure and understand how to appreciate his invaluable services to the organization.

During the trip West four new lodges were organized. No. 18 at Mexico, Missouri; No. 19 at Wadsworth, Nevada; No. 59 at South Pueblo, Colorado, and No. 58 at Rocklin, California, comprising in all a membership of seventy-four good, earnest workers, and to this time reports come in favorably from all points. Said lodges are in a prosperous condition and new members coming in continually.

Nor did brother Stevens confine himself to new lodges. On the contrary twenty-four lodges were visited and forty important meetings held. None know so well how to infuse new spirit and vigor, as does our worthy brother.

In conclusion we may say that owing to the persistent efforts of the self-sacrificing S. M. Stevens, do we owe to a great extent what we this day undeniably are, a great, grand and glorious Order, with still a more glorious aim, viz.: that of aiding suffering humanity; and away in the dim future we can almost see ourselves glorified and purified by the sacred tears and prayers of widows and orphans.

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IN addition to the list of railroads who recognized credentials as passes to the convention, we are pleased to add the following to those of last month: Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western. These two notified us too late to mention in last Magazine.

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#### COMPLETION OF THE GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

Yesterday was an eventful day for Plattsmouth and the great railroad interests centered here. It was the day that witnessed the completion of the bridge that for the past year has been in course of construction, and the event was witnessed by a large number of railroad officials and by people who lined the banks on both sides of the great Muddy and perched themselves upon every available point for sight seeing.

The first train to cross the bridge arrived from Omaha at 7:30 and at 8:15 started for Pacific Junction across the river to meet the special train from Chicago. The train consisted of engine No. 17, Charlie Patterson engineer, Abe Young firing, and the B. & M. Directors car No. 15. The train in charge of conductor W. J. Wood. The train crossed the bridge and returned followed by the Chicago special, consisting of engine 270, A. Johnson engineer, Don Sutherland firing, Directors coach 50, C. B. & Q. dining car "San Francisco," and the pullman car "Rochester," the train in charge of conductor Ashman. The train after crossing, left the travelers at the bridge and came up to the city.

At 10:15 the eight locomotives of the C. B. & Q. that were to test the structure were seen coming up the long approach, four in a body, arriving at the east span, they were linked together and the head engine whistled the signal to start, which was echoed down the line of eight, and the immense weight moved on the spans and over the river sixty feet below, eagerly watched by a thousand spectators. Would it stand the test? no one doubted it; the eight engines filled the span, stopping while the bridge engineers took the depression, and the photographers

leveled their cameras for a view. The camber of the span empty was four inches and the engineers announced a depression of three inches to the span, leaving one inch yet before it struck a level, passing on to the next span the same result was found and a like depression resulted. The bridge had stood the immense weight upon it with perfect safety, and after the engines left a span, it went back to its former camber. Soon the locomotives commenced backing toward the Iowa side. It was a signal that the test was over; immediately the transfer boat Vice President blew her whistle, the signal of success, and it was immediately taken up by the eight engines on the bridge, by the transfer boat President, the steam ferry New Ella, and the engines in the yards on both sides of the river, and for ten minutes the average spectators could only look gratified and say nothing.

The eight locomotives which, when upon the bridge, just filled one of the four hundred foot spans averaged sixty-two tons weight each, the locomotives without the tenders weighed from thirty-three to forty tons each; each tender was by Chief Engineer Morrison's orders loaded with coal and water, bringing the weight of each engine up to the above data. Taking then sixty-two tons as the average of each, here was on each span during the test, the enormous weight of four hundred and ninety-six tons.

Work was commenced upon the bridge thirteen months ago and has been prosecuted vigorously through the summer and winter since that time to this, and has given employment to nearly five hundred men. The whole length of the work is three and one quarter miles; two miles in the east approach, one in the west, and the bridge proper, three thousand feet in length. Commencing on the Iowa side, one and a half miles is an earth grade from one to twenty-five feet deep, next comes a temporary wooden trestle two thousand feet long, followed by an iron viaduct fourteen hundred and forty feet long, which brings the work to the bridge proper. Three deck spans each two hundred feet in length coming first, which lead to the two main spans, each four hundred feet long between center of end pins. One hundred feet of viaduct connects the west end of the bridge proper to the grade. The west approach consists first of a cut through the bluffs one half mile in length, running in its deepest part eighty-five feet down in the earth. A side hill grade of one half mile completes the west approach ending in the B. & M. yards and at the station at the foot of Main street in the city.

The piers upon which the main bridge rests are face rock laid in cement, backed with beton. Their foundation is the bed rock, averaging from thirty feet below low water at the west pier to fifty-four feet below at the east. Each pier rises sixty-two feet above low water, making the whole height of the eastern pier above the bed rock one hundred and sixteen feet. These piers were commenced by sinking pneumatic caissons; afterward filled with beton, and the masonry laid up from them.

Eleven years ago the transfer commenced work at this point; to-day passengers cross one of the finest bridges in the land, and over nine hundred miles of railroad owned and controlled by the B. & M. is linked to the C. B. & Q. and the east. Plattsmouth with her four or five thousand inhabitants views it all as the fulfillment of many prophecies; that at this point was to be one of the best railroad points in the Missouri Valley; and to every citizen, home or abroad the magnificent structure here, with Geo. S. Morrison upon its door plate, will ever be a source of pride and gratification.—[*Plattsmouth Enterprise*.]

## Correspondence.

PORTLAND, MAINE, August 28, 1890.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* I am in Portland having a few days recreation and having a good time. There was a very disastrous accident about forty-eight miles from here. As far as I could ascertain, it seems that two trains, one a local train No. 13 having right of track over up freight train No. 20; both trains being somewhat late, the dispatcher made a crossing at West Paris for No. 13 to cross No. 20, and the operator neglecting to detain No. 13 after replying to the crossing, and No. 20 having her orders, left South Paris. Both trains were running at a good rate of speed, and when about two and a half miles east of West Paris, the two trains collided. The engineers and firemen escaped unhurt, but had it occurred about fifty yards further, it would have been, in all probability, instant death for all hands, as they could not have seen around a curve that is about fifty yards from where they met. Both engines were completely destroyed, also sixteen cars; the cars piled upon both of the engines, and taking fire the engines could not be saved. It is the most destructive accident that has ever occurred on this division of the road.

It is a great pity that the lives of good men and company's property should be at the mercy of such an inexperienced operator as a mere youth of sixteen. Boys of this age receive about \$1.00 per day, so in the long run it is not very profitable for this corporation. By having a good competent man experienced in railroading for about \$1.50 a day, there would not be such risks to run.

The firemen at this place are a very fine lot of men, all experienced hands; some of them having fired as long as ten years. I think at no distant day they will have a branch of our Order, and if they do, I feel satisfied they will have as good a lodge as there is in the institution.

Yours fraternally,

A. M., of No. 38.

### OUR ORDER.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* About six years ago a few determined men assembled together having the object in view to organize and give to the world an Order for the purpose of rendering the assistance and protection so necessary to that class of men termed Locomotive Firemen. The result of this determination is now widely known. An organization that has grown rapidly, and which has proved a benefit in every respect to those who have chosen to be guided by its precepts and advice, which advice has shown its influence by giving to railroad corporations a better class of men, both socially and morally, than ever before.

It has extended the hand of charity to many of its members, also giving to the helpless a means to carry them through life and rendering it an enjoyment instead of a misery; spreading its influence towards reforming the drunkard, guiding him toward the path of safety by taking the fatal cup of strong drink from his grasp; teaching its members to regard each other as brothers and causing a kindly feeling to exist, giving an object and purpose for each to perform; and men heretofore cold and uncharitable, to extend the hand of charity to those in need.

The life of a railroad man is surrounded by perils grave in the extreme. A very trivial circumstance will cause an accident and great loss of life. Our object is to give to its members an opportunity to place their families or those dependent upon

them for support in a position that they need not rely upon the mercy of the cold world for means to earn an existence and keep the unrelenting grasp of starvation and want at a distance. You give a man an assurance that in case of death or accident that his family will be provided for, and he will, I assure you, work more cheerfully than he would, knowing that leaving them alone they would have to struggle for the small pittance necessary to procure what they eat and wear.

And to-day we have a society which for cheapness and amount exceeds that of any other at the present time, and our insurance is constantly increasing. We have every assurance, judging by the increase and good will manifested towards us in the past, that by the time the next convention convenes, our insurance will reach the magnificent sum of *one thousand dollars*. And I defy any man to show a benefit of that amount given for the insignificant sum of seven dollars a year outside of the B. of L. F. And still for all the advantages that are offered by our Order there are still men who deem it a pride to boast that they would not belong to such an organization. They do not wish to associate with men who respect and try to be just to themselves, their families and their God.

Men of that class are despised by all who believe in charity. How pleasant are the thoughts that must arise when a person has assisted in doing good, in alleviating the wants of those in need, and cheering the lone *mother, widow and orphan*, and in return to receive their blessing.

Keep on, brothers; strive to increase the number of good men and good deeds. Do not, when all seems dark and dreary, imagine that you have no friends. Look ahead, and soon you will see in the distance a clear white cloud casting, as it were, a ray of hope upon your path. Be guided by its gleam, and I can assure you, that it will lead you safely through all difficulties unharmed.

Do not listen to the man that is always complaining. Still think that you have our noble Order, and remember the obligation of friendship and assistance. Work with a determination to win, ignore small difficulties, be just to your employer and fellowman. Last of all be just and respect yourself and respond to the needy call, and do all in your power to assist mankind. And at last, brothers, when the end of life approaches, you can truthfully and cheerfully say to the world: "I have done my duty towards myself, my family, my fellowman and my *God*."

Yours in B., S. and I.,

DANVILLE, ILLS., September 23, 1880.

HANK LOVELY.

WASHINGTON, KANSAS, August 1880.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* We feel that our Magazine is destined to grow and to be of considerable interest to us as Firemen. We must all admit that it is a book of useful reading, nothing injurious to our minds, but beneficial, and I believe could be of great help to our editors, if we as firemen, gave a little leisure time to its columns. Our writings may not be of an elegant type, but it shows a willingness to try and help our Magazine along. I will try and send a few wandering thoughts.

Idle gossip is one of the many illustrations which often occur to us, and that human life is a continuous stream wherein the same thoughts, the same emotions, the same loves, and the same hatreds flow on unchanged from generation to generation. The more this subject is considered, the more we become impressed with the brotherhood of all humanity.

We are often led to imagine that because the progress of science and art have changed our mode of life that therefore all things have changed. But a little reflection convinces us that the human heart is unchanged and unchangeable, the same to-day that it will be to-morrow, and the same to-morrow that it was a thousand years ago. The inclination to discuss the actions, words and looks of others, pervades all classes of society. We talk of our acquaintances sometimes from pure ill feeling, and often with intentions of harm or of amusement. We are fond of talking—talking is social—the recital and hearing of the daily occurrences among our neighbors and of petty scenes which create an ever fascinating panorama. A wrong or dishonest act committed by any one is proper I think to speak of in condemnation. This distinction alone is admissible. The general conduct of our fellow-workmen, nevertheless is often before us as a fruitful theme of gossip, and how often prone are we to comment upon it without taking the pains to ascertain the motives of those upon whose acts we make haste to place our interpretation. How often are we hasty in trying and condemning without stopping to inquire under what circumstances a certain act was committed, or if any at all? Men there always have been who have borne censure from a world ignorant of their motives—men who patiently performed what they deemed their duty—too proud to explain and too courageous to yield. Let us beware of hasty and censorious judgments, and remember that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Many sacrifice their good name for riches, which, when gained, so corrode and corrupt their consciences that they are ready to barter any or all that remains of virtue and principle within them, for more, believing that their wealth, ill gotten or not, will rescue them from this awful thing.

How often do we find men in their underhand work plotting against their fellow-man, judging him of *things which he has never had any idea of doing*. They have not got the principle to come and speak like a man to him, but in an underhand way feel it a pleasure to accuse him to others, to satisfy their own morbid feelings? I ask, do we as Firemen have any in our noble Order of this class? If so, remember your solemn obligations, *your promises*, your vow, that you would protect and help each other. If there are any such, I would add

Vow not to love me ever and forever,  
Words are such idle things,  
But when we differ in opinions, never  
Hurt me by such little stings.

Fraternally Yours,

VERIX.

*To the Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* No. 16 is at present doing remarkably well. Taking in plenty of new members, and otherwise in splendid condition.

Brother S. M. Stevens returned on September 4th from an extensive trip West, giving us a short call. We are glad to see his congenial smile again.

No. 16 contemplates giving a grand ball on Thanksgiving Eve, to be held at Dowling Hall. A fine time is expected, and the boys will work hard to make it a success as usual.

A new freight depot is in process of construction at East St. Louis. Collinsville will soon be able to boast of a similar commodity, as the same is at present being rebuilt at that point.

GRAND TRUNK.

## SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

N. G. MARSH, of No. 62, reinstated in good standing.

Brother Jacob Romans of No. 16, will please inform his lodge of his whereabouts.

LODGE No. 61 is taking the lead, and if others are not on their guard they will be away in the rear, and No. 61 marching proudly on.

BROTHER Isaac Walton of No. 57, is now on the right hand side on the Dedham branch of the B. & P. R. R. His many friends wish him success.

BROTHER George Crater of No. 77, who has been very ill, is now pronounced out of danger. His many friends will be pleased to see him in their midst again.

BROTHER George W. Smith of Success Lodge No. 33, is now located at Ellis, Kansas, on the the K. P. R. R., where he is making many warm friends for himself and the Order.

BROTHER George Lynch of No. 54, has been elected City Marshal of Moberly, Mo. We are truly proud of brother Lynch, and a more dutiful man could not have been chosen.

BROTHER Geo. R. Stacey of No. 54, wishes to return thanks to brother W. A. House, of Gate City Lodge No. 93, for favors shown him while on his trip North in the month of September.

JOHN H. FLYNN, Esq., Master Mechanic of the W. & A. R. R., stationed at Atlanta, Ga., is deserving of our heartfelt thanks for his kind recognition of the merit of members of our Order.

BROTHER Chas. Stone of No. 40, was recently married to Miss Della Largent, a most estimable young lady of Mexico, Mo. We wish the young couple a long life filled with unalloyed pleasure.

BROTHERS Charles Bradley and Ed. Ingalls of No. 90, are running engines on the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona, from Los Angeles to Tucson. Brother George McReynolds of No. 63, is also an engineer on the same road.

BROTHER J. H. Ludwig of No. 54, merits our congratulations. He went to Trenton, Mo., a short time ago, and when he returned to Moberly, it was found that he was accompanied with Mrs. Ludwig. Both have our best wishes.

WE take pleasure in announcing that brother Chas. R. Campbell of No. 84, is located at No. 413 Larimer Street, Denver, Col., where he is engaged in business with Mr. Jackson. We are pleased to add that the firm is prospering nicely.

WE are highly pleased to learn of the promotion of brother John H. Webb, of No. 42, to the position of engineer on the W. A. R. R. John is a deserving young man, and will prove himself worthy of the confidence of his superior officers.

WE are pleased to chronicle the fact, that there are three more to be added to the married list of No. 10. Brothers Evans, Lynch and Cullitan are the three happy boys, and they have the best wishes of every member of No. 10. There are now twenty-four of No. 10's members on the "married register," which makes a good foundation for a solid lodge. Twelve only remain in single blessedness. Hurry on, boys, or some of you will get left!

BROTHERS Ingles, Bailey, Martin, Bradley, Kerr and Goff of No. 90, have been promoted to the right hand side. We wish them success in their new undertaking, and trust they will meet with no stumbling blocks in their onward and upward course.

OUR kindest thanks are hereby extended to Mr. B. F. Matthias, superintendent of the D. & S. W. Railroad, for an annual pass granted our Grand Instructor S. M. Stevens. Brother McGee of No. 63, is also entitled to our thanks for having secured the favor.

BROTHER John Moran of No. 79, has been promoted to the right hand side. He is now running an engine on the E. H. & N. Division, of the L. & N. R. R. John is a reliable young man, and is certainly worthy of the confidence of his superior officers.

BROTHERS B. Jacob, W. P. Mitchell, G. W. Rains, L. R. Young, M. Scott and J. Fenton of Lone Star Lodge No. 70, will learn something to their advantage by corresponding with that lodge. Business of importance to themselves demands their immediate attention.

BROTHER Walter S. Baker of No. 36, was married to Miss Mattie Tucker of Thorntown, Ind., on the 20th of August. We join their many friends in extending our hearty congratulations, and hope their future will be as smooth as the waters of a lake when there is not enough breeze to cause a ripple.

BROTHER Ed. Jacobs of No. 98, is about to take unto himself a pardner for life. The lady is a resident of Illinois. Brother Jacobs will visit there shortly on this all-important mission, and transplant his favorite flower to the more congenial soil of Utah Territory. The young couple has our hearty congratulations.

BROTHER Edward Powers of Lone Star Lodge No. 10, is at present employed in the train service by the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona, and runs between Los Angeles and Yuma City. Brother Powers is a "power" in the cause, and we feel proud of the gallant efforts he is making to perpetuate the interests of our calling.

BROTHER Harry Watts of No. 88, one of our most earnest workers, enjoys the distinction of holding the position of Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F., of Utah Territory. Brother Watts enjoys the favors of all who know him, and his superior qualities make him a credit to all institutions in which he holds membership.

WE are in receipt of a letter from "*Sphinx*," of No. 98, containing elegant wedding cards of Miss Annie E. Young of Lampaigne, Ills., to Mr. G. Harry Whitney of Kalamazoo, Mich. The boys of No. 98 are quite jubilant over the affair. We sincerely join them in their hearty congratulations, and trust that "long life and happiness" may be the lot of Mr. & Mrs. Whitney.

WE are informed that brothers C. T. Ritchey and George Matthews of No. 22, are now located at La Veta, Col., on the Rio Grande—on the Mountain run from La Veta to the Summit, a distance of fourteen miles. The said road has a grade of 217 feet to the mile. The danger of descending so steep a grade is quite apparent, and were it not for the water brake which is brought into requisition, many distressing accidents would be occasioned.

BROTHERS Crowley and Mummert of No 54, are running switch engines in the Moberly yard of the W. St. L. and P. Railroad, and brothers J. A. Smith, J. J. Murphy and Wm. Cheney of the same lodge are on the right hand side, running between Brunswick and Stansbury on the same road. The B. of L. F. is evidently flourishing in Missouri. Keep on with the good work, boys!

WE are in receipt of a North Platte (Neb.) paper, giving the full account of a performance by the Amateur Dramatic Association of that place. Prominent among those who won the laurels on the occasion, appears the name of our own brother, P. H. Sullivan of No. 28. Brother Sullivan has much native ability, and we are not surprised to see him shine as a star of magnitude in the dramatic field.

BROTHERS Ed. Harlom and Fred Small of No. 90, will leave West Oakland soon to return to their home in Main, where they expect to reside permanently. We are assured that they will use their efforts to strengthen our cause in the New England States. They are both young and energetic, and we feel confident that they will do the utmost in their power to sustain their reputation as leaders of our organization.

WE are in receipt of a highly entertaining letter from brothers Ricard and John Dodge, San Diego, Cal., prominent members of Lodge No. 46, and formerly of Chicago. We are pleased to learn that they are thoroughly enjoying the benefit of a luxuriant home in that beautiful land. Blessed with health and prosperity, they are reaping the bountiful harvest which springs up only about the path of the industrious and honorable. The best wishes of every brother goes out to them and their worthy ladies.

WE are in receipt of a stereoscopic view of the residence of brothers R. V. and J. M. Dodge in California. It is certainly one of the most beautiful sites we have ever seen. The large and elegant homestead is surrounded by an elegant plateau, all of which appears to be under cultivation. The stately wind-mill, the beautiful trees and shrubberies, all challenge our admiration. Our worthy brothers and their families should feel happy indeed to dwell in such a lovely country, surrounded as they are by everything that one can wish for. Were it any one else we would be tempted to envy them; as it is, however, we congratulate them and wish them health, happiness and an abundance of prosperity in their new home.

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## RESOLUTIONS.

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At our regular meeting held September 5, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted for our ex-master, Geo. A. Hewitt, of Bay State Lodge No. 73.

WHEREAS, He respectfully declined to accept the office for the ensuing term, be it

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be tendered to our worthy brother, Geo. A. Hewitt, for the faithful manner in which he has conducted the business of our lodge, for the past two and a half years as its worthy master, and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to him, and the same be printed in the Magazine.

WORCESTER, MASS., September 5th, 1880.

L. C. WILSON, }  
M. E. COBB, } Committee.  
THOS. LOYND, }

At a regular meeting of Bay State Lodge No, 73, held September 5, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted:

**WHEREAS**, It has pleased Almighty God to call away the long suffering father of our esteemed brother Jas. Mead, an honored and respected engineer; therefore, be it,

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with our brother in his affliction, and we commend him in his sorrow to Him, who is the "resurrection and the life," assuring our brother that He, who thought it wise to deprive him of a loving parent, will also send His Holy Spirit to minister consolation to him in his trouble.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect, that these resolutions be placed on the record of this lodge, and our brother be presented with a copy, and the same be published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

WORCESTER, MASS., September 5th, 1880.

M. E. COBB,  
GEO. A. HEWITT, } Committee.  
THOS. LOYND.

### QUERIES.

*Editor Magazine:* MESSRS. R. A. O. and A. G. T. ask ex-Fireman to explain how a receiving port can be blocked, without interfering with the travel of the valve.

In answer I would say that the block can not interfere, if placed one sixteenth of an inch below the top surface of the valve-seat, and the pressure of steam would hold the block in place.

Respectfully,

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 19, 1880.

EX-FIREMAN.

### WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 30. L. C. Chase, to join No. 27.
- No. 52. James Powers, to join elsewhere.
- No. 73. R. E. Adams, to join elsewhere.

### BLACK LIST.

- No. 10. Wm. Carmont, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 27. O. Grubb, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 52. W. B. Lancaster, expelled for defrauding lodge.
- No. 54. Henry Thomas, expelled for non-payment of dues; Julius Bresson, expelled for defrauding lodge.
- No. 57. J. H. Dudley and C. N. Richardson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 73. C. O. Mansur, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 98. Thomas L. Force, expelled for non-payment of dues.

### GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

*elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.*

- F. W. ARNOLD.....Grand Master,  
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block, Columbus, O.
- J. E. BRIGGS.....Vice Grand Master,  
Waterloo, Ia.
- E. V. DEBS.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,  
Terre Haute, Ind.
- S. M. STEVENS.....Grand Instructor,  
Lowell, Mass.
- I. H. CROSSMAN.....Grand Warden,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

- DAN. LAZEART.....Grand Conductor,  
San Francisco, Cal.
- W. H. WIPPEN.....Grand Inner Guard,  
Boston, Mass.
- D. H. DILL.....Grand Outer Guard,  
Marshall, Tex.
- WM. KARCHER.....Grand Chaplain,  
Philadelphia, Pa.
- WM. KELLARD.....Grand Marshal,  
Chicago, Ill.
- E. V. DEBS.....Editor Magazine,  
Terre Haute, Ind.

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

JNO. BRODERICK.....Hornellsville, N. Y.  
J. M. DODGE.....Chicago, Ill.

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....Chicago, Ill.  
OLE THOMPSON.....Carlin, Nev.  
P. H. SULLIVAN.....North Platte, Neb.  
JOSE. CLARK.....Cleveland, O.  
C. T. RITCHY.....Urbana, Ill.  
C. J. MCGEE.....Danville, Ill.  
A. BASSETT.....Fargo, D. T.  
B. S. KEITH.....Clinton, Ia.  
W. P. DANFORTH.....Worcester, Mass.  
W. MARONEY.....Chicago, Ill.

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master  
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y  
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes, Magazine Agents.
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.  
A. Jenkinson.....Master  
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.  
I. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master  
P. W. Birch, 918 1st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y  
John C. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent  
No. 420 12th st. s. w. Washington, D. C.
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
A. J. Gabard.....Master  
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
F. W. Arnold.....Master  
(Room 2, Pioneer Block.)  
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
(City Water Works.)  
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. McClure.....Magazine Agent  
(160 south High street.)
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.  
F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st.....Master  
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y  
T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Darling, No. 26 Pelton ave.....Mag. Ag't
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master  
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st.....Fin. Sec'y  
I. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Friday evenings at 8 o'clock over Citizens National Bank, Washington street.  
S. M. Stevens.....Master  
W. N. Sayre.....Rec. Sec'y  
C. Zepp.....Fin. Sec'y  
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
R. Ebbage, 615 N. 7th st.....Master  
E. V. Debs, City Clerks office.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. P. Saunders.....Magazine Agent  
No. 825 North Ninth street.
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
T. A. Galloway.....Master  
(East St. Louis, Ill.)  
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END LODGE, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.  
Thomas Crawford.....Master  
Geo. W. Steding.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y  
E. H. BeCraft and C. M. Stone.....Mag. Ag'ts
19. STYLE TRUCKEE LODGE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.  
Thomas Largh.....Master  
John Brod.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Purcell.....Fin. Sec'y  
Fred Murray.....Magazine Agt  
M. Coyle.....
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
Wm. Underhill.....Master  
J. S. Holm.....Rec. Sec'y  
R. Von Harten.....Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
Wm. Stevenson.....Master  
H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
W. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
J. M. Garrett.....Master  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y  
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent

23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) ..... Master  
C. Hahn ..... Rec. Sec'y  
care Benders drug store.  
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
P. Powers, 82 Story Ave. .... }  
H. Peak, 494 Chestnut st. .... } Mag. Ag'ts
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
R. S. Pike ..... Master  
Dan Finley ..... Vice Master  
J. D. Russell ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Fuller ..... Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
W. Munn ..... Master  
E. D. Eckman (Box 399) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146) ..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. S. Davis (Box 1146) ..... Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.  
P. H. Sullivan ..... Master  
H. J. Clark ..... Rec. Sec'y  
T. Brown ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Brown ..... Magazine Ag't
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
J. M. Dubois ..... Master  
Jno. Graves ..... Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Briggs, 427 S. Third st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
O. Lane ..... Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kas.  
W. H. Davies (box 917) ..... Master  
J. I. Steel, (box 146) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
D. Young (box 917) ..... Fin. Sec'y  
W. H. Davies ..... Mag. Ag't
32. BORDER LODGE, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
G. W. Gibbons ..... Master  
W. H. Hamilton ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Gibbons ..... Magazine Agent
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo.  
G. W. Smith ..... Master  
Fred Mowery ..... Rec. Sec'y  
F. H. Glover ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Tony Roth ..... Mag. Ag't
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
B. S. Keith ..... Master  
A. J. Sill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill ..... Mag. Ag'ts
35. AMBOY, at Amboy, Ills. Meets in Engineers Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
T. Hinchcliff ..... Master  
Henry Schermerhorn (box 345) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. M. Palmer ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Titus Hinchcliff ..... Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7.30 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street ..... Master  
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Brewer ..... Magazine Agent
37. NEW HOPE, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
M. B. Willard (Box 202) ..... Master  
F. M. James ..... Rec. Sec'y  
H. G. Cormick ..... Fin. Sec'y  
M. B. Willard ..... Mag. Ag't
38. AVON, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall, (box 389).  
Angus Menish ..... Master  
Fred Mingay ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Dan. Ross ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jas. Moore ..... Magazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave. .... Master  
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house, Fin. Sec'y  
J. C. Hall, 913 West Mulberry st. .... Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 P. M., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers Hall.  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st. .... Master  
D. W. Moses ..... Rec. Sec'y  
O. P. Gould ..... Fin. Sec'y  
F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st. .... Mag. Ag't
42. KENNESAW LODGE, Atlanta, Ga.  
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops. Master  
H. C. Dunlap do do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
W. H. Thrash do do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Jno. M. Webb do do ..... Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
L. Mooney ..... Master  
L. H. Ingersoll ..... Rec. Sec'y  
O. W. Richardson ..... Fin. Sec'y  
L. H. Ingersoll ..... Magazine Agent
44. F. W. ARNOLD LODGE, at East St. Louis, Ill.  
J. B. Machin ..... Master  
S. W. Dugan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Thos. Rodgers ..... Mag. Ag't
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
J. Schellhorn ..... Master  
F. A. Richardson ..... Rec. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger ..... Fin. Sec'y  
H. H. Lindenberger ..... Magazine Agent  
No. 911 North street.
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.  
W. R. Whitcom, 809 S. 12th st ..... Master  
(Lock box 1126)  
G. D. Partington do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
A. D. Hensley do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Louis Smith do ..... Magazine Ag't
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave ..... Master  
Jas. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave. .... Rec. Sec'y  
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street. .... Fin. Sec'y  
T. P. Murphy, 1500 Indiana ave. .... Mag. Ag't
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, at Decatur, Ill. Meets at Engineers Hall near Union Depot.  
Wm. Felton ..... Master  
A. Johan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
Edward Knight ..... Fin. Sec'y  
Wm. Felton ..... Mag. Ag't

50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers' Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. .... Master  
 W. Field ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Cor. State and 47th st.  
 W. R. Parker ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Cor. State & 47th st.  
 W. S. Barrow 4532 Dearborn st. .... Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 James Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at R. of L. F. Hall, corner Spear and Twelfth Sts.  
 R. Warner ..... Master  
 J. S. Cool ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. Laing ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 W. P. Crowley, do ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Alex. M. Cronin ..... Master  
 Wm. Buchanan ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Clark ..... Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. .... Master  
 L. L. Parker, Jr. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.  
 Jno. C. Adams ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn ..... Magazine Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO**, at Rocklin, California.
59. **ROYAL GORGE**, at South Pueblo, Colorado. Meets every Saturday night.  
 Wm. Kinney, Lock Box 37 ..... Master  
 H. Henman, " ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 John Daley, " ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. Kinney, " ..... Mag. Ag't
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.  
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st. .... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. .... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.  
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. .... Master  
 Chas. Montgomery, 28 E. 3d st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. .... Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 ..... Master  
 O. E. Histed ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. A. Kellogg ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. A. Bryden ..... Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.  
 W. A. Pickering ..... Master  
 J. A. Bain (box 772) ..... Fin. and Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. J. McGee, box 1372 ..... Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY LODGE**, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday.  
 F. P. Smith ..... Master  
 J. J. McDonald ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. S. Gilman and J. C. Curtis ..... Mag. Ag't
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 Chas. Pope, 68 Wolsley st. .... Master  
 Jas. Allen, do ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Alex. Mowat, do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Richardson House, cor. King & Brock st.  
 Jno. Scott, do ..... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 ..... Master  
 C. MacIow, box 13 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Charles Raymond, box 13 ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Bruce ..... Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood ..... Master  
 D. H. Dill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Nicols ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Dill ..... Mag. Ag't
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 231 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st. .... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st. .... Master  
 Wm. Cows, 411 Hartman st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st. .... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith, ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot ..... Master  
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Howey, 48 Salem st. .... Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.  
 E. Y. Freeman ..... Master  
 Archey Clark, 1215 Wyoming st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. McGarrahan ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Fleming, ..... Magazine Ag't  
 1325 St. Louis ave., West Kansas City, Mo.

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock in Surveyor's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.  
 E. A. Mace ..... Master  
 3809 Grape st. West Phila.  
 R. E. Dupell, 515 North 37th st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st. Fin. Sec'y  
 H. A. Knepley, 609 N. 37th st. Mag. Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
 G. Monahan ..... Master  
 John Young ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jas. Collins ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. H. Walker ..... Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar Street, at 9:30 a. m.  
 Ira Thompson ..... Master  
 Jno. Schardt, 10 & 12 Market st. Rec. Sec'y  
 W. Evatt ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 I. Thompson ..... Mag. Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.  
 Arthur Sandy ..... Master  
 J. D. Weaver ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. T. Browne, 1712 7th st., south. Fin. Sec'y  
 H. Clark and Jas. Mathews. Mag. Ag't's
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.  
 D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street. Master  
 Wm. Atkinson, U. P. En. House. Rec. Sec'y  
 T. F. Barry ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Loury, U. P. En. House. } Mag. Ag'ts  
 C. O. Meara }
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.  
 Jno. Burns ..... Master  
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Burns ..... do ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.  
 T. J. Kellett ..... Master  
 J. Wheat ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 B. Chaplin ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. Nottage ..... Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
 Dennis P. Murphy ..... Master  
 John F. Hittle (Box 5) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 S. M. Cunningham ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. R. Paskell ..... Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.  
 L. Krauss ..... Master  
 A. D. Gould ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Frank A. Hutchens ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Harry Watts ..... Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.  
 J. A. Resseguie ..... Master  
 J. F. F. Hale ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. A. Resseguie ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Ole Thompson ..... Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.  
 C. C. Walker ..... Master  
 J. Perrin ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jerome B. Clark ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Perrin ..... Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednesday, at Kings Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.  
 D. Fifield, S. P. shops ..... Master  
 No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
 Geo. A. Aldrich, ..... Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
 F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st. Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa. D. Garrett ..... Master  
 N. J. Tallmadge ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 James Crawley ..... Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.  
 M. E. Clark ..... Master  
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. E. Clark do ..... Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.  
 J. M. Miller, 152 N. Sangamon st. Master  
 Wm. Keillard, 218 Halstead st. Fin. Sec'y  
 P. B. Murphy, 132 N. Union st. Rec. Sec'y  
 J. T. Gorman ..... Mag. Ag't  
 321 West Indiana street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.  
 L. V. Tipton ..... Master  
 cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
 L. V. Tipton ..... Magazine Ag't  
 Cor. Jefferson and Shirk streets.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.  
 Wm. Hughes ..... Master  
 C. E. Hill ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 G. Hughes ..... Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.  
 W. J. Toy ..... Master  
 F. Britten ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 F. Young ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 E. Prudence ..... Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) Master  
 M. E. Daly ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Hassett ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. A. Wilson ..... Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
 C. O. Dixon ..... Master  
 J. W. Lee ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Weller ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. Bingleben ..... Mag. Ag't

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No. 11.

AUNT NESBITT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



THE train stopped; the conductor shouted, "Holmes' Hill." It was an express; there was just time to bid adieu to stiff, old Mrs. Murray. Vera was helped off the car by Mr. Murray, who was as stiff and solemn as his wife. Vera had felt all the way as if she were a criminal under the charge of two wooden jailors, animated by machinery.

There were no other passengers to descend; nobody on the platform but the employees, and a few gaping boys. A single carriage was waiting at a little distance—an old-fashioned affair, that looked like a small caravan.

"Is that Miss Nesbitt's carriage?" Mr. Murray asked one of the men. There came an affirmative answer.

"Come then, my dear; there's no time to lose," said the old gentleman. "This is the young lady you are to drive to Miss Nesbitt's," he added, to the coachman. "Take the checks, please, and get her luggage. Good-by, once more, Miss Vera! I hope we shall hear good reports of your health, and—all the rest."

He was gone before Vera could thank him for his good wishes, if she had desired; but she did not. She was too much vexed at that last hesitating clause. She was sure now that mamma had told him the whole story. This was what made him roll up his eyes at her, and gasp every few moments. This was what made Mr. Murray quote Dr. Watts, and talk vaguely about the horrible sin of disobeying one's pastors and masters.

Well, they were gone anyway. Now for Aunt Nesbitt. Vera got into the ancient chariot, and waited while her luggage was fastened on behind. She heard the men swear about one box, and it was finally decided that it should be left, and sent over later by Jo Cruch. Her consent was not even asked by Miss Nesbitt's old, willful servant. Vera felt this an additional indignity. Perhaps he knew, too. Probably, Miss Nesbitt could no more keep anything to herself than mamma.

The carriage drove off. Vera leaned back in her seat unhappy enough, but just for the moment, more sulky than miserable. Her natural guardians were not content with breaking her heart, they must needs make her ridiculous.

Up hill and down, over a passable road, through pretty scenery, a rapid little river, and cultivated fields, and pleasant woodlands in the foreground, with a long sweep of lofty hills beyond. That was what Vera saw as the fat horses trotted leisurely. Many girls in her state of mind would have regretted that the country had not been desolate and bare; but Vera was neither sentimental nor an idiot. Because she could not have what she wanted in the world, she felt to be no reason why she should avoid any chance pleasantness which might come in her way.

At last the driver turned, and pointed out a house, down in a narrow valley they were entering.

"There 'tis," he said, laconically. Thomas seldom honored women by talking to them. He thought the race dangerous and uninteresting.

Vera looked, and saw an old-fashioned brick house, with wide-spreading wings, half-hidden among fine, old cedars, standing a pleasant distance back from the highway.

Thomas hailed a boy, and persuaded him to open the gates. They drove through; they stopped by the veranda steps. Out of the house came a tall, erect, elderly lady, rather a handsome one, too, with a sufficiently kindly face, had it not been for the satirical expression of the mouth, and the sharp gleam of her gray eyes. Vera had never seen her great-aunt but once, years and years ago. She looked eagerly at this new jailor, as she mentally called her.

"How do you do, Vera?" said Miss Nesbitt, holding out her hand, and helping the young lady to descend all with as much composure as if her relative lived in the house, and had only been absent for a day. "Drive round to the side door with the luggage, Thomas; have it carried up the back stairs."

As the man obeyed, she turned to Vera again.

"Hum!" said she. "You're eyes are not red. I expected you to arrive drowned in tears; both your sisters did."

"I am sorry to disappoint you; but I seldom indulge in tears," replied Vera, with great stateliness.

There was an amused, rather approving look in the old woman's eyes, which Vera did not notice.

"You are the third," she continued. "I have had just one visit in turn from my grand nieces."

Vera was so irritated by the sarcastic smile on the thin lips, that she could not resist throwing the gauntlet down at once.

"Have you ever had any other prisoners?" demanded she.

"Oh, no," replied the old lady, perfectly unmoved. "Mine is a very private mad-house, indeed, reserved exclusively for my affectionate relatives."

She laughed; and belligerent as she felt, Vera could not help laughing also.

"Good!" said Aunt Nesbitt. "Come in now; luncheon is on the table. I must eat at all events."

"So must I," said Vera. "I'm awfully hungry. The supper on the boat last night was wretched, and I could eat no breakfast, because Mr. Murray sat rolling his eyes at me like a galvanized owl."

"Come in," said Aunt Nesbitt. She was thinking, "This girl is made of different stuff from her sisters. Veronica Nesbitt, she reminds me of you in the old, old days."

They went into the dining-room. The luncheon was excellent, and Vera ate with an excellent appetite.

"You're not a bit like a heroine," observed Aunt Nesbitt, at last.

"I think I should be rather of the Amazon order if I were," replied Vera, coolly.

"Do you mean that as a threat?" asked her aunt.

"No," said Vera, "I didn't mean to be disagreeable; but I made up my mind last night that it would be silly. I should punish myself more than you, so I intend to make the best of life I can."

"It's very dull here," said the old lady.

"I shan't mind for awhile."

"But you are to stay here till you're cured."

Vera smiled.

"I understand. You think you are likely to stay always," said Aunt Nesbitt. "So did Jane; she stayed three months. So did Josephine; she held out five. Imagine what I must be like."

"I should say it was you who got tired of them," returned Vera. "You found husbands for both of them."

"Yes; rich Mr. Musters happened to come here that season. Jane decided that diamonds and millions were better in hand than love in a cottage in prospective."

"And Josephine took to good works, and married a parson."

"I was glad. She tired me after she took so violently to religion. First she thought of being a Romanist and a nun. Then the parson came along, and she wanted to convert me; she thought I was no better than a heathen. I don't know what you'll take to, I'm sure," said Aunt Nesbitt, putting her head on one side, and eying her grand-niece with an aggravating smile.

"I suppose I must choose ologies, and isms, and strong-mindedness generally," Vera replied.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Nesbitt, with a comical, rueful look. "Perhaps you'd like to go and see your prison cell. Ah, here comes Maria," as a tidy, middle-aged servant appeared. "Maria, show Miss Vera her quarters, please. I must go out, and see Sims about those oxen."

Vera was taken to her apartments, a pleasant bedroom and a dressing-room, handsomely furnished, in an old-fashioned way, with a lovely look-out from the windows. Maria was in ecstasies at Miss Vera's praise of the place, asked for her keys, and began taking the things out of her trunks.

Vera sat down by one of the dressing-room windows, leaned her elbows on the sill, and gazed wistfully out over the pretty scene.

Suddenly she felt the half-bitter, half-bewildered composure, which had supported her during the interview, begin to give way. She closed the door into the dressing-room, where Maria was still busy, turned the keys softly in the door, and let her hysterical passion have its course. She wept for a while, as if her heart was bursting, careful to restrain her sobs so that no sound could reach the apartment beyond.

"There, I think I've cried enough," she said, at last, with an odd, choking little laugh, "I've kept it back for a whole week. I'll not try it again for some time; it makes me despise myself."

She threw herself on her bed and fell sound asleep. No wonder; she had scarcely slept or eaten four nights and days.

There seems a fatality in the Raymond family. Before Vera, two sisters had, in turn, been exiled for the same offence which my heroine had committed; a determination to love the wrong man, an unpardonable sin according to Mrs. Raymond's creed.

Vera could remember when the oldest sister, Jane, was sent to Aunt Nesbitt's dwelling. She was thirteen when Josephine went. As she grew up she always vowed that no such destiny should overtake her. The very rapidity with which her sisters had recovered from their troubles, and come home calm, forgetful of

their dreams, "engaged," had filled Vera with contempt. She got to eighteen, considering herself as worldly as her mother; vowing that a girl's mission was to have riches, and leave herself just heart enough to appreciate the pathetic scenes in a novel. Mrs. Raymond was delighted with her pupil. Vera had always been her favorite child. She grew up much handsomer than her other daughters, and was "so sensible."

It was autumn when Vera came to Aunt Nesbitt's. Late, the winter before, her mother had introduced her into society. Some new and wonderful *parti* had made his appearance, and Mrs. Raymond determined that he should fall a prey to Vera's charms. The girl made a grand success. She was the belle of the season; had a crowd of admirers always about her. Her witticisms were quoted; her singing and dancing pronounced adorable; her blond beauty unsurpassed.

She flirted outrageously, but her mother did not mind that. The millionaire whom Mrs. Raymond meant to attract—for whom Mrs. Raymond launched into extravagances that she could ill afford—struggled awhile against his fate, as eligible men, who have learned to believe themselves hunted by pretty girls and match-making mammas, are wont to do, fell at last a hopeless victim. Mrs. Raymond had no fears; she was sure that when he proposed, Vera would accept him. Mr. Osborn made the mother his confidant. He wished, before addressing Vera, to be certain that she had learned to care for him. The foolish man wanted to be loved by his future wife! Mrs. Raymond was not sorry to retain Vera a little longer; to display her at Newport and other desirable places.

But, alas! just as spring came on, a dreadful blow struck the scheming mother. Vera "made a fool of herself." She was discovered secretly to have become engaged to handsome More Rivington, a man of excellent family and all that, but poor as a church mouse. Past experiences had taught Mrs. Raymond wisdom. She did not fly into a rage; she only talked reason, laughed, and carried Vera off on a round of visits, ending in a stay at Newport, where Vera was made a queen of, and enjoyed her sovereignty so much, that the mother believed her victory was to be an easy one.

But toward the close of the season her short-lived hopes received a second fall. Mr. Osborn proposed to Vera, and was refused. Several other men shared the same fate. Mrs. Raymond almost turned into a Bedlamite, but it was of no avail. Vera did not shriek and moan, as her sisters had done; neither threatened, like them, to go into a convent or kill herself.

"I love More Rivington," she said with a cold composure that her mother called obstinacy. "It would be a sin to marry another man. I will not do it."

She was impervious to anger, sneers, prayers. She grew pale and thin, but she would not yield.

"Pack your trunks," cried Mrs. Raymond, at last, in utter despair. "Be off to Aunt Nesbitt's. You're as big a fool as your sisters. You'll get cured fast enough, but it will be too late. Isabel Rush will catch Harry Osborne, and I never will forgive you—never! More Rivington is the greatest flirt in existence. He'll never work at his profession. Before next spring he will marry some heiress. You'll be in a sweetly ridiculous position then."

So the exile to Aunt Nesbitt's came about. She was Vera's great-aunt; a very rich, whimsical, tyrannical old maid, according to the world's verdict. Vera had seen her years before, when she brought Josephine home, and had thought her the

most awful woman she ever set eyes on. Both her sisters pronounced her a Gorgon—a fiend; and Vera could easily believe she was both, and several other horrible things added. Miss Nesbitt never visited her niece, and only permitted visits from her at rare intervals. She told Mrs. Raymond, with the charming frankness common to rich relations, that if she (Mrs. R.) were not the most tremendous fool in the world, she would have been the greatest rogue. Still she sent her money sometimes, and Mrs. Raymond bore her cynicism for the sake of the material aid.

So, now, here, in the midst of the beautiful September, Vera was landed under the Gorgon roof, and the old woman's reception made her hope that, after all, life would be more endurable than exposed to her mother's petty persecutions. Aunt Nesbitt looked as determined as a rock, capable of passing sentence on a guilty person, and hanging the criminal with her own hands; but she evidently would attempt no small tyranny, and Vera felt that she could bear anything better than "nagging." She did not see her aunt again until dinner-time. She appeared in the dining-room as carefully dressed as if she had expected to meet a dozen people.

The old lady talked cheerfully, as she might to any young lady visitor; and Vera thoroughly enjoyed her quaint stories, and sarcastic views of men and women in general.

"Hum!" said the old lady, at last, "I think you must mean mischief, mademoiselle, my niece."

"You said all girls did," said Vera.

"Jane went about in a dressing-gown, with her hair down her back, for a week," pursued the old lady. "She looked very like Juliet. She repeated poetry, and bayed at the moon like a dog. Nothing but a cold in her head, and a swollen nose, made her stop these performances."

"I'm too vain to run such risks," said Vera.

"Josephine had hysterics once in two hours for ten days," continued Aunt Nesbitt. "She lived on green tea without any milk in it; tried to poison herself once with red ink. Once my maid woke me in the middle of the night, to say that my niece was raving on the top of the house, trying to throw herself off the roof, with old Thomas and the housekeeper holding her."

"What did you do?" asked Vera, calmly.

"Went up stairs—sent the servants down. 'You shan't stop me, I will die,' shrieked the heroine. 'Die,' said I, 'why not? Good-by, my love, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. I'll count, when I get to five, if you haven't jumped over, I'll throw you down with these two hands.'"

Vera fairly shrieked with laughter.

"What did she do?"

"Fainted away, of course."

"And you?"

"I pinched her! 'Get up,' said I. 'One—two—three—make ready—four!' Up she got, down stairs she ran like a lamplighter, and locked herself in her room. She never got me out of bed again, in the middle of the night, I assure you."

"It is plain that I can't do anything in the romantic line," observed Vera. "I will not copy, I must think of something original."

The evening passed well enough; the calm was a relief, after all Vera had gone through with her mother. She made tea for Miss Nesbitt, she played the piano at her request, read aloud, and was sent off to bed early.

She had vowed not to weep for a long time, but she had a bad night, nevertheless.

Two days elapsed before Aunt Nesbitt said anything more about this matter, which had obtained her the companionship of her grand-niece. The letters had come in while they were at breakfast. Miss Nesbitt looked to see if the girl seemed disappointed because there were none for her.

"Vera," said she, "few women can keep a promise—can you?"

A strange smile flitted over Vera's lips. Aunt Nesbitt understood that it meant, "I have made one promise I mean to keep."

Miss Nesbitt considered a little. Was this just girlish obstinacy, or was it a woman's firm resolve?

"Vera," she continued, "I hate to be bored by watching and spying. Will you engage neither to receive or send letters to that young man of yours?"

"I told him I would not write, that I would do nothing underhanded and mean," said Vera with flashing eyes, though she grew white to the lips that quivered so piteously, in spite of her self-control.

"If he finds out where you are, and comes here, will you promise not to take to stolen interviews?"

"I would see him, if I could," replied Vera, quietly. "But you need not be afraid. He has to go, or has gone, to Australia."

"Ah, yes!" cried Aunt Nesbitt. "The old story! He is to make a fortune, and come back. Let me see—you may expect to meet him when you are about forty-two."

"I can wait," said Vera.

"Though it is more probable you will hear of his return in about a year and a half, with an Australian heiress for a wife, added Miss Nesbitt opening her letters.

"Did any man ever treat you so?" demanded Vera, too angry to think what might be the consequences of rousing the old lady's anger.

Miss Nesbitt laid down her letter, leaned her hands on the table, and looked her niece through and through with her steely gray eyes.

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "a man did treat me just in that way. Are you satisfied now? Will you admit that I have some right to doubt young men—young women too?"

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the impulsive girl. "Indeed, indeed, I am sorry!"

"There's no harm done," said Miss Nesbitt, in an odd tone, "Vera, you are the only human being that ever heard my secret. I don't know why I answered you. I ought to have boxed your ears."

"I wish you would—I deserve it," cried Vera.

"I never box anybody's ears, unless they tread on Seraph's tail," said Aunt Nesbitt, stroking the head of a beautiful Angora cat, that sat on a chair by her side, sleepily staring at Vera, looking a little contemptuous, as if he had seen so much of girl romances that he was sick of them. "I'd box Queen Victoria's ears for that. But I am sixty-two—women don't have feelings at that age—it is only pretty Juliets of eighteen, who can indulge in such luxuries."

Vera could not decide whether she liked or detested Aunt Nesbitt; at all events, she was suddenly interested in her, and wished she dared ask questions about the long-lost romance, which Vera felt held a profound tragedy under it.

"I was very rude," she said. "I have grown irritable. I—I have had a good deal to make me so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A STRIKE.

ONCE upon an evening dreary,  
 As I pondered sad and weary  
 O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before;  
 As I thought of countless stitches  
 To be placed in little breeches;  
 Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before,  
 At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task was o'er,  
 To that basket evermore.

John, with scarce a sign or motion,  
 Sat and read the *Inter-Ocean*,  
 With no thought of the commotion  
 Which within me rankled sore.  
 "He," thought I, "when day is ended,  
 Has no babies to be tended,  
 He can sit and read and snore;  
 He can sit and read and rest him;  
 Must I work thus evermore?"  
 And my heart rebellious answered,  
 "Nevermore! No, nevermore!"

For, though I am but a woman,  
 Every nerve within is human—  
 Aching, throbbing, when o'erworked—  
 Mind and body sick and sore.  
 "I will strike. When day is ended,  
 Though the stockings are not mended,  
 Though my course can't be defended;  
 Safe behind the closet-door,  
 Goes that basket with the mending,  
 And I'll haunted be no more.  
 In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do;  
 When the evening lamps are lighted—I will read the papers too."  
 [Mrs. R. H. DeLa in *Inter-Ocean*.

## THE ARCTIC RIDDLE.

THE mystery of the North Pole, like the riddle of the Sphinx, costs the lives of those who try and fail to guess it. The icebergs that tower in those frozen waters are but so many monuments to the universal death that everywhere reigns. The news from San Francisco that the exploring vessel *Jeanette*, sent on a tour of investigation by the New York *Herald*, will never be heard from again, meets the report of Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition, in search of relics of Sir John Franklin, that the exact fate of that eminent but ill-fated explorer will never be known.

It was thirty-five years last July since his ships were for the last time seen in Baffin's Bay. Three years afterward England sent the first expedition in search of

him and his men, and since that time more than twenty more have sailed. Little by little and piece by piece, they have brought home the relics and mementoes which have gradually told the story of the fate that overtook them in that land of perpetual ice. For many years, there were floating about vague beliefs that he and his men were still alive, and might one day be found again. This tradition was fostered by Lady Franklin's devotion to her husband's memory, and her heroic measures for discovering the secret locked up somewhere in the dreary Arctic wastes. Her bereavement infected the sympathies of the civilized world, and the crusades which were preached and led, sometimes by English pluck, often by American enterprise, have at last brought back the tidings that nothing more can ever be known.

In 1854 skeletons of some of the men were discovered. In 1859 a paper found in a cairn where it had been placed by one of Franklin's officers, briefly saying "Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847," blotted out the faint figures which the imagination fancied it was still moving in that northern twilight, and nearly destroyed Lady Franklin's grief-stricken mind. Then half a dozen spoons, inwrought with Sir John Franklin's crest, were, in 1872, given by a native to Captain Barry, an American explorer, with the statement that he had taken them from a cairn 700 miles distant, where books and other relics still remained. Captain Barry, with Lieutenant Schwatka, were, two years ago, sent out by the enterprise of New York merchants, and landed at the head of Repulse Bay. Thence, going and returning' they made a sledge journey of 3,000 miles, traveling over ice and snow, and, what was still more difficult, over broken and jagged clay stone, with marshes intervening, and covered with patches of brown and green moss, with purple flowers peeping through the crevices of the stones. On this journey they lived and preserved their health by eating the food which the Esquimaux eat and the game which in some places abounded. During the winter the thermometer was frequently from 50 to 60 degrees below zero, and, at one time, fell to 103.

They found no cairn, as was told to Captain Barry, but they discovered several skeletons, a ship's boat, or rather the prow and stern post, with a few clinkered boards still holding together, gilt navy buttons, copper and iron bolts, shot, cartridges, powder-cans, barrels, broken medicine and wine bottles, axes and a few barrel staves. The rigid climate had preserved, for over thirty years, pieces of navy blue cloth, which were scattered along the shores of the inlets. With the exception of a scrap of paper marked with an index finger pointing southerly, no writing of any sort was found.

And so, after enduring great hardships but no great suffering, the expedition returned, still leaving to the Esquimaux and the eternal cold the remains of Franklin and his crew. Beyond the fact that they abandoned their vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and attempted to drag their boats overland in the hopes of launching them in the open water again, nothing is yet, nothing probably ever will be, definitely known of their struggle and their end.

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ONE of the lady teachers in a Reno, Nev., public school a few days ago was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny—"A suck."

## SITTING AROUND.

THEY are sitting around upon barrels and chairs,  
 Discussing their own and their neighbor's affairs,  
 And the look of content that is seen on each face  
 Seems to say, I have found my appropriate place  
 Sitting around.

In bar rooms and groceries, calmly they sit  
 And chew borrowed tobacco, and spit,  
 While the stories they tell and jokes that they crack,  
 Show that their hearts have grown hard and undoubtedly black  
 While sitting around.

The "sitter around" is a man of no means,  
 And his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beans,  
 Yet he somehow or other contrives to exist,  
 And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist,  
 While sitting around.

The loungers they toil not, nor yet do they spin,  
 Unless it be yarns while enjoying their gin.  
 They are people of leisure, yet often, 'tis true,  
 They allude to the work they're intending to do,  
 While sitting around.

They've a habit of talking of other men's wives,  
 As they whittle up sticks with their horn-handled knives—  
 They're a scaly old set, and wherever you go  
 You will find them in groups, or strung out in a row,  
 Sitting around.

## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A NEW use for glass is found in the manufacture of window shutters.

SCIENTISTS have distinguished about eighty-two thousand different species of plants, of which number nearly four thousand are different forms of grass.

J. LANDERER has stated to the French Academy reasons for believing that the materials of the moon's surface are analogous to those of the silicate rocks so abundant on our globe.

THE pachymeter, lately patented in Vienna, which measures the thickness of paper to the one-thousandth part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or anything else to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

A PECULIAR disease of the coffee-plant, caused by the very rapid development of a fungus upon its leaves, has caused such serious losses in the island of Java during the last ten years that a reward of \$100,000 has been offered for a cheap and effectual remedy.

HERR PREYER, a German investigator, has proved that the drowsiness of fatigue is caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, which is produced by the disintegration of bodily tissues of nerve and muscle. Many of the sensations we daily experience seem to be the direct result of similar chemical changes.

LIKE animals, plants differ greatly in their habits and the food upon which they subsist. The broad-leaved clovers, turnips and mangels abstract from the air a large portion of their growth, while the narrow-leaved grains and grasses partake more largely of mineral food, which they draw from the soil. In this fact lies the great advantage to farmers of rotation of crops.

A RECENTLY patented German process for making rancid butter sweet is to knead it with perfectly clear lime-water, in the proportion of five parts of butter to one part of lime-water. After a few minutes kneading the lime-water is poured off, and the butter thoroughly washed with pure water. The rancidity is caused by the presence of certain free acids, which are neutralized by the lime.

A PRACTICAL experiment in military ballooning has been applied by a committee of the English Government, the result of which seems to show that balloons may be readily destroyed by modern artillery when within a distance of three thousand yards. In the experiment in question a captive balloon was brought down on the second trial by a shell from an eight-inch howitzer at a distance of two thousand nine hundred yards.

AN English inventor has devised a process of utilizing old steel in the production of a new metallic compound which is said to possess remarkable strength and ductility. The process consists in mixing old steel with a compound, and subjecting the whole to an intense furnace heat, when the particles amalgamate. Steel made on this plan sells at a high price. It is claimed that this process is second in importance only to Bessemer's invention, and an especially valuable application of it will be the making use of old Bessemer steel rails.

"FEMALE torpedoes" are an attraction at Belgian fairs. In the center of a booth is a pit which the spectators encircle, and in this pit a woman, attired as a gymnast, walks about on a platform. Now and then she touches a spectator on the hand or cheek, and the latter receives a smart electric shock, but the woman feels nothing. She is evidently highly charged with electricity by means of an induction coil, and the platform on which she stands is one pole of the coil. The electrified nymph is a great success, and her stinging caresses elicit roars of laughter from the visitors.

THE human body contains several metals and other substances which perform important offices in the world of science. Nitrogen, carbon and hydrogen are its chief constituents, but it holds besides about two pounds of phosphorous, upon which the health of the bones and vigor of the brain depend. This phosphorous, if extracted and put in use, would suffice for about four thousand packages of friction matches. The body also contains a few ounces of sodium, and half an ounce of potassium, which school-boys know as a curious metal that burns brilliantly on the surface of water or when touched by an icicle. In addition to sodium and potassium, there are a few grains of magnesium—enough to create a brilliant light visible twenty miles away. Who knows but some reckless chemist may undertake to drive a profitable business by extracting these valuable materials from dead bodies?

## WIT AND HUMOR.

THE fall of man has often been attributed to an orange peel.

GAMBLERS have a way of pouring Hoyle on the troubled waters.

THE beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

A CYNICAL old bachelor says: Wedlock is like a bird cage—those without peck to get in and those within peck to get out."

A YOUNG physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied: "No, sir; I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."

THE boy who delights in torturing a wasp with a pin will surely come to some bad end if the wasp has a fair show in its business movements.

"If you will consent to my marriage with your daughter she will be treated like an angel." "That is," was the matter of fact reply, "in a short time she would have nothing to wear,"—[*Galveston News*.

BROWN gave his wife an elegant umbrella for her birthday present. "Be very careful of it," he said to her. "Oh, be easy, dear; I will use it only on Sundays and holidays, and then only when the weather is fine."

A WOMAN who went to a concert to hear Blind Tom "play by ear," says she was swindled, and wanted the fraud exposed. She says that instead of playing by ear, he played with his fingers, just like other performers.

A COUPLE of lovers went together from Ripon, Wis., to Fond du Lac, and telegraphed back to the girls parents: "May we get married? Please wire consent immediately, as the ceremony will be performed this evening anyway."

THE meanest man on record is the one who saw an archery club out practicing, and sent and got seven arrows, and stuck them into a cow in the next field. No amount of protestation could induce her owner to acquit the archers.—[*Boston Post*.

A GENTLEMAN, as the story goes, went to a certain house the other day, and meeting a German friend at the gate, inquired: "Is Mr.—— in?" "Yes," was the reply. When about to pull the bell the Teuton called him back and said: "He is in, but he is dead."

THEY had just exchanged their rings,  
And sat on the sofa together,  
Discussing the subject of weather  
And several other things.

It was midnight ere he rose,  
And a bit of court plaster  
From her cheek of fair alabaster,  
Was stuck on the end of his nose.—[*Hackensack Rep*.

A MENAGERIE proprietor recently announced that a learned elephant would play some pieces upon the piano. A piano was brought into the ring and the top removed. After the usual obeisance the elephant advanced. Raising his right foot he placed it upon the keys. Suddenly he uttered a fearful cry, which sounded like weeping. The manager came forward to learn the reason, which was explained as follows: "The elephant recognized in the keys of the pianoforte the tusks of his father, and was so overcome by his feelings that he could not perform."

## OUR SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada met in their Seventh Annual session at the Grand Pacific Hotel in the city of Chicago on the morning of September 13th.

The convention was called to order by J. E. Briggs, Vice Grand Master, who introduced the Rev. Dr. Ryder. Rev. Dr. Ryder delivered a very impressive prayer, after which the Hon. Carter M. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was introduced, and delivered the following address of welcome:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:* It is my pleasant duty to greet you and to welcome you once again to our city. I am gratified that you have thought it well to again choose Chicago as the place of your meeting. It is an evidence to us that you acknowledge this city as now a great railroad center and a pleasant, convenient and accomodating resort for locomotive firemen interested in your society and its deliberations.

Since I had the pleasure of welcoming you here last year many changes have been wrought. Railroad lines have been increasing and vast amalgamations of railroad interests have been brought about. I am happy to learn that you have concluded that your deliberations last year were propitious, and that you have added a large number of new names, some five or six hundred, I understand, to your membership.

I regret to learn that some of your associates have been carried off—some eight or ten—snatched suddenly to their last home through unavoidable causes to which locomotive firemen and engineers are always more or less liable. No man stands more immediately in the presence of his God than does the man who rides the iron horse. No man is permitted to be the guardian of the lives of such vast numbers as the fireman and the engineer. A misapplication of the lever, or a misapplication of a throttle valve may hurl many men and women in an instant into the presence of the Almighty, whom many of them are unprepared to meet.

Within the last twenty-four hours it has been my good fortune to learn something more of a fireman's life than I ever knew before. Saturday night I was in Indiana and expected to have taken the fast train for Chicago yesterday morning at 6:20, but my landlord failed to wake me in time, and I got to the depot just as the train was steaming away. I waited until half past 11, and then got permission to come in on a freight train. I thought I was going to have a dull time of the seven hours ride, but I must say to you that I never had seven hours pass off more rapidly.

When I got on to the engine there sat the engineer and fireman, perfectly calm; the former had one arm around the lever. I sat on the other side and felt a good deal as the boy does upon his first attempt to get on a horse, with a number of people looking at him. I felt exceedingly small. Every now and then he would lift the lever up or give it a shove. He was merely doing it, of course (?) to show the dignity of his position, and that he could control such a monster. Now and then he would touch a valve and then we would hear a "phiz." I thought he was doing all that merely to make me feel small.

The fireman would every now and then poke away at the fire and then look at me. I felt: "Now may be I may be a fireman some day, and then I will show what I can do." He would rake the fire and then take a scoop full of coal, after

having broken it up, and handle it as easily as I could handle a spoonful of mock turtle soup, and throw it in and close up the door, as much as to say, now could you do that? I felt that when I got to be a fireman my skill should be a subject for admiration too. After I had been some time aboard I got familiar with the throbbing of that vast power beneath me. I felt a sense of exultation and almost imagined I was once more on my way to my old Kentucky home. I tried to guess the speed of the train; sometimes it would lag, and sometimes we would stop at crossings or slow up when nearing or rounding a curve; then we would speed away again, causing a glow of pleasure to thrill every fiber of my body. The engine, with its mighty power, seemed possessed of more than human intelligence, and as docile and tractable as a child. Once our train was run ahead to back into a switch, and this service was performed so well that it seemed that the engineer might have gotten off of the machine, and that it would have performed its duty itself, so perfect and orderly were all its movements.

Some questions suggested themselves to me as I rode. Does the engineer enjoy himself as he glides along on his track of steel? A feeling that he is going onward at the speed of 20, 30, 40 or 50 miles an hour must be an exhilarating one, but exhilarating as it is, there is always a thought of dread responsibility. If there is one calling on earth which should make a man feel his responsibility, it is that of a locomotive fireman or engineer. One touch of the throttle valve in a moment of forgetfulness and he will be either a hero or a criminal.

I congratulate you upon the success of your last meeting, and I hope you will have an equally successful one this time, and if you consult your own interests, future mayors of Chicago will have the pleasure of greeting you here for a great many years to come. I greet you again to Chicago. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER ARNOLD.

At the conclusion of Mr. Harrison's address, Grand Master Arnold delivered the following annual address:

*Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen:*—It becomes my duty, pleasant in the extreme, to extend to his honor, the mayor of Chicago, thanks for the warm and cordial reception we have received at his hands, and I can safely say that the encouraging remarks he has given us will not fall amiss. Since we last met in convention time has made many and rapid changes, and in one brief year has brought sorrow to some hearts, gladness to others, smiles to some faces, tears to others; it has dealt gently with some, harshly with others, and to many, has robbed them of some loved one, who, one year ago to-day, was in the fullest enjoyment of that greatest boon—good health. Among the many thousands who have been called away, who with less warning than the enginemans, he, who, as he leaves his loved ones in the morning, kissing them good-bye, and with faith and hope that he may return home in the evening safely—finds that he has once fatally miscalculated the waving of the divine hand of Providence, and instead is brought home lifeless? Who is there to comfort that poor widow and children so suddenly made husbandless and fatherless, or that mother, father or sister? I fear none, except it be that great and beneficent Savior who watches over all. And right here I may add that it should be man's pleasure to alleviate as far as possible the suffering of his fellow men, and on that broad and charitable rock have we built the foundation of this order. Our first and greatest aim is to care for those who are left dependent,

and more particularly those left us by our brothers who are suddenly called away. Benevolence is the first word of our motto and most nobly have we in every case answered its call.

Sobriety, a most important qualification in our calling, is—I am glad to say—guarded most zealously by the members of this order, and from every side I hear nothing but the best reports, all seeming to intuitively understand that without that quality we can never succeed. What a vivid and terrible picture could be drawn by the most inexperienced artist of the fearful effects of excessive intemperance in the engine cab. This surely, is not for me to do at this time, and I sincerely trust that sobriety—our second stepping stone to success—may never grow any less by the constant wear we give it in the future, than it has in the past, for without it we can not hope to best subserve the interests of our employers, and thereby save and hold firm our third and final stepping stone, which we term industry. By practicing and following the true intent of our motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," we are enabled to give a better class of workmen to our employers, who, in return, give us their confidence, thereby insuring promotion, and inspiring a better feeling, inducing us to take our differences of opinion to them for the purpose of arbitration instead of restoring to that greatest of evils—to all concerned—namely, strikes.

What a glorious work the last assembly of delegates accomplished when they unanimously resolved to, in the future, "totally ignore strikes." Why, my brethren, it was one of the noblest things this order has ever accomplished, and has gained us thousands of friends where before they were enemies, gained us the unlimited confidence of our employers, gained us the sympathy of the best classes of the people, and gained us that peace of mind which was at one time almost a stranger to the members of the brotherhood.

Charity has been frequently appealed to for the relief of suffering and needy ones, and that appeal has not been in vain.

Adversity has laid its heavy hand on some, to whom until recently—except in name—it was a stranger. Inability to find work for honest hands to do, has caused want to stare in at some doors where its presence never before shadowed; but in all these trials and sufferings, the brotherhood has not forgotten its mission, or neglected its work. With a sacred consecration to its obligations it has ministered to the needy, relieved the suffering, soothed the widow's aching heart, and dried the orphan's tears. Though it has not been able to prevent, its faithful sons have done much to relieve, suffering.

It is not my desire to consume any more time in my address, for we have much hard and important work to do at this convention, and I trust that each and every brother will well and truly perform the duties entrusted to his care, in the deliberations of this honorable body. In conclusion, I cannot but express my gratitude and thanks to the officers and representatives of this grand lodge and to the brotherhood for their many kindnesses, their good will, uniform courtesy and assistance rendered me during my official life. I entered upon the duties of my office, profoundly distrusting my ability to perform and discharge many of them—that I have made some mistakes is no doubt true, but these mistakes, I trust, have been errors of the head, and not of the heart. Let us continue to practice the lessons we are taught in the words "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," to despise the sentiment which advises us to submit to present evil, that probable

good may come of it; to elevate and improve each individual; to teach man to rule his own heart; to love his neighbor, and his God above all, thus warring against vice in all its forms. Benevolence toward man will prompt the contest—Sobriety will supply the weapons, and Industry will consecrate the effort and lead toward victory.

Rev. Dr. Ryder then made a few congratulatory remarks, which were received with loud applause.

#### MR. TALBOTT'S REMARKS.

Loud calls were made for E. H. Talbott, Esq., editor of the *Railway Age*. Mr. Talbott stepped forward and spoke as follows:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen*—I submit that it is hardly fair to call upon an editor to make a speech between times. We are in the habit of making our speeches once a month, once a week, or once a day, and with unfailing regularity, but we are rarely called upon to say anything between times. Still, I am very glad to be able to address a few remarks to this convention.

In the first place, I am not willing to concede that any man has a higher estimate of our locomotive firemen and engineers than I have, and I think I know something of them from having come in close contact with them—almost half of my time being spent among the railway men of the country. I am in the habit of meeting these men and talking with them on their engines, it being one of the means I have of obtaining the information that I require.

With reference to sobriety, I desire to say that in the five years I have been conducting a railway paper, studying the habits and needs and customs of railway men, I have not seen a fireman or engineer under the influence of intoxicating liquor, and I have been with them not only when they were on duty, but when they were not at work. I wish I could say as much of some railway men higher in position.

From the ranks of the firemen of to-day are to come the engineers of the future. As the engineers of to-day, one by one, step off the foot board for the last time, you will be called to their places, and you should make the most of your period of preparation.

I have profound admiration for that peculiar characteristic of the fireman and engineer which prompts them to deeds of heroism and bravery. Frequently instances of their fearless discharge of a most dangerous duty have found their way into print, and there are a great many that are not published. I do not suppose that firemen and engineers are naturally any braver than men in other positions in life, but I do believe that the peculiar excitement by which they are surrounded, standing in the face of dangers, as they constantly do, make them braver than other men. The service develops the element of bravery in their nature—a bravery too that is almost without a parallel.

Now, in order that you may form some idea of the importance of your organization, and its work, you have but to consider the fact that there are in the United States over eighty thousand miles of railway, on which are running more than seventeen thousand locomotives, so that there must be seventeen thousand each, of engineers and firemen—probably a great many more. These figures will show you the importance of an organization like yours, and its power for good, so long as wise counsels characterize your deliberations.

I was pleased at the position you took as a society last year with reference to

the settlement of differences between you and your employers, and I know how they feel in regard to your action in that matter. They are your friends, and will remain such as long as you maintain in good faith the position taken by you at your last convention, against the wicked idea of resorting to strikes as a means of righting what you believe to be wrong. These gentlemen entertain a more friendly interest to you than a great many of you suppose.

There are, of course, among railway officers some who feel an undue importance because of their positions, and so there are in all other occupations and among all other classes of men who are placed in control of as much property and of as many men as they are. The possession of so much power is apt to spoil some men, but while this is true it must not be forgotten that the same cause strengthens and brings to the surface in grand contrast the good qualities of others.

I assure you, gentlemen, that the managers are pleased with your action, to which I have referred, and that they are your friends. They feel better toward you, will give you more privileges, and will listen to you with more favor than if that action had not been taken.

I welcome you to the city, although that has already been done officially by his honor the Mayor. If there is anything I can do for you at any time, all you have to do is to command me. [Applause.]

The following letter from E. V. Debs was then read:

*Worthy Grand Master and Delegates:*—To-day the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas convenes in its seventh annual session. Regularly for the past seven years these conventions have been held at this season of the year, first at one city and then another, but never in the whole history of our organization did we feel so highly gratified at the work of the past, or look into the future with such sanguine expectations as we do at this very moment. Since our last convention, held in this beautiful and enterprising city, we have made wonderful progress. At that time many of our lodges were only in moderately good condition, while many others were about to totter to their downfall. Only the smaller portion of them were in first class working order. How different things appear to-day. We are assembled here with a representation of eighty delegates, coming from the four quarters of the globe to tell each other good tidings relating to the Brotherhood. All our lodges are in active operation, and a spirit of rivalry seems to actuate each to surpass the other in point of good standing. Several new lodges have been organized by Grand Instructor Stevens, while the greater part of them were visited and reconstructed by him. Altogether the closing year has been one of joy and profit to us as an organization. We have seen old prejudices conquered with kindness. Many of those who were once our enemies are now firmly with us in our endeavors to perpetuate the interests of our calling, and we feel like entering upon the coming year with our heads and souls erect, fearlessly battling for the maintenance of an institution that has done so much for us without doing harm to anyone.

If we were only understood, how easy would be our task. The opposition we now have to contend with is precisely the same as it was when we first organized, though I will admit, not quite so formidable.

Let us see for a moment what it is that eternally seeks our overthrow. Let us see who it is that looks upon us with the eyes of suspicion, and with a scorn black as night, forbids our approach.

In times gone by, laboring men who had been imposed on, formed themselves into a mob and with a recklessness that makes us shudder, began to burn and plunder the property of the corporations they were working for. These men felt that they were basely mistreated, and being ignorant of the true way of having their grievances adjusted, and being urged on, as they were by their so called leaders, who had nothing to stake and nothing to lose, and with a spirit of revenge, they sought to burn and kill to their satisfaction.

While we always sympathized with these deluded and miserable wretches, we have always felt that they were wrong in acting so violently. There is a different way of adjusting difficulties between the employer and employe. Our organization believes in arbitration. All differences should be settled in this way, for no good has ever or can ever come from resorting to violence and bloodshed. This is our true feeling in the matter, but instead of being recognized as men who desire to avoid trouble, we are very often made identical with those whom I have just mentioned. The prejudice against us is very often deep rooted and bitter. While many railroad officials through the land treat us with the utmost kindness and consideration, there are many others who look upon us with feelings of dread and aversion. They seem to think that we are banded together to do them injury. This is the key to all the opposition that has ever confronted us. Many railroad superintendents are so much poisoned against us that they will not permit one of our lodges to be organized on their lines. Others punish with dismissal the unfortunate fireman who is discovered as being one of our members, and in this way we meet with a great deal that prevents our institution from spreading as rapidly as it would under more favorable circumstances. It is a fearful thing to be asked to sign away your manhood under penalty of losing your situation if you refuse.

It has frequently occurred that our members were forced to sever their connection with our Brotherhood and denounce it as an unholy institution in order that they might hold their situation and provide their families with the wants of life.

How unjust and unreasonable this appears to a fair and right thinking man. If we were a band of outlaws I would not wonder that we are ostracised in this way, but as our sole aim and object is to do all the good we can without harming any one, I feel that we ought not to be treated so harshly.

But all of this will finally be overcome. We do not bear ill-feelings toward those who seek to crush us, for we know that they misapprehend our motives. The time will finally come when they will admit that they were wrong, and then peace and harmony will prevail between us firemen. I only wish that those who oppose us could see the good work we have done since we have been organized. If they could see the afflicted widows and sad and suffering orphans to whom we have administered relief, they would not endeavor to check our career. We know that we have accomplished but little, for our capacity has been limited, but in years to come we intend that our institution shall become mighty. We want to be established in every available section of the country and have every worthy engineman in the land to be one of us. We want to be able to protect the widows and orphans of all our members. We want to provide for the widow, cloth and educate the little orphan and do all the good we can for men of our calling.

In case of the total disability of one of our members, we want to administer to his wants through life. We want to make better men of locomotive firemen. We want them to be honest and upright, sober and industrious. We want to educate

them to a standard so that they spend their leisure time with their families instead of gratifying distasteful pleasures. We want them to wear good clothes and be respectable. We want them to treat their families kindly, and with the care of a true husband and father, provide for their every want.

All of this will be accomplished in time to come.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

TERRE HAUTE, IND. September 13, 1880.

The convention then adjourned for dinner to meet at 2 o'clock, and go into secret session for the remainder of the week.

We herewith subjoin the report of the Committee on Resolutions as adopted by the convention on the fifth day of its proceedings.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

Your Committee on Resolutions respectfully submit the following report asking your concurrence in the same, viz.: Be it

*Resolved*, by the delegates assembled in the Seventh Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen that our sincere thanks be extended to the following railroad officials for having furnished our delegates with free transportation, and for many other favors conferred upon us: E. T. Jeffrey, Sup't of the Illinois Central; J. W. Sherwood, Sup't Trans. C. L. & C.; C. E. Perkins, Gen. Man. C. B. & Q.; Marvin Hughitt, Gen. Man. C. & N. W.; P. C. Dooper, Gen'l Sup't N. Y. P. & O.; W. R. McKeen, President Vandalia Line; E. B. Thomas, Gen. Man. and C. C. Gale, Div. Sup't C. C. C. & I.; E. S. Bowen, Gen. Sup't N. Y. L. E. & W.; J. C. McMullin, Gen. Man. C. & A.; D. W. C. Rowland, Gen. Sup't L. & N.; S. H. H. Clark, Gen. Man. U. P.; O. S. Lyford, Gen. Sup't C. & E. I.; A. Kimball, Gen. Sup't C. R. I. & P.; I. B. Barton, Sup't I. B. & W.; Col. Robert Andrews, Gen. Man. W. St. L. & P.; B. F. Mathias, Sup't D. & S. W.; John MacKenzie, Sup't Mach., Jas. Long, Master Mechanic and A. E. Wagner, foreman round house of the Kansas Div. U. P.; the officers of the B. & O., especially Wm. Franklin and W. M. Clements, M. of T.; I. M. Hood, Pres. and Gen. Man. Western Maryland; C. H. Ackert, Secretary of Sup't of W. St. L. & P. Lines, west of Mississippi River; W. W. Peabody, Gen. Sup't, C. B. Cole, Div. Sup't, C. M. Stanton, Div. Sup't, J. F. Sechler, G. M. M., E. W. Winters, Gen. Sup't, C. St. P. & M. & O.; Wm. F. Lockard, Sup't Phil. Div. Penn.; J. Oliver Chapman, M. M., C. & N. W. at Clinton, Iowa; C. B. Peck, Gen. Man. and K. Blackwell, Mechanical Sup't Chicago & Grand Trunk; Geo. Noble, Gen. Sup't Texas Pacific; J. C. Munroe, M. M. of C. & A.; Robert Wallace, Mech. Sup't Grand Trunk; C. A. Thompson, M. M. I. B. & W.; G. C. Wilkens, Sup't B. & P.; Jas. Velsir, M. M., S. P., at Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Rowley, M. M., K. C. St. J. & C. B.; J. T. Harahan, Sup't Memphis Branch L. & G. S., and to all other railroad corporations and officials who have favored us, we tender the most sincere thanks of our association.

*Resolved*, that we are under many obligations, and do hereby thank the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for the many favors shown our Order during the past year, and in particular to Mr. Allen Cushing for his kind treatment of our Grand Instructor, S. M. Stevens.

*Resolved*, that our Seventh Annual Convention has proven a success beyond our most sanguine expectations, and that we will enter upon the new year with a firm determination to perpetuate the interests of our organization.

*Resolved*, that our sincere thanks be and are hereby extended to the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of the city of Chicago and Rev. Dr. Ryder; also E. H. Talbott, Esq., President and Manager of the *Railway Age*, for their addresses of welcome and kindly advice given us at the opening of our convention.

*Resolved*, that our thanks be and are hereby tendered to Mr. John B. Drake, proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel for special favors shown our delegates while stopping at the said hotel.

*Resolved*, that this body is thankful to lodges 47, 50 and 95 of Chicago for their kindness in receiving and entertaining our delegates.

*Resolved*, that our thanks are due and hereby tendered to the *Railway Age* of Chicago for its kind interest in the welfare of our Order.

*Resolved*, that we return our gratitude to brothers Walsh, Winwood, Burns, and other members of the Chicago lodges for their services so ably rendered in making the arrangements for the convention and reception of the delegates.

*Resolved*, that in closing our Seventh Annual Convention and returning to our respective homes we feel fully assured that the future of our organization is firmly established.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. POPE,	} Committee.
R. J. MCCOOL,	
D. L. STEPHENS.	

At the close of the convention the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, as everything had passed away to the entire satisfaction of every delegate in attendance. Thus we have added another year to the history of our institution, and with earnest efforts we shall endeavor to realize our splendid expectations when we meet in our eighth annual session in the city of Boston on the second Monday in September, 1881.

### A PLEA FOR RAILROAD MEN.

Why do we hear them so frequently spoken of as "A rough set", etc. Is there a just cause for this? Ask and answer in your minds this query. Please dwell more than a passing moment upon these few words; even though they be poorly expressed, the intentions are honest. Undoubtedly the many are judged by the few. I fear that they are oft-times harshly judged, because of the rough exterior they are almost obliged to present to the outer world. There are but few at most who are brought in contact with the railroad man to know and appreciate him. How few seem to think of the many, great noble hearts that beat so warmly for humanity. Let us try to think and speak kindly of the railroad man; let us be charitable to him; show him that we will befriend him, if he will but endeavor to elevate himself to the standard which society demands. In my estimation the railroad man stands as high as does the merchant; in fact, he has no right to be less proud of his calling in life than has the latter. I feel that the time is drawing nigh when this class of men will have established for themselves a reputation so spotless and so pure that society will throw open her doors and with extended arms bid him enter.

A LADY FRIEND.

A LONDON Alderman took a \$50,000 lunch the other day. He had intended to buy an estate, but took a hearty lunch, fell asleep, was too late for the auction, and had to pay the bidder who secured the property £10,000 for his bargain.

## Editorial.

*E. V. DEBS, Editor.*

*WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.*

WE have just closed the most successful convention ever held by our organization. We are entering upon a year that promises to add strength to our cause and place us before the public everywhere as representative men of our calling, engaged in a work that should meet with the approval of every one who favors the elevation of the laboring classes throughout our country.

Our Grand Instructor, Samuel M. Stevens, has not lost a moment of time since the close of the convention, but has been actively engaged in the good work, with prospects that he will be enabled to accomplish more in the coming year than ever before in the same length of time.

Mason City, Iowa, was organized on the 10th of October under the most favorable auspices. We are informed that a solid lodge will be established there, as the charter members are some of the best railroad men in that section of the country and mean business. Brother Stevens will soon make his eastern trip, which will undoubtedly bring us a few new lodges, with the reconstruction of those that are inclined to be weak.

Our Magazine is a very potent factor in the interest of our organization, and to give it a large circulation should be our aim. Wherever it is read we have the sympathies of the people, and therefore we should do all we can to place it before the greatest possible number.

The seeds that have been sown have sprung up and are beginning to bear fruit. The engineman now-a-days is considered a better citizen than he used to be. As a general thing you will find him to be an honest and industrious as well as a sober man. He is charitable to his family, and does all he can to fill his little home with joy.

A few years since this was quite the reverse. The very irregular life of this calling caused men to fall into bad habits, and in place of spending their time in improving themselves and in the interest of their families, they would, when not out on the road, "take the town in with the boys," as it is vulgarly termed, and so the profession fell into disrepute. How different matters stand now in this respect. Organization has thrown a safeguard around them and beckoned them onward and upward. They have been reminded that life is uncertain—that they owe a great duty to those dependent on them for support. They have been given to understand that they themselves have been their worst enemies—that if they were good to themselves they would not lack assistance or friends.

With the influence of our Brotherhood we have brought the members of our craft to the conclusion that it pays better to be honest than to be dishonest—that self-respect is the cheapest and best commodity in the world, and that to love your family and administer to their wants is to contribute to your own happiness.

These are the principles taught by our Brotherhood. Can any calling be more commendable? We have no secret devices whereby we may ensnare or delude those who befriend us. Our object is to elevate ourselves and our families socially,

morally and intellectually, and when one of our members falls by the wayside we lay him down to his last sleep and extend the hand of charity to the home of his widow and little ones.

Some objections are urged against us because we are a secret organization. We admit that we have some secrets but insist that they are for a good purpose. We must guard ourselves against imposters, and this is the only way in which it can be successfully done. There are countless profligate persons running over this country taking advantage of those who toil hard for a livelihood, and to protect ourselves against these bad characters it is necessary that we should be in some respects a secret institution. If any one can offer a more plausible method we will gladly discontinue all secrecy connected with our Order, but until then we must retain the old system.

The *Railway Age*, a paper published in the city of Chicago in the interest of railroad corporations and employes, is peculiarly kind to our organization, and we heartily thank its manager for using time and space in placing us properly before the public. This paper is unquestionably the leading publication of its kind in this country. A number of copies containing a full report of the opening day of the proceedings of our Seventh Annual Convention have kindly been furnished us free of charge, and will be sent out to members of the Order on application and without cost. The price of the monthly is \$2.00 per year, and we advise all who feel an interest in railroad matters to subscribe.

IN this issue of the Magazine will be found the list of Grand Officers as elected by the last annual convention for the ensuing term. The eighth annual convention will meet in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, on the second Monday in September, 1881.

#### DEATH OF WM. P. SAUNDERS.

On the 24th of September brother Saunders of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, met with a sad and tragic fate. He went out on his engine on passenger train No. 2 on the Vandalia line, leaving Terre Haute at about 4 o'clock in the morning. The train had gone about twelve miles out on the road when it collided with a freight train, instantly killing engineer Austin Rankin and fireman Wm. P. Saunders of the passenger train, and seriously injuring engineer James Watson and a brakeman on the freight train, the fireman of the latter escaping unhurt.

Brother Saunders was an exemplary man, and his many excellent qualities had made him the friend of all his fellow-employes. He leaves a wife who has the sincerest sympathy of the entire community in her sad bereavement.

The death of brother Saunders is universally mourned, as he was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was Magazine Agent of No. 16 and labored incessantly for the good of the Order.

His insurance is payable to Mrs. Jennie Saunders, his wife. The funeral occurred on Sunday morning September 26th, and was largely attended by railroad men and sympathizing friends.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 5, 1880.

## Correspondence.

DENVER, October 5, 1880.

*Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:* Dear Sir—I have been a reader of your Magazine for some time, and being a railroad man, (though not in the locomotive department), I have come to the conclusion that whatever affects the Locomotive Fireman, whether for good or ill, must also affect his fellow-workmen; consequently, to my mind, every workman, whether railroad man or otherwise, ought to take deep interest in your Magazine, as through it railroad men from all States and of every nationality are brought more closely together, and are thus enabled to devise the best plan for the welfare of the workman—to maintain harmony between employers and employes, to teach the workman that self-respect, without which, he is no better than one of the brute creation; to place him in his proper position before the world.

Such have been your teachings, and your exertions have, almost uniformly, been appreciated alike both by employers and employes; but I regret to state that there is a railroad corporation in this State, which instead of encouraging its men to become members of organizations such as yours, openly declares that none of its employes shall be connected with any society—either workmen's unions or benevolent societies. The Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad is the corporation that is governed by such Solomons. These are men who understand rail-roading better than the managers of the New York Central, Wabash, or Rio Grande Lines (?)

What is the result of such a tyrannical and narrow-minded policy? The Denver and Rio Grande railway which has one hundred miles more of line to travel than the D. S. P. and P. to reach Leadville, transports seven-eighths of the passengers and freight between these two cities, showing clearly that the business men and traveling public have no confidence in the management of the latter company. This road is filled with incompetent workmen, and accidents are more numerous on it than on any other line with equal carrying capacity in the States. No workman with any claims to manhood will (unless driven by sheer distress) surrender his rights and cut himself off from his fellow-man in order to obtain a situation on the worst managed road in the union. It would be well if your society kept a record of the accidents which annually occur on this company's road and compare them with a road of equal length, then the public could see what a very "fishy" management governs the D. S. P. and P. Railroad.

Yours, etc.,

CITIZEN MONK.

CHICAGO, October 3, 1880.

*Dear Editor*—As the boys of No. 95 are timid in showing themselves through the Magazine, I thought I would let you know that we are in a very good way to prosper and make a good show in the future as we have in the past.

Our worthy ex-Master, brother Miller, was a hard worker during his term of office, and left it with a good clear record. Too much praise can not be given to brother Miller for his untiring effort, working as he did for the good of his lodge, and I hope he will prosper at the throttle where he now is.

Our newly elected Master, brother Kellard, is a gentleman in every respect, and

I know he will make a good officer for he was always a hard worker for the good of the boys of 95. Success to him also, for he is now where he served his time faithfully to get—on the right side.

I also have a friendly word to offer for brother Gorman, who, I think, is the boss Magazine Agent. There could be no more faithful man for the place than is brother Gorman, who, I think, is entitled to the watch offered as a prize, for his work shows up for him what he is. Brother Gorman has been promoted.

I can say for the boys, with very few exceptions, that they are as good a set of members as any lodge can boast of. Some of them I know are slack about their dues, and I would say to those that are so: "Brace up, and don't be a disgrace to yourselves and fellow-members, but try and keep up 95's good name, which she has hard earned; also pay for your magazines, you who have not done so." I understood some time ago that there were a great many owing for their Magazines. There is no excuse for such work at all, for you have had almost a year to pay the one little \$1.00 it costs you, and it saves your agents a vast amount of trouble.

Very fraternally yours, A WORKER FOR OLD 95.

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### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

BROTHER Breuer reports No. 36 in splendid condition. We are glad to hear of "Tippecanoe's" prosperity.

CERRO GORDO Lodge No. 29, was organized by brother Stevens at Mason City, Iowa, on the 9th of October.

BROTHERS Hanvey and Partington of No 46, paid us a friendly visit in the early part of October. Call again, boys!

BROTHER Boyer of No. 43 has been lifted over to the right hand side, and is now manipulating the throttle on the K. C. St. J. & C. B. R. R.,

EUREKA Lodge No. 14 at Indianapolis is doing well, after a visit there by our Grand Instructor. No. 14 will soon be as solid as she ever was.

C. W. PIPER of No. 12 is a good one. He has secured twelve applications for membership within a month after the close of the convention, besides a large number of subscribers for the Magazine.

BROTHER T. G. Fuller of Eureka Lodge No. 14, was killed near Jewett, Texas, on the 8th of October in a railroad accident. Up to the time of writing we have been unable to get any of the particulars.

BROTHER A. J. Mullen of Vigo Lodge No 16, is working up a big list of subscribers for the Magazine for 1881. When last heard from he was under cover of night, trying to get a clothing house sign to subscribe.

THE Brotherhood is booming at Terre Haute. Ten members were admitted to No. 16 within three weeks after the close of the convention. Her annual ball takes place on New Year's eve, and a big time is expected.

LODGE No. 93 with only eleven members has already paid Death Claims Nos. 20, 21 and 22. She is one of our most prompt lodges in responding to our demands, and it might be well for some of our larger lodges to follow her example.

A LETTER from A. H Girard of No. 30, informs us that brothers Graves, Harman, Hawley and Woods have been "elevated," and are now on the right hand side manipulating the throttle. No. 30 has plenty of good material, and we are highly pleased to see the boys prosper.

No. 79 has a couple of promotions to report. Brother John Moran and Wm. McKeand of that lodge, have recently been made engineers on the N. C. & St. L. railroad. Both are young men held in the highest esteem, and we join with the members of No. 79 in wishing them much prosperity.

MARRIED at Moulton, Iowa, September 21st, 1880, Mr. Zebulon Moore of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss Lenora B. Roby, by Rev J. F. Robeson. It will be noticed that the groom is brother Moore of Gate City Lodge No. 93 of our Order, a member of whom we all feel justly proud, for his many excellent qualities. We extend the young couple the right hand of fellowship, and wish them a life of infinite happiness.

WE are in receipt of the following notice from No. 25: Married—At the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Olson, in the vicinity of Boone, Iowa, September the 17th, 1880, brother Clarence Johnson to Miss Lottie Olson. As we promenaded upon Green street we have another place to call, as Mr. and Mrs. Johnson receive in a cozy cottage on said street. The best wishes of the Brotherhood are with the newly wedded pair, and may they know but pleasure.

WE are in receipt of a letter from our Grand Instructor, S. M. Stevens, postmarked Minneapolis, Minn., and dated October the 15th. Brother Stevens speaks in the highest terms of the firemen of the north-west. He says that they are an honor to the profession and a credit to our organization. There are many, of whom he would like to make personal mention, but as they all treated him so kindly, he acknowledges his thanks to the whole of them without discrimination.

ENGINEER Wm. F. Morgan and fireman James Smith of the Vandalia line, recently made a run that we must put on record. They took Senator Conklin from Indianapolis to Terre Haute, a distance of 73 miles in 1 hour and 27 minutes. They stopped at Greencastle 8 minutes, and made two other stops of 3 minutes each, so that the actual running time was 60 miles per hour. Engine No. 24 did the work and the boys are real proud of her as they have a right to be.

BROTHER T. G. Fuller a member in good standing of No. 14, was killed near Jewett, Texas, on the 8th of October, by his engine turning over while running at a high rate of speed, on the International and Grand Northern railway. Brother Fuller leaves a widow to mourn his loss, who resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. He had only been in Texas a short time when he met his tragic fate. Thus is life for those who have to toil on the rail. Brothers Saunders and Fuller, two stanch members of our Order, have come to violent deaths within two weeks of each other.

HERBERT WALLACE, Esq., Mechanical Superintendent of the Grand Trunk railroad, located at Montreal is entitled to our thankful consideration. He has raised the wages of his firemen to a considerable extent, passenger firemen have been raised 15 cents, and freight firemen 10 cents per day. Besides this Mr. Wallace has granted his firemen a pass, with which they can travel over any part of the Grand Trunk road. The members of No. 67 express their sincere thanks to Mr.

Wallace for his kind treatment of them, and they assure us that it is very encouraging to work for a company that has such officers at the head of its departments.

FRANK W. ARNOLD, our worthy Grand Master, has just concluded a very warm political campaign. He was a candidate in the recent Ohio election for Prosecutor of the county in which he lives. Brother Arnold had a majority of 1,200 votes to overcome, as the opposing party was this much stronger than his own, but despite this fact, he reduced the majority so that he was beaten by only 600 votes. In the city of Columbus, where brother Arnold is known, he got a majority of 412 votes, although his party is in the minority there. Frank made a splendid race, and can feel proud of the support he received, notwithstanding his defeat. We are informed that railroad people were solid for him without regard to party feeling. No young man is more highly esteemed than brother Arnold, nor has anyone a more promising future.

#### S. M. STEVENS AT WORK.

We clip the following from the *Cerro Gordo Republican* of Mason City, Iowa, which speaks for itself: "S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer of the Lodge of Locomotive Firemen, established a lodge at this place last Saturday that will prove a very strong organization. It is a subordinate lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and its officers consist of a Master, Vice Master, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary, Treasurer, three Trustees, Inner and Outer Guard, Warden, Conductor and Chaplain.

There is no calling that is beset with greater danger to life and limb than that of a locomotive engine-man. Danger lurks in his path from the moment he bids good-bye to the loved ones at home till he returns again to their companionship. He knows not the day nor the hour when some terrible catastrophe may sweep him into eternity, or compel him to live the rest of his days a maimed and helpless man. As a consequence of this ever-present danger, the support of those who depend on him, hangs, as it were, by a single thread.

For the purpose of effecting a unity of the Locomotive Firemen and for the protection of their interests as such, and for the direct interests of their families and those depending upon them for support, the organization known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been effected, the understanding of the title being simply what their motto indicates, which is benevolence, and that only, their interests being coupled with that of their employers, working under a charter, the motto of which is Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. The objects of the organization are wholly benevolent and the benefits accrue to the unfortunate or his family. No member of the lodge, who may become unable to follow his usual occupation by reason of sickness or other disability, shall be allowed to come to want or suffer for want of protection, as a majority of the lodge determines, but no benefits shall be paid to any brother who is thus disabled by reason of his own immoral or other misconduct, or whose name is not on the register. The Grand Lodge publishes a Magazine at Indianapolis in the interests of the organization.

The officers elect of the Mason City Lodge are as follows: Tucker, D. W.; Munn, V. M.; Haines, Treasurer; C. W. Greene, Financial Secretary; W. B. Keith, Recording Secretary."

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge No. 16 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held at their hall on the 3d day of October, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has removed from our midst, brother Wm. P. Saunders, a most worthy member of our lodge, he having met with death in a dreadful collision, while at his post and in the discharge of his duties of Locomotive Fireman, on the morning of September 24th, 1880, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of brother Saunders our lodge has sustained an irreparable loss, and the community in which he lived, a most worthy citizen and friend.

*Resolved*, That we recognize more than ever the many sterling qualities he possessed, and that while the hand of fate weighs heavily upon us, we shall ever cherish his memory and endeavor to emulate his many praiseworthy qualifications.

*Resolved*, That the sincerest sympathy of this lodge is hereby extended to the estimable wife of our departed brother in her sad bereavement, and that we assure her that while her loss is great beyond the power of language to express, ours is none the less, for the kind and generous actions of the deceased endeared him to us all.

*Resolved*, That as a token of our respect for the deceased, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife our lamented brother, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

Respectfully submitted,

Terre Haute, Ind., October 3, 1880.

ALEX. J. MULLEN,  
ROBERT EBBAGE, } Committee.  
EDWARD RUGAN.

At a meeting of New Hope Lodge No. 37 B. of L. F., held at their hall September 27, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been informed by our delegates to the annual convention, of the misfortune that has befallen our Order, and the Grand Lodge in particular, and

WHEREAS, Our Lodge is in a good healthy condition, financially and otherwise, under God's providence, and remembering our obligation, be it

*Resolved*, That we donate to the Grand Lodge the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00), to be paid on death claims due; also

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Grand Lodge, and request that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

Centralia, Ill., September 29, 1880.

F. M. JAMES,  
S. R. WILD, } Committee.  
H.G. CONNICK.

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WITHDRAWALS.

No. 35. H. Luscumb, final withdrawal.

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## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

SUB-LODGES will be prompt in sending in their Grand Dues, as the money is needed by the Grand Lodge.

DEATH CLAIMS No. 20, 21 and 22 have been issued, and every lodge should send the amounts due on them without unnecessary delay.

SUBSCRIPTION Lists for the Magazine for 1881 should be in not later than December 1st, in order that the editor may know how many copies to have printed.

OFFICERS of sub-lodges when corresponding with the G. S. & T. will please put their box number or their other address at the close of their letters, as much time is lost in looking them up in the Magazine. This order should be adhered to strictly.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

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## BLACK LIST.

No. 14. Ben. Gordon and Wm. N. Sayre, expelled for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.

No. 61. M. D. Elliot, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75. T. Robbins, expelled for contempt of lodge.

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## BOND OF OUR G. S. AND T.

Pursuant to the instructions of the last annual convention we herewith publish the bond of Eugene V. Debs, our Grand Secretary and Treasurer, which bond has been filed with Wm. Maroney of Chicago, the Chairman of the Trustees of the Grand Lodge:

*State of Indiana, County of Vigo, City of Terre Haute.*

Know all men by these presents: that we, Eugene V. Debs as principal and Daniel Debs, John G. Heuil, Philip Schloss, T. W. Harper, Robert S. Cox, Crawford Fairbanks, Martin Hollinger and Newton Rogers, as sureties, all of the County and State aforesaid, are held and firmly bound unto Wm. Maroney of Chicago, Ills., Wm. F. Hynes of Denver, Colorado, and J. E. Briggs of Waterloo, Iowa, in the penal sum of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) for the payment of which, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally by these presents.

The condition of the above obligation is such that, Whereas, the above bounden, Eugene V. Debs, has been duly elected Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, commencing on the 16th day of September, 1880.

Now, if the said Eugene V. Debs shall faithfully keep and legally disburse all funds and monies which may come into his hands by virtue of his office of Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the said Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and otherwise discharge the duties of said office in all things and according to the laws by which the said organization is governed, then this obligation to be null and void, else to remain in full force and effect in law.

Witness our hands and seals this 12th day of October, A. D., 1880.

EUGENE V. DEBS,	} Seal {
DANIEL DEBS,	} Seal {
JOHN G. HEUIL,	} Seal {
PHILIP SCHLOSS,	} Seal {
T. W. HARPER,	} Seal {
ROBERT S. COX,	} Seal {
CRAWFORD FAIRBANKS,	} Seal {
MARTIN HOLLINGER,	} Seal {
NEWTON ROGERS.	} Seal {

*State of Indiana, Vigo County.*

I, Andrew Grimes, Auditor of the County, and in the State aforesaid, do hereby certify that each of the foregoing sureties are owners of real estate in said County and State.

{ County }  
{ Seal. }

ANDREW GRIMES,  
Auditor Vigo County.

*State of Indiana, Vigo County.*

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the foregoing sureties are owners of real estate in the city of Terre Haute, and that they are reliable and responsible in every respect.

{ City }  
{ Seal }

BENJAMIN F. HAREUS,  
Mayor of the City of Terre Haute.  
W. R. McKEEN,  
President Vandalia Railroad.

The foregoing bond was filed strictly in accordance with the instructions of the convention. The sureties are eight of the most substantial citizens in Terre Haute, and consist principally of merchants and business men. The certificates of the Auditor of Vigo County, the Mayor of the city of Terre Haute, and W. R. McKeen, President of the Vandalia Railroad, are subjoined, attesting to the reliability of each and all them.

FRANK W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

**GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.**

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,  
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.  
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,  
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.  
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.  
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,  
Terre Haute, Indiana.  
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,  
Memphis, Tenn.  
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.  
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,  
Boston, Mass.  
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,  
Lafayette, Indiana.  
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshall,  
Marshall, Texas.  
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,  
Terre Haute, Indiana.  
Wm. F. Hynes... Associate Editor Magazine,  
Denver, Colorado.

**GRAND TRUSTEES.**

Wm. Maroney, Chairman..... Chicago, Ills.  
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado  
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

**GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.**

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills.  
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Ter.  
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont.  
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind.  
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C.  
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky.  
Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass.  
John I. Steele.....Atchison, Kansas  
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal.  
D. Fifeid.....San Francisco, Cal.  
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills.  
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga.  
Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

**DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.**

C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills.  
W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.  
4906 Paschall street.  
Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark.  
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado  
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind.  
B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa  
C. R. Raymond, box 13.....Fort Gratiot, Mich.  
L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass.  
72 Cambridge street.  
F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky.  
505 Washington street.  
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.  
John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn.  
10 and 12 S. Market street.  
Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

**LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.**

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. addresses, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

**LODGE ADDRESSES.**

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
Thomas S. Taylor (Box 1315) .....Master  
J. E. Hoffman (Box 501) .....Rec. Sec'y  
G. F. Dunbar (Box 286) .....Fin. Sec'y  
G. F. Dunbar, do .....Mag. Agent

5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Engineers Hall.  
 A. Jenkinson.....Master  
 Theo. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.  
 D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master  
 P. W. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. C. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent  
 No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
 A. J. Gabard.....Master  
 L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
 E. L. Coit, Piqua shops.....Master  
 W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (City Water Works.)  
 C. F. Collier (592 N. High st).....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Evans, Piqua shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Seranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.  
 T. H. Shepherd.....Master  
 Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodline st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. S. Laughlin.....Fin. Sec'y  
 T. H. Shepherd.....Mag. Ag't
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
 J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
 P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
 D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
 John W. Jacobs, 201 Michigan st.....Master  
 Wm. B. Munsell, 330 E. Eagle st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. L. Jacobs, 504 S. Division.....Mag. Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.  
 S. M. Stevens.....Master  
 John A. Tweedie, 61 S. Noble st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. N. Zepp, 93 Malott ave.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Peter Stauff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
 James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st.....Master  
 E. V. Debs, City Clerks office.....Rec. Sec'y  
 E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Mullen, City Clerks office.....Mag. Ag't
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.  
 T. A. Galloway.....Master  
 (East St. Louis, Ill.)  
 C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
 F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.  
 Wm. Armitage.....Master  
 L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y  
 box 160, Rood House, Ills.  
 Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't  
 box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.  
 Thomas Largin.....Master  
 John Brod.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Purcell.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred Murray.....Magazine Ag'ts  
 M. Coyle.....
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
 C. Traver.....Master  
 C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Shields.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Wm. J. Edy.....Master  
 Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y  
 John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master  
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Neville, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
 W. J. Thompson.....Master  
 Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 P. Powers, 82 Story Ave.....Mag. Ag't
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
 R. S. Pike.....Master  
 J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. M. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
 W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master  
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.  
 P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Brown.....Magazine Ag't

29. **CERRO GORDO**, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.  
 A. H. Tucker.....Master  
 W. B. Keith.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
 Jno. Graves.....Master  
 A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of 6th and Commercial streets.  
 Harry C. Davies.....Master  
 John I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. W. Benedict.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Peter Lahey.....Mag.  
 Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. Ag'ts
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M.  
 G. W. Gibbons.....Master  
 C. McCourtie, box 386, Salina Kan. Rec. Sec'y  
 W. W. Milnei, lock box 28.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. S. Barde, Wamego, Kan. Mag.  
 C. W. Sargent, Ellis, Ellis Co. Kan. Agents
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.  
 R. J. McCool.....Master  
 M. Perdue.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. H. Stamper.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Anthony Roth.....Mag. Ag't
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 B. S. Keith.....Master  
 A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jno. Mooney and A. J. Sill.....Mag. Ag'ts
35. **AMBOY**, at Amboy, Ills. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 Wm. H. Dean.....Master  
 Henry Schermerhorn (box 345).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Palmer, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Henry Williams, do.....Mag. Ag't
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Thursday, at 7:30 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grove st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Mag. Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
 M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
 F. M. James, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers' Hall.  
 Angus Menish, (box 389).....Master  
 Fred Mingay.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Dan. Ross.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. Moore.....Magazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house.....Master  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house. Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 P. m., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers' Hall.  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
 D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Ag't
42. **KENNESAW**, at Atlanta, Ga. Meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.  
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
 H. C. Dunlap, do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Thrush, do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
 Richard Morris.....Master  
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.  
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y  
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.  
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent  
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every alternate Tuesday evening.  
 J. B. Machin.....Master  
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Ag't
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.  
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master  
 E. W. Mills.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. M. Williams.....Fin. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Magazine Agent  
 No. 911 North street.
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Post office.  
 W. R. Whitcom, box 1126.....Master  
 G. D. Partington, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. D. Hensley, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Louis Smith, do.....Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.  
 W. E. Burnes, 661 S. State st.....Master  
 J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Glover, 1536 Michigan ave.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND**, at Decatur, Ill. Meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.  
 Wm. Felton.....Master  
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Edward Knight.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago, Ills. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Engineers' Hall, on State st., between 48th and 49th.  
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master  
 Henry J. Strong, 4638 State st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. R. Parker, 4703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Mag. Ag't

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Master  
 James Gorman, 171 West 8th st. .... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton, ..... Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth Sts.  
 Ambrose Ross, ..... Master  
 J. W. Stevens, lock box 626, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 M. W. Jamison, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Arthur Knill, ..... Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 John Mummert (box 137), ..... Master  
 Geo. R. Stacy, (box 820), ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. R. Stacy, do, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 L. F. Stephens, (box 64), ..... Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.  
 Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops, ..... Master  
 Michael Cady, do, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops }  
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.  
 Edward Fuchs, do }
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 Geo. H. Abbott, ..... Master  
 (50½ Hudson street, Boston, Mass.)  
 Everett Sias, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 (9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.)  
 Wm. H. Green, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO**, at Rocklin, California.  
 A. H. Curtis, box 23, ..... Master  
 A. J. Mackay, do, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Mackay, do, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 A. H. Curtis, do, ..... Magazine Agent  
 A. E. Brown, do, ..... Agents
59. **ROYAL GORGE**, at South Pueblo, Colorado. Meets every Saturday night.  
 Wm. Kinney, Lock Box 37, ..... Master  
 H. Henman, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 John Daley, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. Kinney, ..... Mag. Ag't
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, at the corner of Bodine and Dumont streets.  
 C. Crochet, ..... Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. R. Roberts, 2232 W. 3d st., ..... Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., at Druids Hall.  
 C. Montgomery, ..... Master  
 (St. P. & M. M. shops.)  
 J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave., ..... Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Jno. A. Bryden, box 70, ..... Master  
 Homer Hutchins, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 P. W. Johnson, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Moyles, ..... Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the south east corner of the Public Square.  
 W. C. Goodrich, ..... Master  
 C. J. McGee, (box 772), ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. J. McGee, do, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 W. C. Goodrich, ..... Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY**, at Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday.  
 F. P. Smith, ..... Master  
 J. J. McDonald, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Collins, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 J. S. Gilman and J. C. Curtis, ..... Mag. Ag'ts
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 John Scott, 325 Adelaide street, ..... Master  
 M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 P. McLuckie, 312 Front st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 John Scott, 325 Adelaide st., ..... Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13, ..... Master  
 C. Macklow, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 C. R. Raymond, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. French, ..... Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood, ..... Master  
 J. Moynihan, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. A. Christman, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Chappel, ..... Mag. Ag'ts  
 T. Canant, ..... {
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st., ..... Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank, ..... Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st., ..... Master  
 Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith, ..... Magazine Ag't  
 (3610 Sylvester street.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st., ..... Master  
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st., ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn. Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st. between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.  
 John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave., ..... Master  
 Archie Clark, ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 J. D. Clinton, ..... Fin. Sec'y  
 cor. Liberty & 13th sts.  
 A. Murray, ..... Mag. Agent  
 cor. 16th and Wyoming sts.
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, cor. of 39th and Market streets.  
 Henry Walton, 3845 Warren st., ..... Master  
 Frank Dupell, 3821 Elm st., ..... Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st. Fin. Sec'y  
 Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st., ..... Mag. Agent

77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.  
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30  
P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14  
Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
George Monahan, lock box 1588.....Master  
W. F. Hynes, do .....Rec. Sec'y  
Thomas Hynes, do .....Fin. Sec'y  
Hynes Bros., No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn.  
Meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a.  
m., at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar St.  
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master  
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y  
10 and 12 S. Market street.  
Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y  
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, at Minneapolis,  
Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic  
Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and  
second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d  
Saturday evenings of each month.  
J. F. Canney.....Master  
Care Minn. Eastern Office.  
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
1309 5th street, south.  
S. T. Browne, 1712 7th st., south. Fin. Sec'y  
A. W. Dean.....Mag. Ag't  
cor. 13th ave. South and 7th st.
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.  
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each  
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-  
tween Douglas and Farnham.  
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master  
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y  
(U. P. Round House.)  
Thos. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y  
James Lowry.....Mag. Ag't  
216 Dodge and 13th st.
85. **FARGO**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front  
street.  
John Burnes (box 1798) .....Master  
Arthur Bassett (box 1796) .....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. E. McCormack (box 1722).....Fin. Sec'y  
C. M. Childs, Brainerd, Minn. }  
F. W. Brass, Mandan, D. T. } Mag. Ag'ts
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.  
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d  
Mondays of each month.  
N. Z. Wood, (box 133) .....Master  
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y  
N. Z. Wood, (box 133).....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets  
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at  
7:30 P. M.  
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
John F. Hittle (Box 5) .....Rec. Sec'y  
S. M. Cunningham (box 38).....Fin. Sec'y  
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.  
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every  
Thursday evening.  
A. D. Gould.....Master  
Wm. Hamilton (box 136).....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. McNamara.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at  
5:20 P. M.  
J. A. Resseguie.....Master  
J. F. F. Hale.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. A. Resseguie.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Kelley.....Mag. Ag't
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.  
Meets cor. 7th and Chester streets, every  
Wednesday evening.  
C. C. Walker.....Master  
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.  
Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednes-  
day, at Kings Hall, Missouri street,  
between 17th and 18th.  
D. Fifield, S. P. shops.....Master  
No. 113 Nineteenth St.  
Geo. A. Aldrich, .....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
No. 1725 Stevenson st.  
F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
D. Garrett.....Master  
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y  
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th  
Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
M. E. Clark (Lock Box 7).....Master  
H. O. Justice (box 375).....Rec. Sec'y  
H. O. Justice do .....Fin. Sec'y  
R. L. Starkey (box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in  
Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee ave-  
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30  
P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master  
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 N. Halstead st.)  
James Warren.....Fin. Sec'y  
(316 West Adams st.)  
John T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
(321 West Indiana street.)
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.  
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.  
Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw  
and Madison streets.  
L. V. Tipton.....Master  
cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y  
L. V. Tipton.....Magazine Ag't  
Cor. Jefferson and Shirk streets.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th  
Fridays of each month.  
Wm. Hughes.....Master  
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Vogelsang.....Mag. Ag't
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah  
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M.  
at City Hall.  
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master  
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,  
at 2. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) .....Master  
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky.  
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of  
L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
C. O. Dixon.....Master  
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y  
Adam Bigleben.....Mag. Ag't

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IN THE MINING TOWN.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

[*Author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."*]



“Tis the last time, darling,” he gently said,  
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,  
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown.  
“My own is the prettiest girl in town,  
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring  
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king  
So truly blessed, on his royal throne,  
As I shall be when I claim my own?”

’Twas a fond farewell; ’twas a sweet good-bye,  
But she watched him go with a troubled sigh,  
So, into the basket, that swayed and swung  
O’er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung,  
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to woe  
As they lowered him in the depths below.  
Her sweet, young face, with its tresses brown,  
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage bell  
High up in the tower, rang a mournful knell  
For the true heart buried ’neath earth and stone,  
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone.  
A sorrowful peal, on their wedding day,  
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay.  
And the face that looked from her tresses brown,  
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled along on its weary way,  
Until fifty years with their shadows gray  
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes’ glow  
And had turned the brow of her hair to snow.  
Oh! never a kiss from a husband’s lip,  
Or the clasp of a child’s sweet finger tips,  
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown  
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine, one day,  
 In the loosened earth they were digging away,  
 They discovered a face, so young, so fair;  
 From the smiling lips to the bright, brown hair,  
 Untouched by the finger of Time's decay.  
 When they drew him up to the light of day,  
 The wondering people gathered 'round  
 To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd,  
 With her long, white hair and her slight form bowed.  
 She silently knelt by the form of clay,  
 And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.  
 Then, the sad old face with its snowy hair  
 On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.  
 He had found her at last, his waiting bride,  
 And the people buried them side by side.

## AUNT NESBITT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Continued.]

MISS Nesbitt was acquainted with Mrs. Raymond's genius in the nagging line, and understood what the girl must have gone through, but she offered no sympathy, nor did she tell Vera that she ought to remember that her mother's teasing came from affection and anxiety.

"We'll not have quarrels while you stay," was all she said.

"How long will you keep me?" asked Vera.

Miss Nesbitt shrugged her shoulders, and the provoking, ironical expression crossed her face.

"Till you are cured, was Flora Raymond's order," said she. "But I've neither a Mr. Musters, or a parson, on hand at present."

"It's rather a gloomy prospect for you," said Vera, copying her relative's sarcastic tone.

"I never despair," returned Aunt Nesbitt.

"I shall be twenty-one in three years," observed Vera.

"Just so," replied her great-aunt. "What then?"

"I shall have three thousand dollars. I shall set up a school, and make money."

"Oh, you are dreadfully prosaic," sighed Aunt Nesbitt. "I shall have to stick to my novels. You'll not let me see you live one. You'd better marry Mr. Osborne, and be done."

"I can't have two husbands. I mean to marry More Rivington!" Her voice faltered a little over the name.

"Just so," said her aunt. "Let me see. By the time you are forty-seven, you can write and tell him you are quite rich."

"I should do so," replied Vera.

"He takes the Australian heiress in a year and a half," continued Miss Nesbitt, musingly. "Is she to die, or how do you propose to arrange matters?"

"He will wait," said Vera.

Aunt Nesbitt took up a newspaper, and seemed busy with it. She was secretly watching the girl. How the sight of her brought the old woman's youth back! Vera was so like what she had been—it was like watching the ghost of her own girlhood to look at her. Presently, Miss Nesbitt rose and left the room in silence. She wanted to be alone. The iron composure which life had taught her had not been so shaken in years.

"If they could both hold firm," she said to herself. "But that is impossible. Fate never lets such impossibilities come to pass. Flora Raymond, it's my belief there'll be another old maid in the family! But, bah! who knows! She may get sick of this in six months, I'll give her so much time; then she'll marry Osborne, and maybe grow as fat as Jane has."

Three months passed. Aunt and niece got on very well together; at least each had learned to like the other; but there was never any demonstration of affection. I should employ a stronger word where old Veronica Nesbitt was concerned. Her heart had softened toward the girl as it had not done toward any human creature in years. She took a pleasure in her beauty; she admired her talents, and her resolute character; she fairly wondered at her own fondness, but she made no sign.

And Vera? I think you can imagine what she suffered; but she suffered like a strong woman, not a girl. Indeed, many of her age would have decided she could have no heart, she fought so gallantly and persistently against her pain. She would not give way—she would struggle through! She made for herself every amusement and interest possible. She studied hard, never forgetting her determination of having a school when her majority arrived. She found herself growing thin and pale, unable to eat, passing night after night in sleepless misery. She must keep her beauty; it was dear to her, because he prized it! She would not grow bony, and haggard, and old! He would come to her at last—he should find that the years had no more changed her face than they had her heart.

"Aunt Nesbitt," she said, "I want bromide of potash, and I want hypophosphites of iron and soda."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Aunt Nesbitt.

"I've no money. Will you buy them? I've no appetite; I can't sleep."

"That's according to all rules of romance," said the old maid.

"I told you I was vain," replied Vera. "I will not grow ugly. I mean to stay handsome till I am forty-seven."

"I'll buy you a ton," cried Aunt Nesbitt. "But, oh, dear! oh, dear! you're such a disappointment to me. You're not a bit of a heroine."

Her stern soul was so softened, that she was nearer tears than she had got in twenty years. She had to take refuge in the old irony to hide her emotion.

"I'm not a heroine; I'm a woman—that's better," retorted Vera.

Miss Nesbitt went on with her crochet in silence for some time. Suddenly she threw her work on the floor, regardless of the havoc Seraph immediately proceeded to make in it. She marched up to Vera, looked as if she were about to bite her. She stooped, kissed the girl's forehead, and stalked out of the room. Vera knew now that she had been given a place in that long-sealed heart. She let herself cry a little. She was glad to be loved.

She had no mind to shut her eyes against any gleam of light just because she could not have the sun.

The next day was dreary and windy. Vera drove off several miles to inquire for a sick friend of Aunt Nesbitt's. The old lady had a cold, and did not dare venture out.

As Miss Nesbitt sat alone in the library, an hour later, Thomas entered to announce a visitor.

"Who is it?" she asked, with a sniff, not for the visitor, but forced from her by catarrh.

"He wouldn't give no name, ma'am; said as you didn't know him," replied Thomas.

"Let him come in. I'll sneeze at him. He won't want to stay long," said Thomas's mistress.

She was accustomed to being annoyed by strangers in want of help, or full of some grand philanthropic scheme. She expected such a guest now.

The door opened; she began to sneeze.

"Sixteen times," said she, aloud. "I sneezed thirty-four this morning without stopping."

She looked up, and saw before her a young man with one of the finest, grandest faces she had ever set eyes on. She was so surprised that she thought aloud, "you can't be a philanthropist!"

"On the contrary," said her visitor, with a pleasant laugh; "I am the most selfish man alive."

"I always wanted to see him," replied the old lady, not in the least abashed. "Pray sit down."

"I must tell you my name first. Perhaps when you have heard it you will withdraw your invitation.

"Dear me, who are you? Mephistopheles, or the—the—— It wouldn't be polite to name him."

"I am More Rivington," he replied.

"The dickens!" said Aunt Nesbitt.

"I have only lately discovered that Vera was here——"

"I thought you were safe in Australia," interrupted Aunt Nesbitt.

"The engagement I hoped for proved a failure," he replied. "When I learned where Vera was I could not keep away. I felt that I must at least see you—hear how she was—how——"

"You can't see her," Miss Nesbitt interrupted again. "I promised her mother that."

He rose, and began walking excitedly up and down; commenced several sentences, could finish none.

"Sit down," said the old lady. "You fidget me! Sit down! We'll each hear what the other has to say."

More Rivington spent a long hour with her. When he took his leave, he looked happier, though forced to go without seeing Vera.

The next morning Miss Nesbitt handed Vera a note.

"Go to your room and read it," she said. "Ask me no questions, for I've nothing to tell."

This is what Vera read.

"My heart's darling, I have only just learned where you are. Your aunt has been persuaded to give you this letter. I start for California in three days. I did not go to Australia, it was useless. Best and dearest, have courage—the years will pass. Be as certain always of my heart as you are of your own. Oh, my love, my love! it will be made up to us, never doubt that." I shall leave the letter here, where Vera was forced to stop, for some moments, because her eyes were so blind with happy tears that she could not see the page.

Two years passed. Once during that time Mrs. Raymond paid them a visit; but as Aunt Nesbitt would not let her worry Vera, she was soon ready to go.

Two years! Very long to Vera; but she never despaired, and never doubted. More Rivington's name was never mentioned between aunt and niece; but Miss Nesbitt knew that the girl had not changed.

A month after Mrs. Raymond's departure, (a very frenzied affair, for she almost cursed Aunt Nesbitt, and Vera, too), there came a letter from her to the old lady another to Vera.

More Rivington was married. She enclosed a notice of the marriage, copied from a Galveston newspaper. The letters were such as only a heartless woman could have written.

"I hope you will come to your senses now," she wrote to Vera. "I hope you have some gleam of womanly pride left. Mr. Osborne is still free; he asks after you often. I attempt no persuasion; I know your obstinacy too well."

She wrote to Miss Nesbitt, telling her that she was the only person who could influence Vera, begging her to try to show Vera how wise it would be to take this rich man, and so on.

Miss Nesbitt received these letters in the morning; at night she told Vera, and Vera listened, white and cold as a marble image.

"Please to let me alone," was all she said. "Don't be afraid, I shall bear it. I can't believe it; I don't believe it—but it is true. You lived, Aunt Nesbitt; I shall live. Death is very cruel; it will not come to those who want it."

Before she went to bed Miss Nesbitt wrote a letter, which she directed to More Rivington, Maysville, California.

"I shall expect the money to be paid into my bankers in New York without delay. I congratulate you, and wish you just the happiness you deserve." That was all she wrote.

She was not surprised. When she found that Vera proved faithful to her love. She had known, she said now, that the man would fail.

"Fate likes to arrange matters so," she thought. "Truth and falsehood always are thrown together. There must always be one heart broken."

A week latter, Miss Nesbitt sailed with her grand-niece for Europe. Mrs. Raymond was too glad to be rid of the expense of keeping Vera to expostulate, and consoled herself for the disappointment in regard for Mr. Osborne by visions of the girl's marrying a title. She was so proud; she showed so little traces of suffering, that Mrs. Raymond was encouraged to think she would soon marry, if only the more effectually to prove that she did not feel her lover's desertion.

Miss Nesbitt took Vera straight on to Italy. I cannot describe to you the six months that followed. Vera had not even the comfort of being ill—there are crises in life where physical pain and weakness become a blessing—no such relief reached Vera. She kept utter silence in regard to herself. Even Aunt Nesbitt

dared not intrude upon her secret.\* She never looked in the girl's face without a pang at the change. It was not that Vera grew thin or pale, or ugly. She had never been so beautiful. But, oh! the utter hopelessness, the lack of purpose, the terrible want. Aunt Nesbitt read them all. She knew that this was a wound which would never heal. Vera might live to have a sort of stony crust grow over her broken heart, but the wound would burn and ache under. No confidence took place between them. What could be said? Now and then, in the middle of the night, Miss Nesbitt would be roused from sleep by Vera's entrance into the room.

"Tell me it is true," she would whisper. "Let me hear you say it, for I can't believe—I can't believe."

What passed during these night-watches made no difference in their lives. Such conversations were never alluded to after. Miss Nesbitt felt as if she were living her own awful grief over again, old as she was.

From Rome to Naples, on to Sicily, with a pleasant party; up by steamer to Genoa; by the Corniche road to Niece—that was their route. It was June. They were in beautiful Florence for awhile. They went over the St. Gothard into Switzerland.

They had been at Interlachen for a week, when one day Miss Nesbitt received a telegram from London.

"Come to me. They think I must die.

MORE RIVINGTON."

She must tell Vera; Vera must decide. The man's punishment had already overtaken him. But the wife; would she let Vera see him? Would—— But it is useless to speculate. She went to her niece.

"You have some awful news," Vera said. "I see it in your face. Don't try to spare me. You know now that I can bear anything."

Miss Nesbitt put the telegram in her hands.

"I dreamed last night that he had come," muttered Vera. "I dreamed he had come."

Some blessed vision in which he came to claim her; to prove that he had been always faithful! Aunt Nesbitt knew such dreams; she knew what the waking was, too. Great God! what we live through, we men and women.

Vera was past tears. She looked like a ghost; but she could think and act.

"We can go to-night," she said. "We can go to-night."

She worked constantly—did half the packing, in spite of Maria's expostulations. At six o'clock they were speeding away.

It was like a horrible nightmare, that journey, to Aunt Nesbitt. What must it have been to Vera? On—on—Strasbourg—Paris—down to Calais as fast as steam could carry them. Vera ate when Aunt Nesbitt bade, or tried to; lay down at her request; but never once did the weary eyes close. Oh, those eyes! Aunt Nesbitt knew their glazed awfulness would haunt her into eternity!

They were across the Channel, whirling away toward London. Old as she was, Miss Nesbitt was conscious of no sensation of fatigue; her whole being was swallowed up in this girl's suffering. They spoke little; sometimes Aunt Nesbitt held her hand or stroked back her hair, but what words were possible?

"London!"

"We will go the Westminster Hotel," Miss Nesbitt said, when the train halted in Charing Cross Station, and Thomas appeared at the door.

Vera pulled her back.

"To him first," she gasped.

"I am afraid—you are so tired—I——"

"To him first," repeated Vera.

She motioned her aunt away when she would have aided her; walked on toward the entrance.

"Get us a cab," Miss Nesbitt said to Thomas. "You and Maria will go to the hotel with the luggage."

Away the two drove, to the direction given on the telegram—a house near Hyde Park. It was a beautiful morning; nature looked as cruel as she usually does when we suffer. The carriage stopped at last.

"You must wait here while I go in," Aunt Nesbitt said. "I must see—we can't tell; you might be sent back; she may be here."

"I will see him—I will!" whispered Vera.

But she sat quiet while her aunt went into the house.

"Mr. Rivington's better, ma'am," the woman said, who met her in the hall as the servant opened the door. "You are expected."

"Is—is— Who is with him?" asked Miss Nesbitt.

"Only the nurse."

"No one else?"

"There is nobody else to come. The poor gentleman is quite alone. He had my address. He stayed here once years ago."

Miss Nesbitt went back and helped Vera out of the carriage.

"Go prepare him," she said, to the woman.

"He expects you," called a voice from the stairs. "He heard the wheels."

They met the nurse on the upper landing; followed her into a shadowy room. On the bed lay a gaunt, wasted form.

"Vera, Vera—at last!" moaned a feeble voice. "It was all a lie! I tried to follow—I——"

Vera was beside the bed, her arms about his neck, his head sunk on her bosom. He had fainted; but Vera's ever-haunting dream was realized. He had come back to her.

When Rivington received Miss Nesbitt's inexplicable letter, he sailed for the East. He reached New York; was stricken down by fever, and lay for months between life and death. He learned where Vera had gone. As soon as he was able, he set sail for England. He had been seized with a relapse. When he grew better, he found Miss Nesbitt's address in Switzerland.

It was ended—the waiting, the suspense. They were together at last.

The next news Mrs. Raymond heard, was that Miss Nesbitt had given Vera a hundred thousand dollars, and she was to be married at once to More Rivington.

Miss Nesbitt's compact with Rivington, when she assisted him into business in California, was that if at the end of three years he and Vera were both of the same mind still, she would aid their marriage.

Veronica Nesbitt learned that the announcement of Rivington's marriage had been the work of Mrs. Raymond, in one of those moments when the knave always struggles with the idiot in her soul, got the upper hand. But she kept the wretched woman's secret. She would bring no shadow over the contentment of those two young hearts, whose happiness was like a renewal of life to the desolate old maid.

[THE END.]

## SNEEZING.

**W**HAT a moment, what a doubt!  
 All my nose is inside out,—  
 All my thrilling, tickling caustic,  
 Pyramid rhinoserostic,  
 Wants to sneeze and can not do it!  
 How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
 Now with rapturous torment fills me!  
 Now says—"Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."  
 Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most delishi—  
 Ishi—ishi—most delishi!  
 Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!  
 Snuff is a delicious thing.

## GERMANY AND FRANCE.

**A**T a recent banquet at Cherbourg, France, a speech was made by M. Gambetta, the most eminent and powerful of living French statesmen, which created no little excitement throughout Europe.

In it, he seemed to prophesy that, in no long time, France would be ready and eager to attempt the recovery of her two lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine.

It is not probably forgotten by the reader how these two provinces were taken from France and added to the new German Empire ten years ago. It was a result of the war between the two countries.

The victor demanded these two provinces, as well as an immense indemnity in money, as the price of peace. France, crushed to the earth, could not resist this, or, indeed, any demand that the Germans chose to make. She was conquered and helpless; but it was not without the deepest sorrow that the provinces were yielded to the stern and unyielding conqueror.

Alsace and Lorraine had for two centuries comprised at once the wealthiest, most thrifty, most enterprising and most intelligent districts of France. Situated on her eastern border, partly along the Rhine, the inhabitants were for the most part Protestants; and education was widespread among them. The chief city of Lorraine, Metz, and the chief city of Alsace, Strasbourg, were the pride and joy of the French rulers. To yield these to France's ancient foe was a most bitter humiliation.

The people of Alsace and Lorraine themselves were intensely opposed to being torn from France. Thousands of them, even of the poorest left their homes, and adopted new ones on the soil that still remained French; while those who stayed passed under German rule with their hearts still clinging loyally to France.

For ten years the two provinces have been governed by German rulers; nor has Germany failed to employ every means to win the good will of the inhabitants. They have been indulged with gentle government, and have been humored in many ways. Yet to-day there is no doubt that the hearts of the Lorrainese and the Alsatians still yearn for France, and would be filled with joy should any event restore them to their ancient and beloved fatherland. Now France has undergone

a complete change since 1870. The present Prime Minister, M. de Freycinet, said recently in a speech :

"The Republic found France beaten, humiliated and bankrupt. It has made her great, rich, powerful, and prosperous. Her treasury, then so empty, now overflows with the willing contributions of her loyal people. Her army has been reorganized, and is now the largest, and best-appointed, and most formidable in Europe. Her defences have been repaired, and Paris supplied with new fortifications. The people are united; the Republic is irresistible."

It may well be, therefore, that Gambetta's words are prophetic. Germany has good reason to be alarmed. It is safe to believe that France will never be content until Alsace and Lorraine are restored to her. The struggle may come soon, or it may be postponed for years; that, sooner or later it will come, it is not possible to doubt.

War is a terrible thing. But it is not difficult to understand why the French yearn to have back provinces torn from them in the day of abasement, and which themselves are eager to return.

A struggle between the mighty German Empire and the powerful and prosperous republic of France would no doubt be a bitter and cruel one. But the conditions of the conflict would be very different from those of ten years ago. The advantage would be mainly on the side of France. She would be fighting with a better army, a more vigorous Government, and a more ample treasury. But the counsels of pacific statesmanship are becoming more and more heeded in Europe, and it is possible a satisfactory solution of the difficulty may be found without renewing the desolations of war.—[*Youths Companion*.]

### A NEW AFRICAN TRIBE.

DR. EMIL HALUB recently addressed the London Geographical Society respecting a hitherto undescribed African tribe called the Marutse. They inhabit the country formerly ruled by the Makololo, described by Dr. Livingstone, who have ceased to exist. Dr. Halub said that when he crossed the Zambesi, and entered into their country, it seemed that he had left Africa, for the tribes were entirely different from the others in South Africa. They belong to the Banti family, but differ from the other members of this family in their appearance, customs, and workmanship. They have their own civilization, independent of influence from white men; and, while the other tribes have nothing which could be called a religion, they believe in a Supreme Being and in a life after death. They call the Supreme Being N'yambe, but have so great a reverence for him that they do not like to pronounce his name. Whenever a serious event happens, as when a man is killed by a buffalo, a crocodile, or an elephant, the common expression is "N'yambe has ordered it and it is no use resisting." When a member of the royal family was ill, he was taken to the grave of one of his ancestors, when the king knelt on the grave and prayed to the deceased, "You, my grandfather, who are near to N'yambe, pray to N'yambe that the disease may be taken from this man." When a great disaster happens, as in the case of the river overflowing its bank, the people gather around the graves of the chiefs and pray, "You who are with N'yambe, pray for us."

Previous to the present reign, the king was assisted by a Great Council and a

Privy Council, and the cases of persons who were thought to be guilty of crimes deserving capital punishment were submitted to the Great Council for decision. The present king has abolished this usage. The king assumed to have supernatural powers, and the people believed in his pretensions and the people were afraid of him; but he attempted at one time to exercise his powers publicly to secure the return of some chiefs whom he had condemned to death, and who had run away, and failing, lost his reputation.

The people are superior to all the South African tribes in the character of their clothing, their skill in working in ivory and metals, and their customs generally. They trade with the other tribes to the north and to the west. They excel the more southern tribes in mental ability, cultivate music, and hold women in high esteem.—[*Engineers' Journal*.]

### SAN DIEGO.

WE are in receipt of a copy of the *San Diego Union* from brother J. M. Dodge, our worthy ex-Vice Grand Master. The Dodge brothers formerly located at Chicago but now tilling the soil near San Diego, California, are still members of our Order, and in order that their old time friends may know something of the country in which they live, we clip the subjoined extracts from the paper at hand. We are happy to say that the boys are doing splendid at their new home. They have a beautiful residence and a splendid farm. Being enterprising and energetic young fellows they are certain of prosperity. The following are the extracts referred to:

The municipal or Pueblo organization of San Diego was effected January 1st, 1835. Up to 1825, nearly the entire civilized population lived within the limits of the Presidio. Gradually the soldiers families moved down to the foot of the hill, and formed the little settlement which afterward became the Pueblo, and until 1869 was the county seat of San Diego county. Thirteen votes in all were cast for officers of the Pueblo at the first town election in December, 1834. July 7th, 1846, the change of flags took place, and San Diego was thenceforth an American town. San Diego county was organized by act of the California Legislature in 1850, and on April 1st of that year the first county election was held. The town polled 157 votes at that election. The first county assessment roll shows the value of taxable property in 1850 as follows: Ranch lands, \$255,281; ten stores, \$65,395; 88 houses, \$104,302; cattle, 6,789 head, \$92,280; total value, \$517,258. The city assessment roll for the same year gave for Old Town \$264,210; New Town, \$80,050; Middletown, \$30,000; total value, \$375,160. The aggregate population of the county in 1850 was 789, of which about 600 belonged to the city.

The growth of San Diego proper, dates from the year 1867, at which time the project of a Southern Pacific Railroad (first broached in 1854, and which had slumbered during the period of the civil war) was revived. As the proposed Pacific terminus of the road, San Diego came immediately into prominence. The Old Town was built some distance inland from the Bay. What was called New Town consisted simply of the Government barracks and the officers quarters, and the ruins of a small wharf. Mr. A. E. Horton came here in the spring of 1867, and conceived the idea that there would be an important city at this point, and that it would be built on the Bay. Accordingly he bought at public sale in May a tract

of some 900 acres of the Pueblo land on the Bay shore, had it surveyed as a town site, and gave it the name of Horton's Addition to San Diego. This tract is the center of the present city of San Diego. The wharf now owned by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company was built by Mr. Horton in 1868. The new town grew rapidly; handsome residences and substantial brick business structures were erected, and the county inland began to fill up with people at the same time. The railway prospect, as stated, was the chief stimulus for the growth of the new city; but the people soon began to give attention to the development of the resources of the county; and when it was found that patience must be had, under delay in railroad affairs, the people were prepared to exercise that virtue.

No community has ever exhibited greater courage and stronger faith than San Diego, and the reward will surely be reaped by her enterprising citizens. The commerce of the port has steadily increased; good roads have been built to all parts of the interior; farms and orchards have been cultivated; mines have been opened and worked; important industries have been established; and, in spite of "hard times," the county has made steady progress in population and wealth. The contrast between the present state of affairs and that existing twelve years ago may be best shown by comparative statistics. In 1868 the total population of town and county was less than 2,000; total assessed valuation of property in town and county, \$471,619. The only industry was cattle raising. The olive grove at the old Mission, a few orange trees at San Luis Rey, some scattering native fig and pear trees, and the small vineyards of the ranchos, were all that the county could show for fruit. About everything that the people consumed, aside from beef, was imported. In 1880 the estimated population of the county is 10,000; the city having 3,000. The taxable valuation of property for the current fiscal year is \$5,000,000. Total acres of land enclosed in the county, 124,000; total acres under cultivation, 49,594; acreage, in wheat, 19,000; in barley, 9,000; in hay, 10,236; in corn, 4,000; in other products, 7,358. The wheat crop of the present season is expected to go above twenty-seven million pounds; the barley crop about one-fourth as much. Estimated number of bearing lemon trees, 5,300; orange trees, 5,030; olive trees, 8,740; acres grape vines, 3,430. The wool clip of this year is estimated to be about two and half million pounds; in 1878 it was 1,050,000; in 1876, 1,837,850. A very important industry, in which San Diego leads the state, if not, indeed, the world, is that of bee-keeping. Some statistics from the assessor's returns as to the honey production of recent years will be interesting. In 1873 the honey exported from San Diego amounted to 116,000 pounds; in 1875 it reached 550,000 pounds; in 1876 this was more than doubled, the exportation being 1,277,155 pounds; while in 1878 we shipped the amazing aggregate of 2,075,000 pounds of honey! The following general statistics are from the Assessor's return of last year: Live stock—horses, 3,619; mules, 325; horned cattle, 10,479; sheep, 115,429; hogs, 2,816. Improvements, etc.—grist mills, steam power 1; water power, 1; barrels flour made 3,445; saw mills, steam power, 5; feet lumber sawed, 1,650,000; shingles made, 75,000; Quartz mills, steam power, 4; tons quartz crushed, 1,000. Miles of railroad in the county, 164½. The Southern Pacific Railroad enters the county at a point about ninety miles north of the Bay, and crosses the county in a south-easterly direction to the Colorado river at Yuma.

San Diego possesses a climate matchless in the world, as the reports of the observers of the U. S. Signal Service here, compared with observations at the most

avored spots elsewhere, abundantly establish. We speak more especially of the climate of the city, for passing through the interior of the county one can have variety in climate. There are three or four different climates within 80 miles of the Bay. The city is situated upon a plateau formed by the gently sloping character of the foot-hills, the inclination being to the southwest. The soil is dry and porous. On the north-east and south-east are the slopes and peaks of the coast range and Lower California chain of mountains; southward lies the open Pacific Ocean, separated from the waters of the Bay by the long, narrow spit of land which forms a natural break-water, making the most perfect and absolutely safe harbor on the entire coast; on the west is the peninsular extension of the mainland which forms the western boundary of the entrance to the Bay, and breaks the force of the prevailing wind from the Pacific. Situated thus, the city of San Diego has the most equable temperature known among the dwelling places of civilized men on the face of the globe. The mountain tops on the north may glisten in their robes of snow; the atmosphere may glow with fervid heat in the Colorado Desert on the east; yet the resident of our city, dwelling but fifty miles distant from mountain top or desert depression, enjoys the same delightful temperature, with scarcely a perceptible difference between winter and summer, wears the same clothing, and sleeps under the same covering the year round. The temperature of San Diego has a yearly mean of 62 degrees. For the spring month, 60 degrees; summer, 71 degrees; autumn, 64 degrees; and winter, 56 degrees. The yearly mean temperature of the water in the Bay is 66 degrees. The average annual rainfall is about ten inches, with less than fifty rainy days in the whole year. And here the most of the rain falls at night; there are very few of what Eastern people would call "rainy days." There is no mud; after the heaviest rain the surface of the ground dries in a few hours; this being due both to the character of the soil and the natural slope of the land. The late Professor Agassiz, who visited San Diego in 1872, spending some time here, and studying the records of our climate in the Signal Office with great interest, pronounced our climate advantages unequalled in the world. "Your climate," said he, in a brief public address, "is your great capital. It will be worth millions to you as it becomes known." Sure it is, that, given the railway connections that can not now be long deferred, the thousands of invalids and rest seekers, who now expensively sojourn in Florida, Cuba, Italy, and France, will turn their steps to San Diego, and find life and vigor in this glorious climate, and the great Professor's words will be realized.

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### THE STATION AGENT'S STORY.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

TAKE a seat in the shade, here lady,  
It's tiresome, I know, to wait,  
But when the train reaches Verona  
It's always sure to be late;  
'Specially when anyone's watin'.  
Been gatherin' flowers, I see?  
Ah, well! they're better company  
Than a rough old fellow, like me.

You notice the graves 'neath the willows,  
Down there where the blossoms grew?  
Well, yes, there's a story about them  
Almost too strange to be true;  
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story  
Than was ever written in books;  
And God made the ending so perfect—  
There, now I see by your looks,  
I will have to tell the story;  
Let me see; 'twas eight years ago  
One blusterin' night in winter  
When the air was just thick with snow;  
As the freight came round the curve there,  
They beheld a man on the track,  
Bravin' the storm before him; but  
Not heedin' the foe at his back,  
And, ere a hand could grasp the bell-rope,  
Or a finger reach the rod,  
One sweep from the cruel snow-plow  
Had sent the man's soul to its God!  
They laid him out here in the freight-house  
And I stayed with him that night,  
He'd one of the pleasantest faces,  
So hopeful and young and bright.  
There was only a worn out letter;  
I know it by heart—it said:  
"Dear John; baby May grows finely  
I send you this curl from her head,  
We will meet at Brackenboro',  
The grandfather's sad and lone,  
But I read him your kind words, saying,  
When we've a home of our own,  
He shall sing the songs of old England  
Beneath our own willow tree."  
That was all there was of it, lady,  
And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh."  
So we made a grave in the morning  
And buried the man out there  
Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's land,  
With only a stranger's prayer.  
But when he'd slept in his lonely grave  
Out there, nigh on to a year,  
Ray's freight run into a washout  
By the culvert, a way down here;  
There were only two passengers that night,  
Dead, when we found them there—

A sweet, little English woman,  
And a baby with golden hair.  
On her breast lay the laughing baby,  
With its rosy finger tips  
Still warm, and the fair, young mother  
with a frozen smile on her lips.  
We laid them out here in the freight-house,  
I stayed that night with the dead;  
I shall never forget the letter  
We found in her purse; it said:  
"Dear Alice: praise God I've got here—  
I'll soon have a home for you now:  
But you must come with the baby,  
As soon as you can anyhow.  
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him  
That by and by *he* shall come,  
And sing the songs of old England,  
'Neath the willows beside our home;  
For, close by the door of our cottage  
I'll set out a willow tree,  
For his sake and the sake of old England.  
Lovingly yours. John Leigh."  
The tears filled my eyes as I read it;  
But I whispered—"God is just!"  
For I knew the true heart yonder—  
Then only a handful of dust—  
Had drawn this sweet, little woman  
Right here, and God's merciful love,  
Had taken her from the sorrow,  
To the glad reunion above!  
So, close by the grave of the other,  
We laid her away to rest;  
The golden haired, English mother,  
With the baby upon her breast,  
I planted those trees above them.  
For I knew their story you see;  
And, I thought their rest would be sweeter;  
'Neath their own loved, willow tree.  
Five years rolled along, and lady,  
My story may now seem to you,  
Like a wonderful piece of fiction;  
But I tell you it is true.  
As true as—that God is above us!  
One summer day, hot and clear,  
As the train rolled into the station  
And Stopped to change engines here,

Among the company of Mormons  
 Came a tremblin' white haired man,  
 He ask'd me with voice very eager,  
 "Will you tell me, sir, if you can,  
 Of a place called Brackenboro'?"  
 And how far have I got to go?"  
 "It's the next station north, I answered,  
 "Only thirteen miles below."

His old face lit up for a moment,  
 With a look of joy complete;  
 Then he threw up his hands toward heaven,  
 And dropped down dead at my feet!  
 "Old Hugh Leigh is dead," said a Mormon,  
 "And sights o' trouble he's be'n.  
 Nothin' would do when we started,  
 But that he must come with us then

To find Alice, John and the baby;  
 And his heart was well nigh broke,  
 With watin' and watchin' in England,  
 For letters they never wrote."  
 So we buried him there with the others  
 Beneath the willow tree,  
 'Twas God's way of ending the story—  
 More perfect than man's could be!—[*Detroit Free Press.*

## WIT AND HUMOR.

THE man who sits on a bent pin is apt to speak to the point.

THE "lap of luxury" is when the cat gets at the cream.—[*Lowell Citizen.*

DON'T laugh at the cat for running around after her tail. She is persuing her end.

THERE is romance in figures. A young man, met a girl, ler, married her, and took her on a wedding 2er.

A BOSTON man was, according to the *Transcript*, asked to buy a new style of blotting pad, and he asked how it was fastened on.

MR. BERGH is appealed to for the relief of animal suffering. The potato bugs in the far West are freezing to death.—[*Boston Globe.*

PEOPLE who take moonlight strolls on railroad tracks shouldn't be offended if the coroner doesn't recognize them.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

A FALL RIVER girl, earning a salary of \$3.00 per week, has fallen heiress to \$150,000. We never noticed it before, but she is very pretty.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

AN Irishman watching a game of base ball, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, wasut? Begorra, I thought it was a mule."

A MAN living in the country finds lightning-rods on his house to be a great protection. They keep lightning-rod peddlers from calling and chinning the head of the house.—[*New Orleans Picayune.*

IN an Arkansas hotel we see in print a request that guests must not strike the waiters. Quite a contrast from the admonition in one of our Eastern hotels stating that the waiting maids must not be kissed while in the discharge of their duties as it causes them to break the dishes.

A YOUNG man was sent to inform relatives of the death of a friend. As he drove into the yard he was met by his uncle who said to him: "What is the good word." To which he replied: "Father is dead."

AUNT SALLY'S TALKS.--"I dunno how it's all come about, but tryin' to find an old-fashioned gal among the gals of to-day would be like looking for a thimble in the medder. It makes me nervous and oneasy to see 'em, sayin' nothin' of hearin' em' chatterin' away like so many jack-daws on every subject but one of sense. 'Sposen' you'd ask one of these new-fangled gals of to-day to make a mustard plaster, or set emptings, or wash flannels, or steep up onions and 'lasses and vinegar for the baby's cold? Why, there hain't one in five hundred who could mix two parts flour and one part mustard and spread the stuff on a piece of old cotton, without making more fuss over it than I'd make in curing four cases of croup and burying six or eight neighbors. When I was a gal I could get out of bed in the darkest night that ever crept over a white cow and lay my hands on the ginger-box, the camphor bottle, the kyann pepper, the stickin' plaster, or whatever else was wanted. Jist imagine one o' these modern gals puttin' a foot out o' bed if the hull rest of the family was tied up in hard knots with the colic! Not one in a thousand of 'em could go down and even find the pantry door without two lamps burnin' and a guide-board on her head.

"Yee, I'm puttin' a patch on the Deacon's breeches. I learned to patch 'fore I was fourteen year old. When I get it sewed on and pressed down you won't hardly be able to diskiver which from which. This one patch will give him six months' longer wear of these breeches. Patchin' was not beneath our old-fashioned gals; but lands save ye! Jist you mention patches to one of these frizzed and banged and bustled gals of this period! She'd faint right away and fall into it. You'd think sartin queer of a man who would throw away a pair of boots because one of the straps was broken. And yet the gals of the present age are being brung up to throw away garments that half an hour's work with the needle would make almost as good as new.

"Healthy? I guess I'm feeling purty lively for a woman seventy-two years old come next April. I haven't got a pain or an ache about me, and I don't spect to have till my dying hour comes. Why? Because I haven't bent my ribs all out of shape by tight-lacing. Because I haven't waded through the snow-drifts of winter in thin shoes and cotton stockings. Because I haven't sacrificed lungs, liver and muscle to fashion. How many gals of the present day ever sit down to a good, solid meal? Lands alive! but it's got to be unfashionable to eat anything except gum-drops and sweet-cake! A gal of sixteen expects to do more runnin' around on ten mouthfuls of such stuff than her father does on a solid meal. It's all right for him to bundle up in cold weather, but it's all wrong, for her. It's all right for him to go to bed at nine, but all wrong for her to get under the quilts afore midnight. Oh! gals! gals! gals! I don't know what's to become of ye! I feel consarned about you, and I'm going to set down and talk to you like a grand-mother and tell you just what I think."

AUNT SALLY.

## TO GET INTO GOOD SOCIETY.

IN an address before the Workingmen's college of London, on the subject of self-education, Mr. James Russell Lowell, our minister to England, spoke of the importance of so selecting your reading that it shall be to you a ladder of ascent to a higher intellectual plane. Few men, he said, knew how much was contained in the simple fact that one was able to read. A man who could read had got, to a certain extent, all that he needed to make him a scholar.

These are very true sentiments, and we commend them to the consideration of the many young men who write to us for direction as to self-improvement. As Mr. Lowell further remarked, once a man knows how to read, his society is no longer confined to those with whom he is brought in contact by the accidents of life. He may live among coarse and perhaps mean people, whose ideas are on a low and vulgar level, and yet he may enjoy the intellectual companionship of the choicest spirits and the richest and wisest minds of all time. "If they were offered a letter of introduction which would persuade Shakespeare and Milton to give them their best time and attention," Mr. Lowell told his audience, "they would say it was impossible. Yet that was precisely what the mere ability to read gave a man."

It is well to take this view of reading as introducing a man into the society of that loftiest of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of intellect, and to bring it prominently before the people, and especially young people, at this time, when all children are taught to read, and literature of some sort is in the hands of everybody. If a man chooses, he can put himself into communion with the thoughts of the great men of the world and establish himself in their society, or he can pass them by and form inferior literary associations to gratify his less elevated tastes. He can get his ideas and his vocabulary from the masters of writing, or he can take them from their cheap imitators and the concoctors of meretricious literature designed only to produce an ephemeral sensation, and to stimulate the emotions rather than cultivate the mind.

The great majority of readers confine themselves to the poorer and less substantial sort of books. They do not want good literary society. All they are seeking for is something to amuse them, something that is about on their own intellectual level, from which they are too lazy to rise. So far from being benefitted by their reading, many of them are really damaged by the false views of life they get in flimsy novels, and by the destruction of a healthy literary appetite which is caused by their persistence in such reading to the neglect of all others. The men of former generations who knew, but knew thoroughly, only one book, and that perhaps the bible, were far better educated than they who know no book worth knowing, and yet have run through many.

Just now, when cheap novels are so abundant, there is also appearing a large supply of the best works of literature of all time, which may be obtained at a small price. The current publications of the more valuable kind are, perhaps of greater cost; but even they are obtainable at the public libraries, and at this period of marvelous activity and freedom in human thought and investigation they are produced with a rapidity never before equalled. A young man who can read has, therefore, only himself to blame if he is not intimate with the wisest and best men of the past, and the most richly endowed and carefully stored intellects of the present day.

He has that society offered him, no matter if his coat is old and rusty, and his hands rough and hard. There are no social bars which prevent his admittance to that choice company, and the citizens of New York pay four millions a year for the public schools in order that every child may get into it. And yet there never was a time when so much trash in literature was devoured by the public as now. When a public library weeds out novels of the poorer sort, it is sure to see a decline of patronage. It takes away the food that suits many intellectual appetites. Three-fourths of all the books it lends, at best, are works of fiction, and very recent fiction very much of it is, novels manufactured only to meet an immediate demand, and whose names even are soon forgotten.

Can young men rightly complain that society deals hardly with them, that their chances in life are not what they ought to be, when they refuse the companionship of the great and the wise and take only to that of triflers and frauds?

Read strong and good newspapers, newspapers which deal in vigorous thought and are governed by solid convictions, and choose your reading of books with reference to your substantial intellectual improvement, if you wish to deserve respect as one who has profited by his opportunities.—[*New York Sun*.]

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### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

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IF two mirrors are at right angles, a luminous point placed between them will give three images.

THE velocity of light was first ascertained by Roemer, by means of the eclipses of the first satellite of Jupiter.

THE moon and the planets are non-luminous, receiving from the sun the light by which they shine.

WHEN solar light is examined by a prism, it is found to consist of seven primary colors, which are interrupted by dark lines.

VERY intimate relations exist between the sun and digestion. Digestion and assimilation become weak and imperfect, if the man or animal is not daily exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

PLANTS can not grow in air completely deprived of carbonic acid, for, brought into such an artificially prepared atmosphere, they die.

THE size of the tracts of land under tea cultivation will be readily conceived, when we say that an acre, on which are 1,200 plants, will yield about 1,200 pounds of dry tea yearly. Four pounds weight of green leaves are required to make one pound of dry tea.

ALL materials except stone, are now successfully worked by machinery. We do not of course mean that stone is so worked to a limited extent, but, in general, hand work of this material still maintains itself against all the innovations of inventors.

OPEN an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shell and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ and myriads of three distinct species of worms.

**HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MARBLE FOR PAPER WEIGHTS OR OTHER FANCY ARTICLES.**—Soak plaster of Paris in a solution of alum, bake it in an oven, and then grind it to a powder. In using mix it with water, and to produce the clouds and veins, stir in any dry color you wish; this will become very hard and is susceptible of a very high polish.

DR. CUTTER says that the increases of nervous diseases, decaying teeth, premature baldness and general lack of muscular and bone strength are greatly due to the impoverished quality of flour now in use, the gluten being thrown away in order to make the flour white. He urges the use of unbolted flour and of eggs, milk, and butter. He denies that fish is brain food or that Agassiz ever said that it was, and claims that butter, being nearly all fat, is a better kind of brain-food than any other.

### THE FEROCIOUS FROG.

THE *London Telegraph* relates the following story of the curious propensity of the frog, alleged to have been discovered during the draining of some huge carp ponds upon Count Schaafgotsche's estate of Warmbrunn. Upon transferring the fish from these preserves to baskets, for the purpose of conveying them to tanks wherein they might disport themselves while their old familiar quarters were being cleaned, it was observed that frogs were clinging to the backs of many of the larger carp. Most of the fish thus beridden were blind, the frog's fore feet being found firmly fixed in the eye sockets of their victims. Interrogated respecting this strange phenomenon, the chief pond keeper told our contemporary's informant that, according to his experience, extending over several years, frogs were the deadliest enemies with which carp had to contend, and caused an annual mortality among the fish under his care from three to four per cent. of their total number. The frog's object in bestriding the carp, he said, was to feed upon the slimy matter that so frequently forms a sort of spongy crust on the heads and backs of the older fish; and, once settled in these favorite seat, they soon succeed in gouging their finny steeds, which when blinded, being unable to look out for their food, soon perished of hunger. How tightly these voracious *fatrachians* hold on to their living pastures was exemplified by the pond master, who picked up a carp weighing two pounds and a half, and held it suspended in the air by one of the hind legs of a frog perched upon its back in the manner above described. Carps thus frog-ridden to death begin to turn yellow on the third day after the parasitical croaker has taken his seat, rapidly waste away, and generally die within a fortnight from the commencement of their martyrdom. In clear water it is pretended that they can espy their nimble foe as he prepares to spring upon them, and by a timely wriggle often escape his attack.

WILKIE COLLINS began life as a tea merchant, but after a short time studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and presently abandoned that for literature. He is a rapid inventor and slow producer, writes at a massive desk, on one side of which hangs a picture of his father, and on the other side is a tin box containing plots and schemes and ideas jotted down. In composing he first finds a central idea, then fits the characters, lets the characters evolve their own incidents, and begins the story at the beginning.—[*Chicago Express*.]

## *Editorial.*

*E. V. DEBS, Editor.*

*WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor*

### ORGANIZE!

Firemen of the United States organize! Organize for mutual protection. Not for the purpose of antagonizing our employers, but for the holier, nobler purpose of charity. Charity to our own craftsmen. We must sustain each other in the hour of danger. We must take care of the fatherless and the husbandless. When death and disaster have entered the homes of one of our craft we must fly to the rescue. Our hands must be the ones to sustain the weak. Firemen can not afford to pay the high premiums exacted by insurance companies for life policies; therefore, we must insure each other. We are used to danger and hard usage ourselves, but our wives and children, our mothers and sisters must not be left to buffet with fate alone when we are gone. The faster we organize, the larger is the sum we can afford to pay for a death or a total disability.

Fellow craftsmen! you who love your dear ones at home, stop! consider! Death may overtake you on the rail; the foot board may never again feel your sturdy tramp. What then will become of little Charlie, or Benny, or little Cora? What then will become of your darling wife or mother? Come and join with us in our holy cause. Humanity says, come. Loved ones say, come. Duty says, come.

### PAY UP.

We have repeatedly impressed upon the members of our Order the necessity of keeping all back dues paid up. One of the imperative rules of our constitution is that no death claims or disability claims will be allowed unless the member killed or injured was in good standing at the time of the death or injury.

Our dues are very light, and a little attention to this matter will cause our Grand Lodge much satisfaction and prevent great loss to the needy and deserving. A fireman does not know the day nor the hour when danger will confront him. To-day he may be full of hope and happiness, to-morrow's sun may see him a mangled corpse. If you have done all you can for the loved ones at home, your hearts will be easy, and you can meet duty with a steady eye and unquivering nerve, but if you have neglected to provide for them how dark and unpromising will appear their future to you. Do your duty in small things. Keep your dues paid up, then if the supreme hour of danger rushes on you, you will have at least the thought of loved ones at home provided for to cheer you. It is manly to pay as you go. Shirk nothing. Do not depend upon the charity and good will of your friends; pay for yourselves, and pay *promptly*.

WE are in receipt of communications from both Cheyenne and North Platte, the writers thereof neglecting to place their signatures below the same. It would be well, for parties desiring attention, to be more careful in this respect.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM THE GRAND LODGE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

*To Sub Lodges:* Knowing that the general condition of our institution is a matter of great importance as well as interest to our members, I could select no better topic to write upon, than our rapid progress since the last convention. Favorable and encouraging reports are pouring in from every section, and I can conscientiously assert that our prospects were never so brilliant and our success so imminent. There are firemen everywhere who are clamoring to embrace our organization, seeming to comprehend its great practical worth, and the numerous benefits it is destined to shed, in time to come. The prompt manner in which the sub-lodges respond to all callings, cannot fail to elicit praise and admiration from those who have an insight into our lodge affairs: that accounts for our speedy advancement. With such noble assistance, progress is but a natural consequence.

Many of the disbanded lodges are being re-organized and now boast of a foundation that cannot easily be shaken. In conclusion, I would say, that if we continue to strive earnestly and zealously for the welfare of our organization, the field is clear, and we stand a first-class chance of becoming one of the leading labor movements in America.

E. V. D.

### DISCIPLINE.

*Editor B. of L. F. Magazine:* The result of discipline is seen to its fullest extent in the armies of different countries, and, indeed, without rigid enforcement of discipline, it would render the government of men in the field of battle impossible.

Take also the discipline in civil government and its different branches, which are by it controlled. The postal, custom, and, in fact, all branches are held in their proper shape by rigid enforcement of rules laid down to employes and carried out to the letter. A man in any business having the control of capital invested and when discipline is used in the government of the same, the result is very satisfactory financially.

On the other hand compare a body of men in any occupation, and no rules with proper enforcement of the same for them to work under, and defeat and loss are to be expected. Looseness in any business or society is a forerunner of disaster. It is sure to follow, for there is nothing substantial to result otherwise.

And discipline may also be used to advantage in the lodge-room. I have never failed to see the difference at once in lodges that I have visited in this respect. Lodges that transact their business and give instructions to members in a careless manner are as a rule not to be relied upon. Masters having control of lodges are to a great extent to blame for this carelessness upon the part of members. Allowing them to become delinquent in the payment of dues, and to address each other in a manner far from being civil. Not giving proper attention to the works connected with the Order will cause that lodge so governed to soon fall behind, both financially and morally. It is to be regretted that principles and good results offered by rigid discipline are so much neglected.

The item of the payment of dues is one that is vitally important to any lodge

and one that should not be viewed and treated in a careless manner, for, unless monies due the Order are paid promptly, it is impossible to conduct it properly. Our dues are small and it can not be expected that death claims and benefits to brothers in need can be given without the prompt payment of monthly dues.

It is the only manner by which a fund can be accumulated to alleviate distress. It is not right or just to allow a few brothers to support and carry all burdens upon their shoulders, while others fully able and in a condition rendering it easy to contribute, become in arrears. Again, I repeat, that the Master of any lodge is wholly to blame for this. He should keep interested and posted in the condition of his lodge and the standing of each member, reprimand or cause the expulsion of all who can, and do not pay their dues promptly.

A trial of discipline in this, as well as other matters pertaining to the government of lodges, would cause a change that will surprise you. Without it a failure is the result. Let the head of each lodge think of this matter, and then act upon it, and I can assure you, that success will attend your efforts, and we will have no more cases of lodges becoming demoralized, as has been the case in the past. And I fully attribute the cause of such failures to the lack of discipline.

Yours fraternally,

DANVILLE, ILL., October 28, 1880.

HANK LOVELY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., October 23, 1880.

*Editors B. of L. F. Magazine:* It gives me great pleasure to inform you of a happy circumstance in which one of No. 12's members was a party. On the evening of September 28th, at the residence of the bride's father, brother A. Sly was united to Miss Jennie Clark, one of Hornellsvilles fairest daughters, in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The wedding and reception was an elegant affair and long to be remembered. Numerous and costly presents were bestowed upon them by the relatives and friends who were there to witness the ceremony. Brother and Mrs. Sly have gone to New York to visit friends, and during their bridal tour they intend stopping at Rochester, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other places of interest.

Brother Sly has recently been promoted to the right hand side, and here let me say as did Rip Van Winkle: "Here's to your health and your family's health and may you all live long and prosper." I am informed from good authority that another of our Hornellsville members is about to follow the example set by brother Sly. I am not prepared to send in his name, for I should not like to give him away, unless I had the "deadwood" on him, but this much I can say, and that is, if Joe makes his "trips" as regularly for another month, as he has made them these past few weeks, you may look for an announcement at an early date.

Yours fraternally,

BUFFALO No. 12.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., Nov. 15th, 1880.

I deem it quite appropriate that the several lodges should at various times, make themselves communicative through the columns of the Magazine. Nothing is more eagerly devoured by all the boys, than a communication of this nature. As brother —— of No. 95 has bravely advanced and broken the ice, I have made a venture to follow in his pathway, not by writing of my own lodge, but of No. 44 where I recently visited. Yea, though it is a monstrous undertaking for

me, as I am a miserable "Knight of the pen." In my *feeble* way I shall endeavor to do my best. I hear you exclaim; "yes feeble indeed," but here goes. To start out—I alighted from the train with the pious intentions of making No. 44 a neighborly visit, myself being a member of No.—(it makes no difference what No.). At the depot I was tendered a reception by the beaming countenance of brother Idy, who did all he could to make my visit one of pleasure, and he succeeded admirably, as I can truthfully say that I enjoyed his companionship hugely. Brother Idy runs a switch engine at St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain Road.

Brother Hayes extended me a cordial "how do you do," and, by the way, introduced me to his conductor Mr. Cever who is a very polite gentleman and always courteous to the B. of L. F. boys. Brother Hayes runs a passenger engine from St. Louis to Corondalet, on the Iron Mountain Road. He has just about gained the top round of the ladder of excellence in his profession.

Last, but not least, brother Buck smiled upon me. Well, now, if he jist didn't deceive me then I'll take it back. Since my last meeting with him at Buffalo convention some three years since, he has undergone a marvelous process of changes. In personal appearance he has improved ten-fold. This is not intended for *fluttery*, even if it does sound *flat*. And then to note the air of wisdom: he has lately gone into partnership with the estimable Mrs. B. At his neat residence he and his fair partner are always ready to receive visitors. I should like to make a special mention of many others, but their names have escaped my mind.

Now then, I have thrown down the gauntlet of ipistolary art, thereby challenging others to do likewise. Trusting to hear from others next time, I am always,  
"GUESS WHO."

### SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

REINSTATED.—C. Colvin of No. 77 reinstated in good standing.

BROTHER G. W. Gibbon of No. 32, paid us a visit last week. We are always glad to see one of the boys.

At last accounts, brother W. H. Fisher of Potomac Lodge No. 7, was working nobly to enlarge the Magazine subscription list of No. 7.

WITH such energetic members as brother Ed. Miller, Sherburne, Southard and a *host* of others, No. 16 can not otherwise than thrive.

BROTHER Stevens was quite recently tendered a splendid reception while visiting No. 44, at the home of brother Thomas Rodgers and sister, Miss Mary A Rodgers.

No. 85 instructs us to say, that they would like to hear from brother H. Keler and H. H. Whitney, to whom they have news of importance to communicate.

THE members of Rose City Lodge No. 45, desire to return to their retiring officers a vote of thanks, for the very efficient services rendered by them while discharging their duties of their various offices.

THE "Marriage Bells" have just ceased ringing in Evanston, Wyoming Territory, announcing the "matrimonial confederacy" of brother H. Watts and a very estimable young lady of that place, whose name we have been unable to learn. The members of No. 88 unite in tendering the young couple their hearty congratulations.

COMING to the front—Boston No. 57.

ONE of our earnest, honest, cheerful workers—brother J. A. Christman of No. 70.

BROTHER C. F. Collier of No. 9, sends in some very favorable reports regarding the standing of that lodge.

WE have been informed of the marriage of brother Wm. Hummel of No. 100. Mr. and Mrs. Hummel have our best wishes for future prosperity.

BROTHER Parrin of No. 90 is doing good work. Success will undoubtedly crown his efforts.

BROTHERS Shepherd, Coughlin and Laughlin, are manfully shouldering responsibilities. They are doing splendid work in No. 10.

WE were made glad by a nice little letter from No. 100 recently. Let us hear from you again, brother Lee.

OUR brothers at Sleepy Eye are wide awake. We have heard of some very complimentary things concerning them. Ever to the right boys.

CERRO GORDO LODGE No. 29 is getting along "swimmingly;" judging by the contents of a letter, etc, received from brother C. W. Green.

BROTHER A. Bingleben of No. 100, has recently been united in the holy bonds of wedlock. We extend to him and his happy bride our hearty congratulation.

BROTHERS J. Vautwood, R. Fitzgerald and H. Jones, received appointments as engine dispatchers.

BROTHER Joe Raymond of Forest City No. 10, who runs between Nashville, Tennessee and Decatur, Alabama, writes some very encouraging letters to the boys at home. Brother Raymond takes hold of the work in the right manner.

BROTHERS A. G. Turlay and R. A. Oxley of No. 37, are running a switch engine in Clinton yard. They do not like the position very well, as there is more honor than salary to it.

BROTHER Jno. O'Connor of No. 37, has crossed the deck, and now sits on the right side of a Baldwin "mogul." Brother O'Connor seems to be equal to the responsibility of his position.

WE acknowledge receipt of invitations to the annual balls of Lodges Nos. 70, 85, 93, 40 and several others. The boys are making things lively all along the line, and we wish them all success socially and financially.

THE members of No. 32 desire to return to J. H. Mills, their sincere thanks for presenting them with an elegant black walnut ballot-box and gavel. May they both be used in the best interests of the Brotherhood.

POWERS by name, and Power by nature. Pat Powers of No. 23 we mean. Brother Powers is a credit to his name, and his excellence is manifested in his works.

ANOTHER dreadful misfortune has befallen No. 16. Only a little while ago brother Saunders of that lodge was killed in a collision, and now we are called upon to record the death of brother John Brake, who lost his life on the 26th of October, by explosion of his engine in the Vandalia railroad yard in Terre Haute, Indiana. Brother Brake was universally beloved, and leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss. They have our warmest sympathy in their sad affliction.

No. 23 gives us notice of the promotion to the right hand side of brothers James Scott and F. Flanigan, two of the most substantial members of their lodge. They are deserving of the highest success, and we tender them our best wishes to that end.

PROSPERITY seems to smile upon No. 33 at Trenton, Mo. Brothers J. Simmons and L. T. Roberts of that Lodge, have recently been elevated to the foot-board. Both are reliable young men and will make first-class engineers. They have our best wishes.

BROTHER Samuel R. Wild, No. 37's delegate to the seventh annual convention, has been transformed into one of "the other side fellows." He is highly esteemed by his brethren, and each of them wish him success. Keep up your nerve "Sammy."

THE following brothers, we are truly glad to learn, have been promoted to the right hand side: No. 95—brothers T. Long, R. Lund, J. Baltz, W. Kellard, J. Hem, C. Van Vlack and Wm. T. Ross; No. 100—brothers J. W. Lee and C. O. Dixon; No. 90—brother Barnum, Smith and Green.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. 'Tis a balmy breeze from the "Golden State," which whispered to us of prosperity. "Orange Grove" No. 97 is coming into prominence. Brother C. Vogelsang supposed to be the chief instigator. HOOSIER.

A LETTER from Boone, Iowa, informs us that brother Ed. Gardner of No. 25, has been promoted to the position of engineer. Brother Gardner is well known in Boone and universally liked. He is deserving of the success he has attained, and with the members of No. 20 we wish him good health, a faithful engine and a clear track.

WE clip the following from the Fargo, (D. T.) *Republican*: "S. M. Stevens, Grand Instructor of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, arrived on Saturday, visiting lodge 85, Fargo. A meeting was held at Firemen's Hall, at 2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Stevens gave the lodge some very profitable instruction. He left on Monday morning for St. Paul, intending to visit the lodge at St. Paul Monday evening, then, returning to Brainerd, will organize a lodge there."

CARDS are afloat announcing the fact that brother Wm. F. Hynes, our associate editor, together with his brother Thomas, both members of No. 77, are prepared to transact business at No. 283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado. Their's is an old and well known stand of books and stationery, also news depot. We feel assured that under their careful management, the good reputation of the place will be maintained. Good luck be with you!

THIS method is taken to inform the sub-lodges that brother S. M. Stevens, our Grand Instructor has been and is at the time of this writing, quite ill. Having returned from a very extended trip through the North-West, he went to Cincinnati where he re-organized and placed upon a solid basis No. 41. Of this Lodge I would mention brother Tom. N. Eller, who is an energetic worker, and with the co-operation of his fellow-members will make No. 44 one of our strongest. Upon his return from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, brother Stevens fell sick at the latter place. He is now at the residence of H. H. Spaan, where Mrs. Spaan is bestowing the best of care upon him. Those Lodges who wish to organize, or to be re-organized, will please take this matter into consideration. As soon as Mr. Stevens is able he will in turn pay all a visit.

GRAND LODGE, Terre Haute, Ind.

## NO. 17 HEARD FROM.

The papers of Vincennes, Indiana, announce that brother C. A. Cripps of No. 17 has been elected City Clerk of that city by a very handsome majority.

The following is the vote:

CANDIDATES.	1st. ward...	2d ward...	3d ward...	4th ward...	5th ward...	6th ward...	Totals.....	Majority...
Chas. A. Cripps, D.....	95	129	134	100	116	204	778	169
Francis Murphy, R....	104	59	78	123	90	155	609	
J. B. Page, Jr., I.....	44	25	9	8	7	6	99	
C. M. Cornoyer, I.....		4	2		1		7	
H. V. Somes, I.....	1			5	1		7	

It will be observed that although brother Cripps had four competitors, he was elected by a majority of 169 votes. This will be gratifying news to his many friends, who are glad to see his merit and ability so highly appreciated. We regard this as quite a victory for our Order, as it goes to show that Locomotive Firemen have qualifications besides handling the scoop or burnishing brass.

## PRESENTATION.

The members of Gate City Lodge No. 93 recently presented Mrs. Stiller, mother of the late brother Wm. H. Stiller with a chart of the Brotherhood elegantly engraved. The following letter was sent with it:

KEOKUK, IOWA, November 6, 1880.

MRS. STILLER—On behalf of Gate City Lodge No. 93 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen allow me to present to you this chart. Engraved thereon you will find the name of your late son and our brother Wm. H. Stiller. You will also see portrayed the life or calling of every locomotive fireman. Farther on you will see the object of our beloved organization, viz.: Brotherly love to fill the vacancies caused by the death of our members. Hoping that you will accept this as a token of respect and love for this lodge, I remain,

Very respectfully, ZEB. MOORE.

Mrs. Stiller replied as follows:

*To the Officers and Members of Gate City Lodge No. 93 of the B. of L. F.:*

GENTLEMEN—Accept my sincere thanks for the beautiful chart presented me by your lodge. Williams name in the center makes it very dear to us all, and we shall always remember the kind givers. Most respectfully,

KEOKUK, IOWA, November 7, 1880.

MRS. H. C. STILLER.

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge No. 16 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held at their hall, Sunday, November 7th, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted, viz.:

WHEREAS, brother John Brake, one of the most faithful members of our lodge, lost his life on the morning of October 26th, by reason of the explosion of his engine, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we deeply regret the sad and untimely death of brother Brake.

*Resolved*, That while living he was true to the teachings of our organization and that his manly bearing and praiseworthy qualities endeared him to all who shared his acquaintance.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely mourn his loss, and, although we may never see him again, he shall live forever within our memories, and we shall endeavor to emulate his many ennobling traits of character.

*Resolved*, That we tender to his bereaved wife and child our most sincere sympathy, assuring them that their loving husband and father was our dear brother, and although the trial is dreadful and the loss irreparable, we humbly yield to the mandate of Divine Providence.

*Resolved*, That our sincere thanks be and are hereby tendered to the Vandalia Railroad Company for kindly furnishing us with an extra coach in which to attend the funeral.

*Resolved*, That we extend to brother Charles Zepp, of Eureka Lodge No. 14, our heartfelt thanks for assisting us so ably in arranging for the funeral.

*Resolved*, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days in token of respect to the memory of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Brake, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., November 8th, 1880.

ORVILLE E. FOX,  
ELMER SHERBURN, } Committee.  
EUGENE V. DEBS.

At a regular meeting of Fargo Lodge No. 85, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The recent visit of brother S. M. Stevens has been of incalculable value to our lodge, and

WHEREAS, We most heartily appreciate the brotherly interest manifested by him towards each of our members, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be tendered our worthy Grand Instructor, for the valuable service he rendered our lodge.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely wish him success in his work for the Order.

*Resolved*, That his earnest efforts with us shall not be in vain, but that our most earnest endeavors shall be to perpetuate the good work.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to brother Stevens, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

FARGO, D. T., November 7th, 1880.

A. BASSETT,  
W. B. NORTON, } Committee.  
D. BUCKLEY.

## GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

Subordinate Lodges will give immediate notice to the G. S. & T. of all withdrawals and expulsions. In case of a withdrawal, the Recording Secretary will state whether it is final or to join elsewhere. In the latter case, he will give the number of the lodge to be joined.

When a withdrawn member joins another lodge by withdrawal card, the said lodge shall not fail to give notice to the G. S. & T. of the fact, in order that his name may be transferred on the Grand Lodge Register.

This order is one of the utmost importance, and should be invariably adhered to.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

## WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 18. Wm. Armitage, to join No. 77.  
 No. 21. James W. Lawson, to join No. 54.  
 No. 31. J. Holmes, withdrawn to join No. 18.  
 No. 57. C. M. Thomas, to join elsewhere.  
 No. 100. E. A. Eaton, to join No. 55.  
 No. 100. James Atkinson, final withdrawal.

## BLACK LIST.

- No. 10. J. Brenan, Wm. Lineham, P. J. Cullitan, expelled for non-payment of dues.  
 No. 17. J. E. Callahan, expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding widows and orphans.  
 No. 60. G. W. Moore, S. Allen, J. Pearson, C. Peze, Wm. Shewmaker, expelled for non-payment of dues.  
 No. 100. A. J. Weller, expelled for non-payment of dues.

## GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

- Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,  
 Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.  
 Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,  
 68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.  
 S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,  
 Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,  
 Terre Haute, Indiana.  
 Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,  
 Los Angeles, Cal.  
 John Clark.....Grand Conductor,  
 Memphis, Tenn.  
 Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,  
 Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,  
 Lafayette, Indiana.  
 D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshall,  
 Marshall, Texas.  
 Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,  
 Terre Haute, Indiana.  
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,  
 Denver, Colorado.

## GRAND TRUSTEES.

- Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills.  
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado  
 J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

## GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

- D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills.  
 J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Ter.  
 Louis Ebertson.....Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont.  
 Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind.  
 D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C.  
 J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky.  
 Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass.  
 John I. Steele.....Atchison, Kansas  
 Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal.  
 D. Fifeild.....San Francisco, Cal.  
 W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills.  
 Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga.  
 Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

## DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

- C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills.  
 W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.  
 4906 Paschall street.  
 Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark.  
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind.  
 B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa  
 C. R. Raymond, box 13.....Fort Gratiot, Mich.  
 L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass.  
 72 Cambridge street.  
 F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky.  
 505 Washington street.  
 John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.  
 John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn.  
 10 and 12 S. Market street.  
 Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

## LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. addresses, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

## LODGE ADDRESSES.

*Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.*

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa.  
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at M. and B. Hall, Water street.  
 Thomas S. Taylor (Box 1315) .....Master  
 J. F. Hoffman (Box 501) .....Rec. Sec'y  
 G. F. Dunbar (Box 286) .....Fin. Sec'y  
 G. F. Dunbar, do .....Mag. Agent

5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Engineers Hall.  
 A. Jenkinson.....Master  
 Theo. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner E 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.  
 D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master  
 P. W. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. C. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent  
 No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.  
 A. J. Gabard.....Master  
 L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y  
 E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.  
 E. L. Coit, Piqua shops.....Master  
 W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (City Water Works.)  
 C. F. Collier (592 N. High st).....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Evans, Piqua shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.  
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master  
 Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodbine st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thomas Caughlin.....Fin. Sec'y  
 No. 6 Davidson street.  
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st. Mag. Ag't
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.  
 J. S. Gorgas.....Master  
 P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y  
 D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.  
 John W. Jacobs, 201 Michigan st.....Master  
 Wm. B. Munsell, 300 E. Eagle st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. L. Jacobs, 504 S. Division.....Mag. Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at E 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  E. Washington street.  
 S. M. Stevens.....Master  
 John A. Tweedie, 61 S. Noble st. Rec. Sec'y  
 Chas. N. Zepp, 93 Malott ave.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.  
 James I. Southard, 322 N. 14th st.....Master  
 E. V. Debs, City Clerks office.....Rec. Sec'y  
 E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. J. Mullen, City Clerks office.....Mag. Ag't
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.  
 C. A. Cripps.....Master  
 Chas. Kanz.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Byron Robinsn.....Fin. Sec'y  
 T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.  
 C. M. Stone.....Master  
 L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. B. Miltner.....Fin. Sec'y  
 box 160, Rood House, Ills.  
 Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't  
 box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.  
 Thomas Largin, box 8.....Master  
 L. E. Enos do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. Purell do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Fred Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts  
 M. Coyle do }
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.  
 C. Traver.....Master  
 L. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Shields.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.  
 Wm. J. Edy.....Master  
 Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y  
 John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.  
 A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master  
 L. E. Beckley do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. E. Beckley do.....Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehrs Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.  
 W. J. Thompson.....Master  
 Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 F. B. Alley, 506 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 P. Powers, 82 Story Ave.....Mag. Ag't
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth Street.  
 R. S. Pike.....Master  
 J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. M. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.  
 W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master  
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Davis (Box 1146).....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.  
 P. H. Sullivan.....Master  
 H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thomas C. Brown, P. O. Box 114.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thomas C. Brown, do.....Mag. Ag't

29. **CERRO GORDO**, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.  
 A. H. Tucker.....Master  
 W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.  
 Jno. Graves.....Master  
 A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. McNeill.....Magazine Agent
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kas. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of 6th and Commercial streets.  
 Harry C. Davies.....Master  
 John I. Steel, (box 146).....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. W. Benedict.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Peter Lahey.....Mag.  
 Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. **BORDER LODGE**, at Brookville, Kas. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.  
 C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina Kan.....Master  
 C. McCourtie, do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 L. Cammarn, box 133, Ellis, (Ellis Co.) Kan.....Fin. Sec'y  
 C. W. Sargent.....Mag. Agent  
 Ellis, (Ellis Co.) Kan.
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.  
 R. J. McCool.....Master  
 M. Perdue.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. H. Stamper.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Anthony Roth.....Mag. Agent
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 W. M. Cowles.....Master  
 Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. T. Post.....Mag. Agent
35. **AMBOY**, at Amboy, Ills. Meets in Engineers Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 Wm. H. Dean.....Master  
 Henry Schermerhorn (box 345).....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. M. Palmer, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Henry Williams, do.....Mag. Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master  
 Wm. Long.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. H. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Mag. Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**, at Centralia, Ill. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.  
 M. B. Willard (Box 202).....Master  
 F. M. James, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. H. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Agent
38. **AVON**, at Stratford, Ontario. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineers Hall.  
 Daniel Ross, (box 389).....Master  
 F. Mingay, (box 103).....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Flaherty, (box 389).....Fin. Sec'y  
 Geo. Jeffery do.....Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night  
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house.....Master  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Mag. Agent
41. **KENTON**, at Ludlow, Ky. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and 8th st, Engineers Hall.  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Master  
 D. W. Moses.....Rec. Sec'y  
 O. P. Gould.....Fin. Sec'y  
 F. P. Reeves No. 3 Horn st.....Mag. Agent
42. **KENNESHAW**, at Atlanta, Ga. Meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.  
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master  
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. H. Webb do do.....Mag. Agent
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.  
 Richard Morris.....Master  
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 D. C. Pierce.....Mag. Agent  
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.  
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**, at East St. Louis, Ills. Meets every alternate Tuesday evening.  
 J. B. Machin.....Master  
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.  
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master  
 Fred H. Blinn, box 648.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Sam. A. Kile, cor. 6th & High sts.....Fin. Sec'y  
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Magazine Agent  
 No. 911 North street.
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Post office.  
 W. R. Whitecom, box 1126.....Master  
 G. D. Partington do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. D. Hensley do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Louis Smith do.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.  
 W. E. Burnes, 661 S. State st.....Master  
 J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. Glover, 1536 Michigan ave.....Fin. Sec'y  
 M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Mag. Agent
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND**, at Decatur, Ill. Meets at Engineers Hall near Union Depot.  
 Wm. Felton.....Master  
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Edward Knight.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Agent
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago, Ills. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Engineers Hall, on State st., between 48th and 49th.  
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master  
 Henry J. Strong, 46 8 State st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 W. R. Parker, 4703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Agent

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.  
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Master  
 James Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jno. Burns.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. J. Boynton.....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth Sts.  
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master  
 J. W. Stevens.....do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 M. W. Jamison.....do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 B. B. Ide.....do.....Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets at 2 P. M. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.  
 John Mummert (box 137).....Master  
 Geo. R. Stacy, (box 820).....Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. R. Stacy, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 L. F. Stephens, (box 64).....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 288 2d street.  
 Patrick Ryan, L. & N. shops.....Master  
 Michael Cady, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops }  
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.  
 Edward Fuchs, do }
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.  
 Geo. H. Abbott.....Master  
 (50 1/2 Hudson street, Boston, Mass.)  
 Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y  
 (9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.)  
 Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y  
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass. Mag. Agent
58. **SACRAMENTO**, at Rocklin, California. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.  
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master  
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 A. H. Curtis, do.....Magazine  
 A. E. Brown, do.....Agents
59. **ROYAL GORGE**, at South Pueblo, Colorado. Meets every Saturday night.  
 Wm. Kinney, Lock Box 37.....Master  
 H. Henman, ".....Rec. Sec'y  
 John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y  
 Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Ag't
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets in Dover Hall, 224 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.  
 Paul Walker.....Master  
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st.....Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., at Druids Hall.  
 C. Montgomery.....Master  
 (St. P. & M. M. shops.)  
 J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Mag. Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, in Odd Fellows Hall.  
 Jno. A. Bryden, box 70.....Master  
 Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y  
 P. W. Johnson.....Fin. Sec'y  
 John Moyles.....Mag. Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month at 2 o'clock P. M., at the south east corner of the Public Square.  
 W. C. Goodrich.....Master  
 C. J. McGee, (box 772).....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. J. McGee, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 W. C. Goodrich.....Mag. Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY**, at Sleepy Eye, Minn. Meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.  
 Thomas Burke.....Master  
 J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y  
 John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y  
 J. S. Gilman.....Mag. Ag't  
 Huron, Dakota Territory.
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.  
 John Scott, 325 Adelaide street.....Master  
 M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
 P. McLuckie, 312 Front st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 John Scott, 325 Adelaide st.....Magazine Ag't
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.  
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master  
 C. Macklow, do.....Rec. Sec'y  
 C. R. Raymond, do.....Fin. Sec'y  
 T. French, do.....Mag. Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.  
 C. Greenwood.....Master  
 J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Chappel.....Mag. Ag'ts  
 T. Canant.....
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.  
 D. O. Shank, 259 Green st.....Master  
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St.....Rec. Sec'y  
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent  
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.  
 G. Murphy, 407 Henry st.....Master  
 Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 H. Higgins, 427 S. Third st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 T. Smith, (3610 Sylvester street.).....Magazine Ag't
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.  
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.....Master  
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn. Mag. Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st. between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.  
 John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave.....Master  
 Archie Clark.....Rec. Sec'y  
 J. D. Clinton.....Fin. Sec'y  
 cor. Liberty & 13th sts.  
 A. Murray.....Mag. Agent  
 cor. 16th and Wyoming sts.
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, cor. of 39th and Market streets.  
 Henry Walton, 3845 Warren st.....Master  
 Frank Dupell, 3821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y  
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y  
 Henry Knopey, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Agent

77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.  
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30  
P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14  
Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)  
George Monahan, lock box 1588.....Master  
W. F. Hynes, do .....Rec. Sec'y  
Thomas Hynes, do .....Fin. Sec'y  
Hynes Bros., No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Nashville, Tenn.  
Meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a.  
m., at Neylans Hall, No. 17 Cedar St.  
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master  
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y  
10 and 12 S. Market street.  
Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y  
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, at Minneapolis,  
Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic  
Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and  
second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d  
Saturday evenings of each month.  
J. F. Canney.....Master  
Care Minn. Eastern Office.  
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y  
1309 5th street, south.  
S. T. Browne, 1712 7th st., south.Fin. Sec'y  
A. W. Dean.....Mag. Ag't  
cor. 13th ave. South and 7th st.
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.  
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each  
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-  
tween Douglas and Farnham.  
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master  
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y  
(U. P. Round House.)  
Thos. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y  
James Lowry.....Mag. Ag't  
216 Dodge and 13th st.
85. **FARGO**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets 1st and  
3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front  
street.  
John Burnes (box 1798).....Master  
Arthur Bassett (box 1796).....Rec. Sec'y  
Geo. E. McCormack (box 1722).....Fin. Sec'y  
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1722.....Mag. Ag't
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.  
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d  
Mondays of each month.  
N. Z. Wood, (box 133).....Master  
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y  
N. Z. Wood, (box 133).....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets  
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at  
7:30 P. M.  
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master  
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y  
S. M. Cunningham (box 38).....Fin. Sec'y  
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.  
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every  
Thursday evening.  
A. D. Gould.....Master  
Wm. Hamilton (box 136).....Rec. Sec'y  
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y  
P. McNamara.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at  
5:20 P. M.  
J. A. Ressegnie.....Master  
J. F. F. Hale.....Rec. Sec'y  
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y  
J. H. Kelley.....Mag. Ag't
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.  
Meets 1st and 3d Monday of the month,  
cor. 7th and Chester streets.  
E. T. Green.....Master  
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jean Pratt.....Fin. Sec'y  
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.  
Meets every 1st Sunday and 3d Wednes-  
day, at Kings Hall, Missouri street,  
between 17th and 18th.  
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master  
F. A. Griggs, 210 16th st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y  
John McCraigh, 212 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.  
Meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wed-  
nesdays in each month at 7:30 P. M.  
T. A. Seig.....Master  
Frank Miller.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y  
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets  
in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th  
Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.  
M. E. Clark (Lock Box 7).....Master  
H. O. Justice (box 375).....Rec. Sec'y  
H. O. Justice do.....Fin. Sec'y  
R. L. Starkey (box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in  
Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee ave-  
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30  
P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.  
Wm. Kellar, 218 Fulton st.....Master  
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y  
(157 N. Halstead st.)  
James Warren.....Fin. Sec'y  
(316 West Adams st.)  
John T. Gorman.....Mag. Ag't  
(321 West Indiana street.)
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.  
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.  
Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw  
and Madison streets.  
L. V. Tipton.....Master  
cor. Jefferson & Shirk street.  
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y  
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st.Fin. Sec'y  
L. V. Tipton.....Magazine Ag't  
Cor. Jefferson and Shirk streets.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th  
Fridays of each month.  
Wm. Hughes.....Master  
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y  
Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. Vogelsang.....Mag. Ag't
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah  
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M.  
at City Hall.  
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master  
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y  
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y  
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.  
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,  
at 2. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.  
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master  
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y  
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y  
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky.  
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of  
L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.  
C. O. Dixon.....Master  
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y  
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y  
Adam Bigleben.....Mag. Ag't